JAN. 25,
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Liberty

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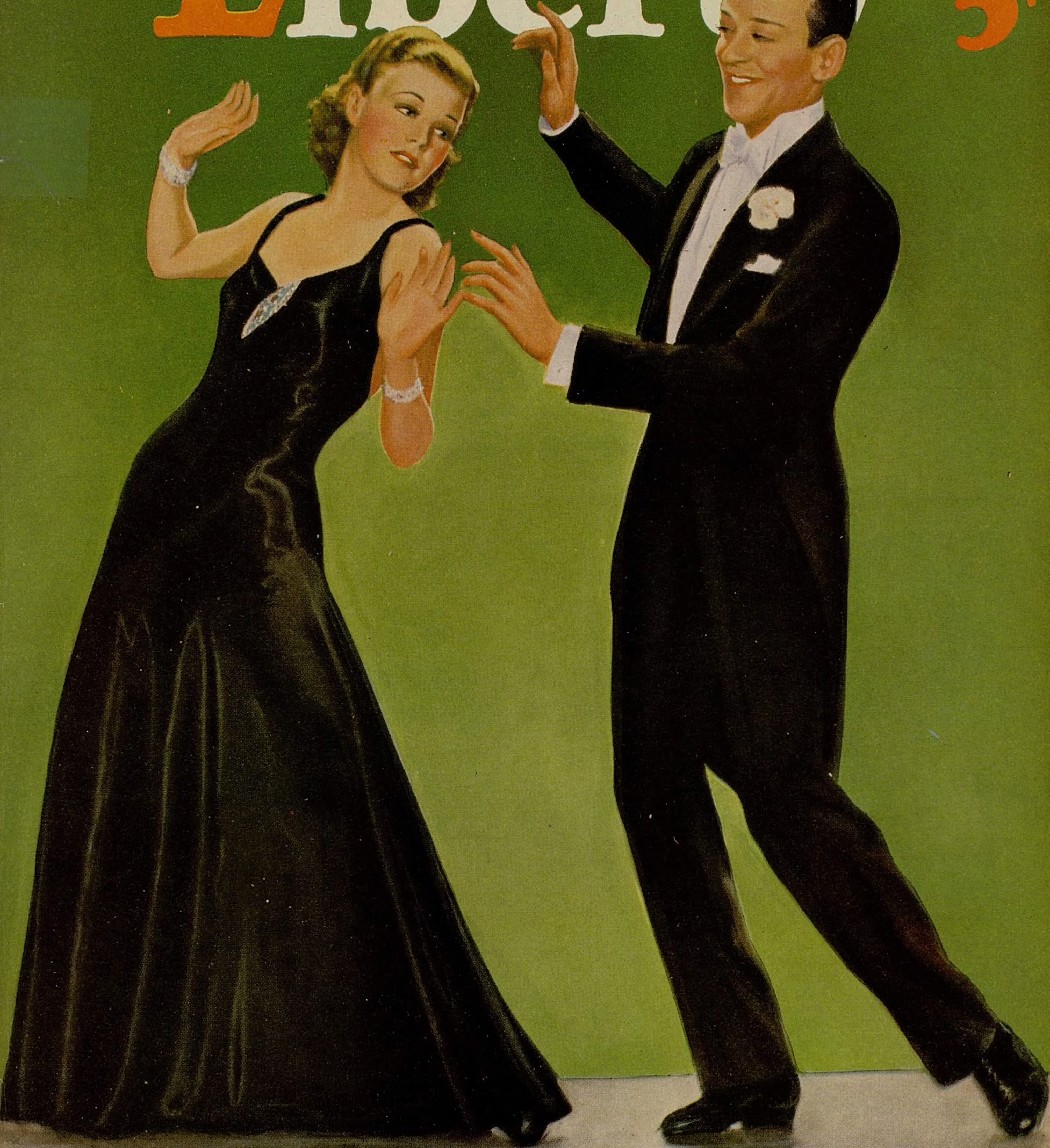

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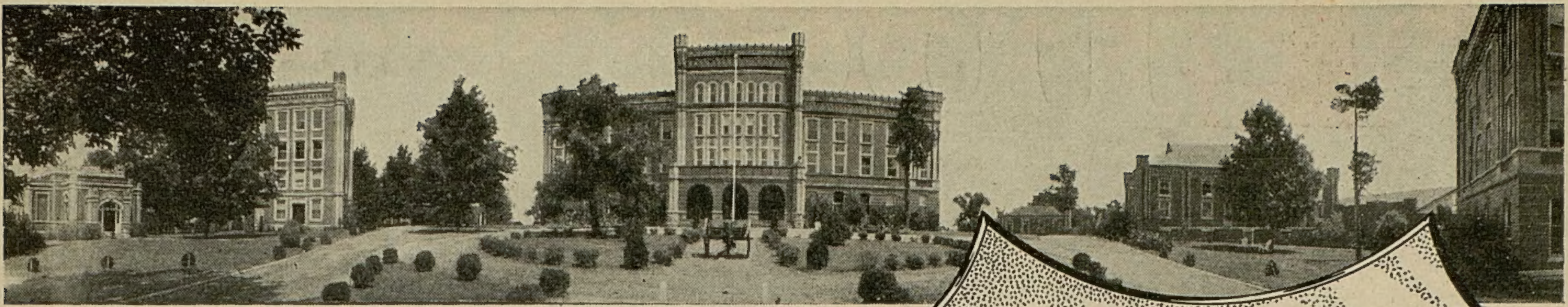

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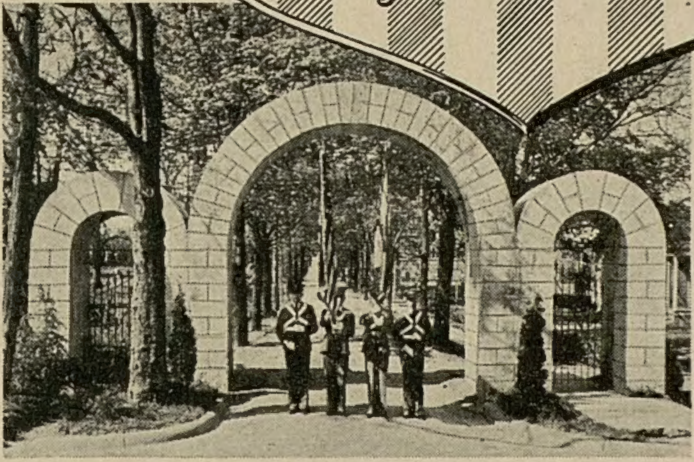

Castle Heights, located in the heart of the old South, is thirty miles from Nashville, Tenn.

The school plant comprises ten modern buildings of brick and stone, set on a campus of 225 acres in the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains. The latest addition is a large indoor swimming pool, 30x75, covered with a vita-glass roof. Athletic fields, tennis courts, gymnasium are units of a complete athletic plant. The athletic teams have won national recognition. **Every boy participates in some sport every day.**

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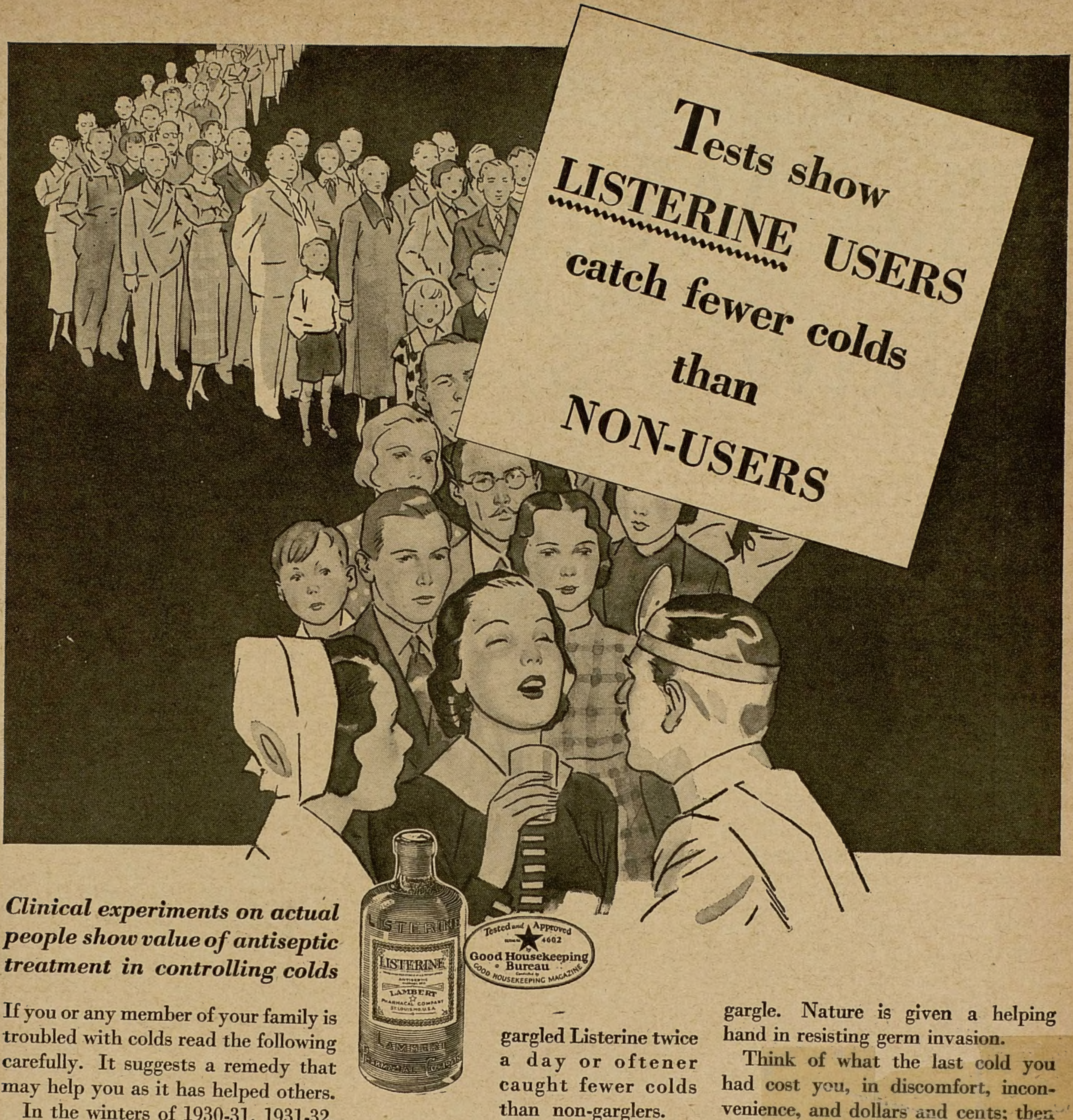
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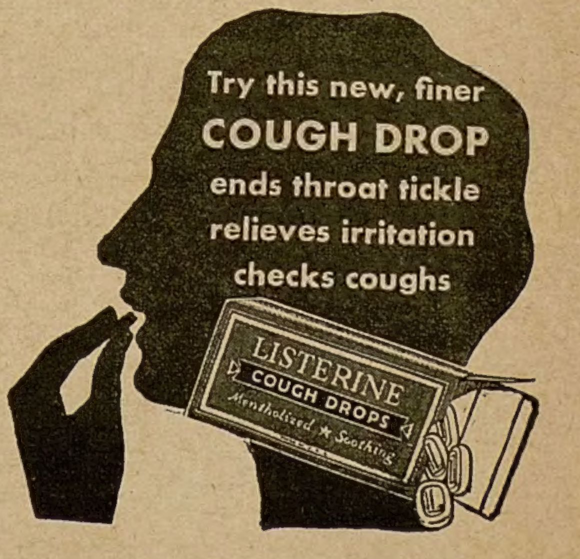
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JANUARY 25, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 4

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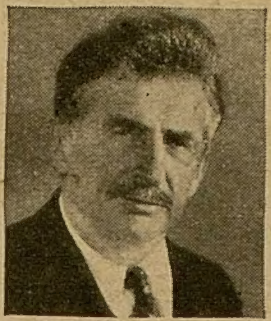
The World's Most Lawless Nation



BERNARR MACFADDEN

WE Americans should bow our heads in shame! As this is being written one of our most beloved citizens has been driven from the country. He has been forced to flee abroad to protect his child from kidnapers.

We are supposed to be a highly civilized nation. We boast of our progress.

We have many advantages of which former generations never even dreamed.

But graft and greed have tainted officials in high places. Criminals have laughed at our laws. Murderers are comparatively safe in these times of unbridled lawlessness.

The last annual report from England records twenty-two murders and twenty executions. In the same period of time thousands of murders were committed in this country with a shamefully small percentage of convictions. We are so hedged in by complicated laws that justice is difficult to obtain.

The trial of Hauptmann cost the taxpayers of New Jersey several hundred thousand dollars.

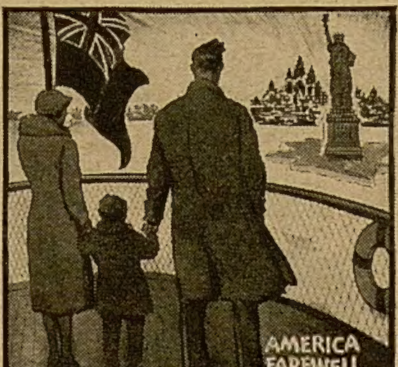
With money and influence justice can be pushed far into the background.

We were a comparatively hard-working, honest, dependable people until racketeering became prevalent with Prohibition.

Then easy money came into vogue. If one were willing to break the law, thousands of dollars could be gained with but little work.

The temptation was too much for many of our lawless citizens and crime grew with leaps and bounds, creeping into nearly every kind of business.

Gangsters, thousands of them, are still at large.



Our so-called crime wave is unquestionably on the wane. Attorney General Cummings and his G-men have started to relieve an appalling situation. The governors of various states have joined for law enforcement. But this contaminating evil has gained such headway that it will take a long time to clean up the infamous situation.

Dillinger was put out of the way in a proper and effective manner. There was no extended trial to prove guilt that was apparent even to school children.

We have too much technical interference with our legal machinery. Punishment for crime should be swift and certain, and there is no excuse for the cost running into the huge sums that seem to be necessary in many criminal cases.

And the mawkish sentimentality that is evidenced by many people in their endeavor to extend sympathy to criminals is to be deplored.

It is indeed deplorable to have to lose such a renowned citizen as Colonel Lindbergh. He has proved himself to be a splendid character. Success did not destroy him. The white light of publicity did not take away his innate modesty. As a husband and father he has proved himself to be a worthwhile, outstanding citizen. We badly need more men of his sterling character.

Let us hope that our record as the world's most lawless nation will be changed sufficiently in the future to bring the Lindbergh family back to their homeland.

Bernarr Macfadden

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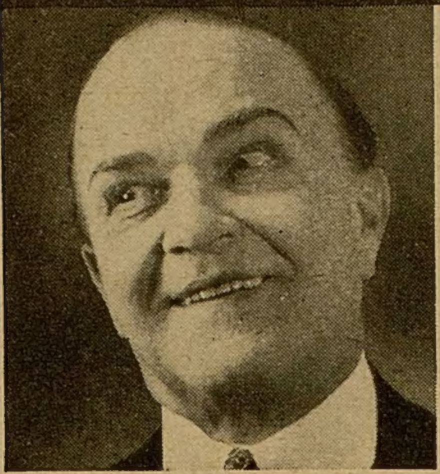
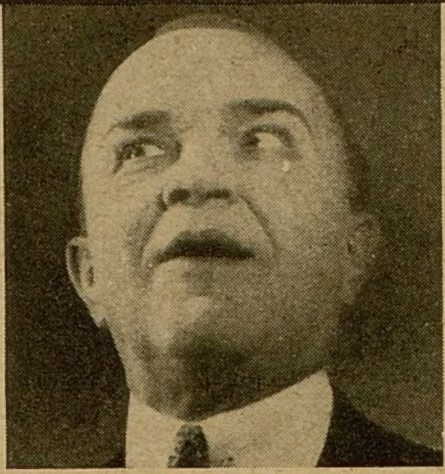
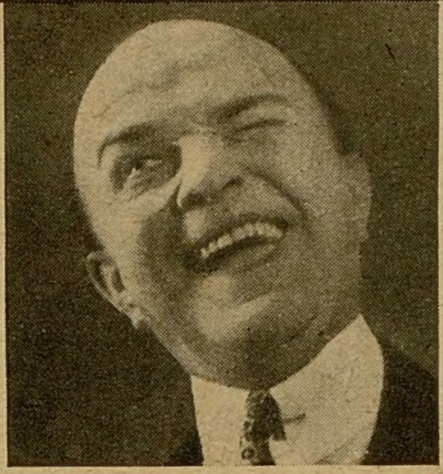
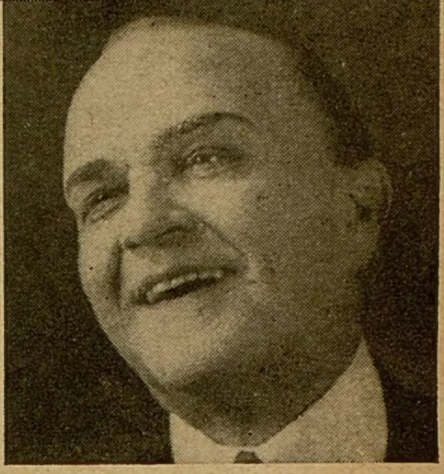

My big, money-saving Dodge certainly breaks all the records I ever heard of for economy.


It gives me 22 to 23 miles to the gallon of gas and saves me easily 20% on oil.


At the rate it's saving it will cost me less than a small car in the long run.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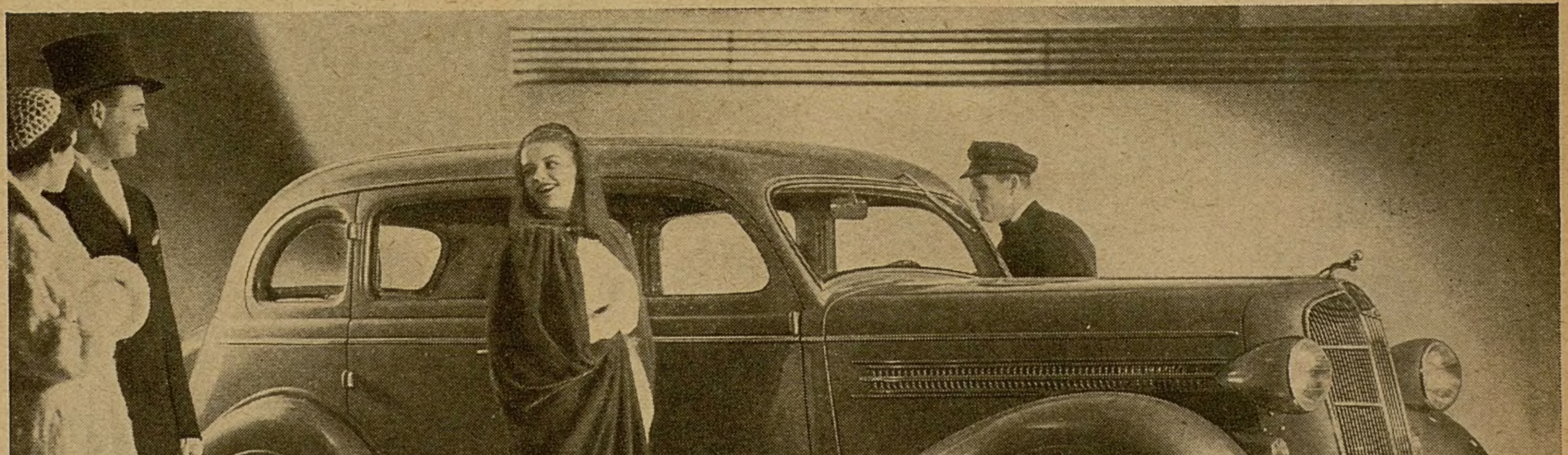
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A NEW Kind of Novel Out of the West as It Is Today . . . A Stirring Tale of the Passions of Men and the Love of Women

PART ONE—THE MYSTERY OF HALFMOON CROSS

JARD SHELLSTROM came swinging up the walk in the late afternoon of a long day, bareheaded, the sun glinting in his dark-red hair. He waved a hand at the college chum from whom he had parted at the gate, ran lightly up the steps, and reached out for the knob of the door.

The door swung open before he could touch it, and his landlady confronted him, an expression of shock and distress on her fine pale face. Jard stopped short, a startled look of inquiry flashing into his blue-black eyes.

"Mrs. Massey! What's wrong? Something has happened."

"Yes—yes, Jard. It has. I hardly know how to tell you."

It occurred to him then that her shock, her distressing concern, were for him, and he felt himself go tensely alert, on guard against whatever blow life might be waiting to deal him. He was young, at the close of his final year at Princeton, but he had already learned that life dealt blows. He stood gazing down at Mrs. Massey, wary and silent, as she groped for words.

"Your mother, Jard—she has been very ill. She is still very ill. Something terrible has happened to her. She couldn't seem to tell me much about it. She—"

Jard started violently. "She's *here!*"

"Yes, dear boy. Up in your room, waiting for you. But—"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Massey." Jard had gone quite white. He brushed past her and dashed up the stairs. He burst into his room, to find his mother lying on his bed, her eyes closed. He advanced to her side with slowed footsteps, stunned at the sight of the ravaged face on the pillow. He went down on his knees by the bed and a tight sob shook his throat.

"Oh, mother! Mother!"

With a great effort she dragged her eyelids apart and her half-opened eyes strained toward him. A wan smile lighted her haggard face. "My dear son! I—I'm very ill,

"I never really was your enemy, Jard. I only thought I was. My fath

HEARTS

by Eli Colter

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

ated your father, and I was influenced by my father. I'm grown now."

dear. The trip was almost—too much for me. But I had to come to you—to come to you—I—had to—come."

Her voice trailed into a mumble and her eyes closed again. Jard pulled himself together and got to his feet, forced himself to step to the telephone and call Dr. Richard Craggan. Craggan would know what to do.

After a short examination and a close observance of Mrs. Shellstrom, the doctor beckoned Jard to follow him into the hall.

"She has been subjected to a horrible shock, Shellstrom. She may gradually work out of it and regain her strength. But—I fear it is irremediable. A few weeks—a month or two at best. Don't take that verdict as final, however. These cases are difficult to judge."

The tall young man stood stricken and silent before the eminent physician. He went back into his room, to halt beside his mother. His mind was in chaos. His mother had been close to him through the days of his childhood and his boyhood. She had guided him through youth, through manhood. He, an only child, was blessed with that rare beneficence, a father and a mother who were the epitome of what parents should be. They had been his world, his background, and now one of them was being taken away from him.

Only then did it occur to him to wonder why she had come alone. Where was his father? Why had he heard nothing about her illness? And he suffered the second shock. Something had happened to his father! Nothing else could have stricken her like this, could have sent her here to him alone.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and bent over her; reached out to grip the limp hand resting on the bedcover.

"Mother!" The word aroused her, and again her eyes opened, to fasten on his face.

"My dear—son."

"Mother!" He leaned closer. "Why didn't you tell me, when you wrote, about your being ill? Why did you come alone? Where is dad? Why didn't he come with you?"

Her ravaged face twisted into lines of pain. "Jard—your father is—dead."

"Dead? Oh, no! No, mother!"

Her strained gaze did not falter. "He must be dead, son. He went out—and he never came back. He *must* be—dead. He—he must be—must be—dead!"

Jard shivered. He gripped her hand tightly. "Mother dear, can't you tell me what happened? Just a little, so I'll understand. Then we will go right back home to the ranch the minute you are able to travel and—"

"No! No!" She tried to raise herself up, in sudden violent agitation, only to fall back on her pillow. "You must never go back there—never go back. Never! I came—to warn you. I couldn't write it—I couldn't make you understand how important—it was—for you never to go back, by writing. I had to see you. You *mustn't* go back. They'd get you too. Mustn't—go back!"

Jard held himself steady. "Who'd get me, mother?" he asked quietly. "Did somebody get—dad? What *happened?*"

She made a colossal effort to speak comprehensively and coherently. "Your father disappeared, Jard. He just disappeared from the ranch. He went out—and he didn't come back." Her voice rose in a wailing cry: "Oh, Halvor! Hal!" Then she abruptly conquered that momentary abandonment to wild grief. "Within a week all the hands on the ranch had disappeared. I was left—alone. I was af-r-r—afraid. I—I don't know. Somebody took me to the hospital in Portland. But Hal! Hal never came back! He went out— I think maybe Calhoun—C-C-Calhoun—"

GROCERY
AND
FEED
STORE

Her head fell back, limp. Her eyes closed.

Calhoun! From the very beginnings of his memory Jard could recall how Calhoun had hated his father. He could recall how Halvor Shellstrom had kept a wary and surveillant eye on Oliver Calhoun, who owned the ranch a few miles from theirs, the Halfmoon Cross, in Oregon.

He stared at his mother with dilated eyes. At what he saw, he leaped to his feet and swayed over her, shaking violently, as if with a deathly chill. "Mother! *Mother!*" But she made no answer. She was utterly still, and he cried out and rushed from the room to call Craggan back again.

She was dead before Craggan came.

Jard thought dully at first that he should take her back to Oregon to lay her beside his father. But—his father was not laid anywhere! His father had disappeared. In a daze of shock and bewilderment, he buried her there in the college town, where the sun shone over her and the trees drooped above her.

Ten days later he was in Oregon. He was alone on the range of the Halfmoon Cross. The hills rose above his head, brown and green, rolling against the mist-blue background of the massed rugged mountains. Before his brooding eyes, all the way across the north end of the horse pasture, the goldenrod banked sharply like a long line of yellow flame. In his nostrils the hot air was pungent with the smell of sun-warmed pine needles and sun-seared dry grass. His face was pale with a sickening regret and darkened with burning rebellion.

From behind him somewhere a voice spoke his name, in a noticeable fusion of eagerness and hesitation: "Jard?"

HE stiffened and remained completely motionless for an instant. Then he turned about quietly, all expression eradicated from his face, save that of curious inquiry.

A slight frown creased his broad high forehead as he saw the tall slender girl who had come up behind him so silently that he had not heard her approach.

Back of the girl, gleaming silver against the dark green of the conifers, he saw the bulk of a streamlined car. He wondered even as he spoke to her how he could have been so absorbed in thought as not to have heard the low purr of the engine.

"Yes?"

"You—" The girl hesitated again and scrutinized him sharply, her brown eyes sharply puzzled. "You *are* Jard Shellstrom, aren't you?"

"I am." He surveyed her erect figure. "But you certainly have the advantage of me. I can't place you."

The girl smiled, a quick flashing smile that lighted her rather somber face and made of it a countenance of rare beauty. Her glance went to the low-slung roadster standing on the matted pine needles just beyond Shellstrom. "From the dust on your car, I'd guess that you'd just rolled in, Jard."

"I did. I haven't even been in the house yet."

The girl's brown eyes were twinkling. "Yes? Well, you must have made record time across the continent. How's your mother now?"

"My mother is dead. That's why I am here."

CONSTERNATION and quick sympathy vanquished the twinkle in the girl's brown eyes, the half-smile on the dark and lovely face. "Oh, Jard! I'm—sorry. I was hoping she would get well. Nobody here had heard anything of you since she went East to join you, of course. But I—I've been waiting for you to remember me. It seems to be vain waiting. I wouldn't have thought I had changed so much. *You* haven't changed a great deal. You're just the little boy I used to know, grown up. I'm Mavis Calhoun, Jard."

A slow smile lighted his deep eyes. "Mavis! Lord, I'd never have known you. The years *do* change us. No doubt they have changed both you and me. I hope they have also razed the prejudices of mine ancient enemy."

Mavis laughed lightly. "I never really was your enemy, Jard. I only thought I was. My father hated your father so terribly, and I was influenced by my father. I'm grown now. I've learned to do my own thinking—and my own acting. I saw you streaking up the road in your car. I followed you. I knew the car. Your father had that paint job done to please you, and I hardly thought there'd be another car quite like it anywhere."

Shellstrom's eyes passed over the gleaming roadster to which she alluded. The body of the car was clear jade-green; the fenders and disk wheels were blue-black. A thin smile dissipated the bitterness on Jard's face.

"My father was a great man, Mavis. I was only a scatterbrained college kid when he sent that car to me a couple of years ago. He never forgot that he would have liked to be a scatterbrained college kid too. Why was it that your father always hated him so? I've wondered so much at that. I've wondered at a great many things, and I've come home to ferret out the answers. Do *you* know anything whatsoever about the cause of the enmity between your father and mine?"

The girl's face assumed an elusive and wary expression. "Just what did your mother tell you, Jard?"

Shellstrom's eyes narrowed, his gaze fixed on the girl's face, intent and probing. "She was too badly shattered to be able to tell me much of anything, Mavis." He repeated in a few words the little he had been able to glean from his mother's words. "She went so quickly—after she had been there only a few hours."

Mavis nodded, a brooding frown creeping over her dark face. "Jard, how long did she tell you she was in the hospital?" The girl's eyes held his intently. "Just how long do you think your father has been gone?"

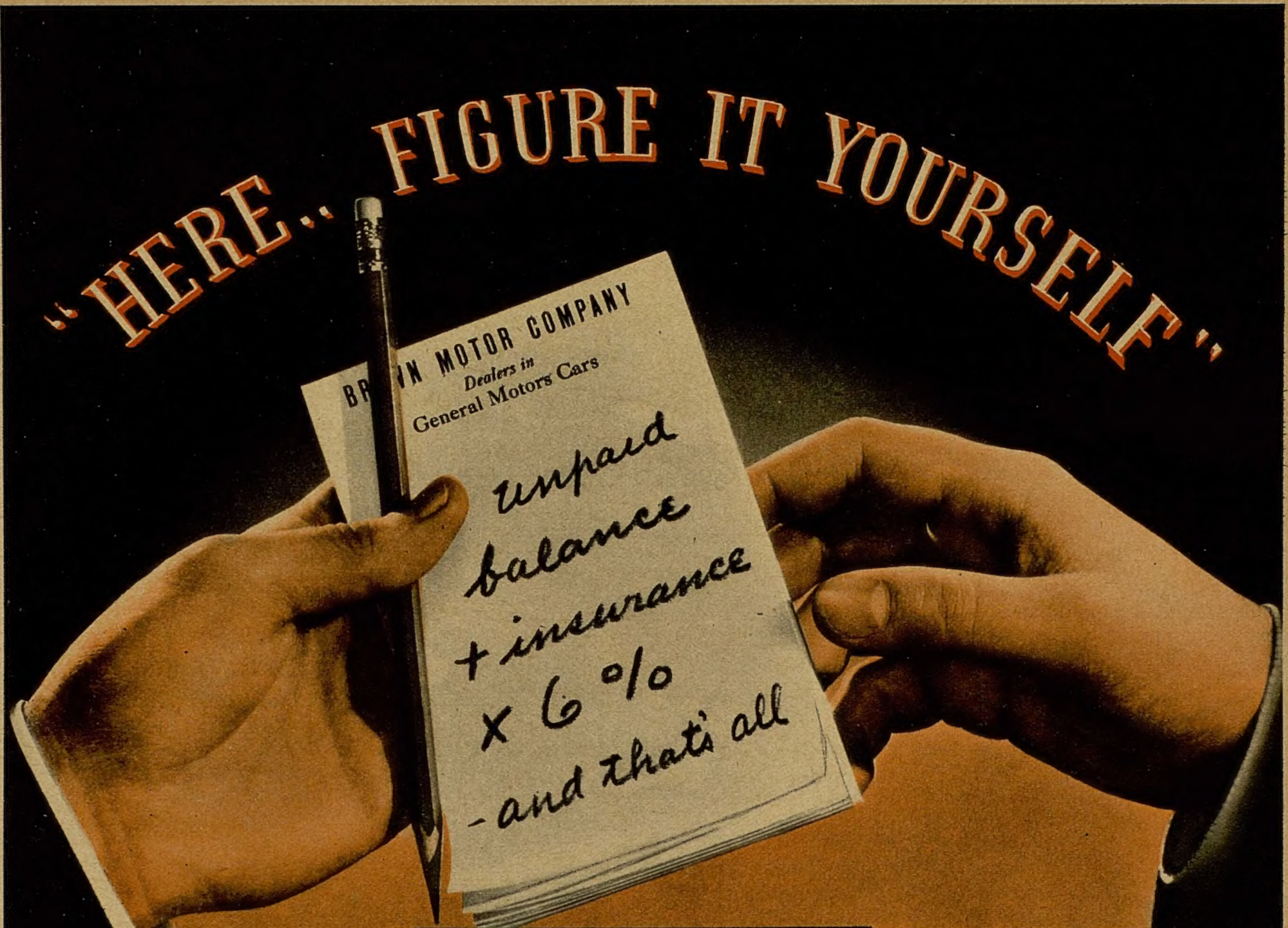
"Why, just a few weeks, I had supposed. Mother didn't say anything to me about how long she had been in the hospital; but I'd been hearing from her regularly, as usual. I didn't think it could have been long. And I judged that dad must have disappeared very recently."

Mavis nodded slowly, her frown still lingering. "I understand now. I was wondering about that. I knew she was very faithful about writing to you, and that your father never wrote—that he left all the letter writing to her. You'd better prepare yourself for an added shock, Jard. A bad one. Your father has been gone for *over a year.* Your mother wrote you from the hospital just as she had been doing from home. She didn't want you to know what had happened. So she said nothing about it. She knew that if you learned of it you'd come home as fast as you could get here, and she was determined that you shouldn't come back. She was afraid for you. She—"

"How do you know all

(Continued on page ten)

"HERE.. FIGURE IT YOURSELF"



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(Continued from page eight)

this?" Jard interrupted harshly.

"Why, I went to the hospital to see her, Jard, every week," Mavis answered gently. "She was *in the hospital* for over a year. She couldn't seem to get any better. She couldn't seem to get her mind off you and what would happen if you came back. It became a regular obsession with her. Every time I went to see her, she couldn't talk of anything else."

"But didn't Oliver object—"

"My father never pays any attention to my running into Portland," Mavis cut in. "I go there frequently, to do shopping, to see a few good shows. He never knew I went to see your mother—I didn't dare let him know. Your mother would have gone to any lengths to prevent your returning. So she wrote to you quite as she had been in the habit of doing, and at her request I brought the letters back here and mailed them from here.

"Then the time for your graduation began to approach, and she worried so much about it that she grew worse rapidly. She began to talk wildly about going to Princeton, to prevent your making any move toward coming home after you had been graduated. The last time I went in to see her, she was gone. She had been gone only two days, was on her way East to you. And I had hoped fervently that being with you would make her well in spite of herself. Yet—she died!"

"Yes. She died."

"And—the moment she was gone you turned the nose of your car to the West?"

"Right. See here, Mavis. My father worked like a slave to make the Halfmoon Cross one of the finest all-round ranches in Oregon. And I'm not going to see it go to waste, to see all his labor and dreams gone for nothing. I'm going to find out what became of him, who was back of his disappearance; and when I find the guilty man or men, somebody is going to eat smoke. I'm going to find out or have to raise hell with the whole country!"

"Jard!" Mavis drew a bit closer, sudden fire blazing in her brown eyes and one slim dusky hand reached out impulsively to grasp his arm. "Jard! You mustn't! You'll never learn. You'll only get yourself into awful trouble and you'll only go the way Halvor did. That's why I followed you up here—to warn you. You mustn't stay! It would be suicide! You *can't* learn anything, Jard. I've been closer to it than you have, and I've tried with every trick I could conceive to find out something. I never could. I—"

"See here, Mavis," Jard said again. He laid one hand in a tight grip over the hand that clasped his arm. His face bent closer to hers, and even in that troubled moment her wild beauty shook him. "Your father had something to do with this! He hated my father and he hated me. You know it and I know it. We're enemies, your father and I. That doesn't exactly need to force you and me to remain enemies."

"JARD!" A little quiver ran across the girl's passionate face. "I tell you, I got over that long ago! Jard! Please—can't we be friends?"

Shellstrom's hand tightened on hers. "Right at this moment I can't think of anything I'd like better." He bent his head swiftly and kissed her squarely on the mouth. "Peace treaty signed, sealed, and delivered. Friends trail together, Mavis. Are you going to tell me why your father always hated mine so badly—why he hates me?"

"I don't know." The girl's lovely face was suddenly beseeching and earnest. "Believe me, Jard, I don't know. I've always thought, from vagrant remarks I've heard here and there, that your father's younger brother had something to do with it. The one who died a long, long time ago. There was something peculiar and hidden about his death. But father's always tried to make me believe that he hated Halvor Shellstrom simply because Halvor was an ignorant foreigner—that's the way he put it—who had come here to settle in the midst of native-born Americans, who took the best of the land and built up the finest ranch, when the Americans themselves mostly had a difficult time of it making even a living, a *bare* living."

"But that's silly!" objected Jard with angry vehemence. "To hate such a man as my father was, simply because he was a foreigner! An intelligent man doesn't do such things, and your father is an intelligent man. There is more to it than that."

"OF course." Mavis stood at his side, looking earnestly into his face. "But all I've been able to find out is that your father did something to incur the enmity of the whole district. Everybody was down on him. They have some kind of organization among the men here in this territory. They are always calling secret meetings, and I've never been able to find out where they held them, or why. They held one of those creepy secret meetings the day before your father disappeared, and they held two or three more of them immediately after he disappeared and your mother was taken to the hospital. Then it all blew over and they didn't have another of their queer secret meetings for a couple of weeks. That's all I've been able to learn. But I'm telling you that you can't stay here on the Halfmoon Cross! The minute they find out that you've come back there will be trouble."

"Well, I came looking for it!" Jard returned grimly. "*You* aren't asking me to turn tail and run, my dear?"

"I am!" Both her hands reached out to grasp his arms in a frantic clasp. "I couldn't bear to see anything happen to you, Jard! Get in that car and get out of here as fast as gas can take you! Oh, Jard—Jard! Please go!"

Shellstrom raised his hands to her shoulders and pushed her away from him, gazing intently down into her face. "Mavis! do you *care* what happens to me?" he said softly. "Lord! That would make a man want to stay and fight it out, if nothing else did. And if I do win out—do we still have to remain merely *friends,* Mavis? A man's liable to get ideas quickly when anything as lovely as you comes into sight."

"Jard, don't! This isn't any time to say such things. There's only time for you to go away, quickly, before something happens to you. For—"

"But I'm not going!" said Shellstrom decisively. "I'm *not going!* I came back here to find out what became of my father and to raise hell with the men back of his disappearance. I came here to get the ranch into running order again, to settle in my home and really start living. And I'm going to do just that, come hell or high water. Swedes are stubborn brutes, Mavis—and I'm a Swede. I'm an impulsive cuss, too. You're in danger. Don't you think you had better get out?"

The girl's dark face flamed with color.

"I—love danger!" she whispered.

She raised her face, and the kiss he laid on her lips was not as light and thoughtless as he had expected to make it. He caught his breath and pushed her from him.

"Scoot! I *have* to do some thinking, my dear. I'm here to stay. I'll be seeing you."

She bent her head, laid a swift kiss on the hand that gripped her right arm, and jerked free of him, whirled and ran to her car.

"Same old Stormy Weather," Jard chuckled to himself, reverting to the name they had given her in her school days, as the coupé rolled in a neat curve around a pine tree and headed back the way it had come.

As the last silver shimmer of the coupé sank from sight below the brow of the hill, Shellstrom shook himself into activity, turned and walked to his own car. The green roadster rolled smoothly forward on the flat road that really was no road at all but only a mere continued opening between the trees along which cars and trucks traveled frequently. A short way beyond, the opening verged upon the real road winding down the hill. As the roadster turned into the ancient pioneer road Shellstrom gazed along its visible length winding into the stretch of wide valley unrolling to his gaze.

Against the background of the valley and the hills, before his sight there floated a clear vision of Mavis's stormy beautiful face. He never would have expected himself to be shaken to swift passion by Stormy's face. He had always conceived his ideal woman as being slim and blonde and delicate, and Stormy was anything but that. Well, he told himself as he drove down the hill toward the old home place, maybe that delicate blonde woman he had always dreamed about wasn't anywhere where he could find her, and maybe a man did find a fulfillment of his dreams where he least expected it.

He pulled his mind off Mavis resolutely and turned his attention to the house and lands he must presently retrieve from disintegration and decay. His gaze swept to the thousands of acres spread below him: the deserted acres of the Halfmoon Cross.

THE roadster swooped down the hill and turned into the lane that led to the big stone house and to the stone garage almost hidden in the grove of willows that spread along the creek back of the house.

He brought the roadster to a halt before the garage, crawled out from under the steering wheel, and stood to his tall height there in the graveled driveway that was the lane between the double row of Lombardy poplars.

Nearly five years had passed since he had stood there. He was conscious of a sudden bitter regret that he had not come home during his vacations instead of staying in the East as his father had urged him to do and spending the summer with his classmates, assimilating their atmosphere.

Perhaps, he told himself with harsh self-denunciation, had he been a little less young, a little less thoughtless of those he had loved so much, he might have foreseen something of the strange menace hanging over his father's head. The aftermath was all that was left him.

With an abrupt jerk of his muscles he squared his shoulders. He strode forward and shoved apart the sliding doors of the garage. Yes, the old family sedan was there. He got back into the roadster and drove it into place beside the sedan.

He turned from the poplar-bordered lane to the stretch of ripe dry grass that once had been his father's proud green lawn.

He walked up to the wide arched porch and the closed front door. He unlocked the door, stepped into the entrance hall, and for a moment stood quite still. Everything looked as he had remembered it. His mother never had been one to move furniture about. A half-burned log lay in the great hall fireplace. Above the carved mantel the long mirror in its gilt frame threw back the reflection of his sober face.

He hung his hat on the walnut hall tree and moved on.

He found a clean cloth in the linen

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closet and with it wiped the dust from the fine old solid furniture. Then he threw open the windows. He built a fire in the furnace. Then he went into his father's room on the ground floor, that room which had been his father's sanctum, office, and retreat, and stood silently looking about—at the roll-top desk against the wall, at the swivel chair before it, at the deep leather rocker before the wide stone fireplace. Above the mantel were two oil portraits, of his father and his mother, side by side. His gaze fixed on his father's pictured face.

"Where did you go?" he said aloud. "What happened to you? I'll learn! You never failed me. Maybe I've failed you in the past—I don't know. Maybe you needed me and I wasn't here. I'll never fail you again!"

He turned on his heel and went into the deep living room, dropped into a chair before the fireplace there, and settled himself to take stock of the entire situation.

On the highway which passed the buildings of the Halfmoon Cross, a truck slowed suddenly and its exhaust barked as the vehicle swerved to a grinding halt on the gravel shoulder before the house. The driver leaned from his seat to stare incredulously at the imposing stone structure. Jard gazed through the window, eying the man closely. No one he had ever seen before.

The fellow sat for a moment rigid and staring behind the wheel; then he leaped to the ground, strode to the grilled iron gates set into the fence surrounding the grounds, pushed through the gates and came striding up the walk.

Jard hurried to the front hall to open the door just as the man started up the porch steps.

"I saw smoke coming from this chimney, where smoke has no right to be," he announced, with an attitude closely approaching belligerence. "What are you doing in this house?"

Jard eyed him up and down. "I happen to own this house," he answered curtly. "Is it any of your damned business?"

THE man started visibly. "You—*own* it? You're Shellstrom, then—Jard, the son! But I thought—I'd heard that your mother went to join you at Princeton."

"My mother died," Jard answered, his eyes bleak. "And I've come home."

The man's face paled. "She—*died!* I'll be—damned. But—why did you have to come back here?"

Jard stiffened. "What the hell does it matter to you?"

The man started to spit an angry retort, checked himself. "Sorry if my words and attitude seemed insolent," he said shortly. "But no one ever expected you to come back here. Everybody around Easton is going to be fully as astounded to hear of your return as I was. I'm Robert Van Wyck. I live above you about nine miles."

"I've heard of you," Jard returned. "My mother told me in a letter a long time since that Minnie Hale had married a college professor named Van Wyck, that you had deserted curricula and faculties to make a show place of the old Braguewood house and acres. Come on in, Van Wyck. I'd like to talk to you for a few moments."

An expression of furtive evasion passed swiftly over Van Wyck's face. "I don't believe I'll come in, Shellstrom—no. I have to hurry on home. How long have you been back?"

JARD smiled meagerly. "I have been here perhaps two hours."

"That's long enough," said Van Wyck curtly. "Allow me to inform you for your own good, Shellstrom, that there is a good deal concerning the situation here that you don't know and never will know. You're plunging yourself to the neck in trouble if you remain here. The sooner you leave here, the better it will be for you and all concerned."

"Oh, yes?" Jard drawled, looking through him. "Well, I'm not interested in your advice, Van Wyck. Take yourself off."

He stepped back and closed the door, and Van Wyck whirled and went in a long stride toward the gates.

Perhaps an hour later Oliver Calhoun, gaunt and dour-faced, smiled thinly as he saw Robert Van Wyck standing before his threshold.

"Come in, Rob." Then he saw Van Wyck's face. "What in hell is the matter?"

"Jard Shellstrom has come home," answered Van Wyck, stepping in, to face the other man with a grim and meaning look. "*Now* what the hell are we going to do?"

"*Young Shellstrom's back!*" Calhoun swore a lurid curse. "Of all the complications to arise, right now when we can't afford to have anything go wrong! Why in God's name hasn't some one of us had the sheer guts to burn that place down before anything like this could happen?"

"Well, I never did feel quite so sanguine about his remaining in Princeton as you have done," Van Wyck admitted, frowning uneasily. "What made you so certain that he was sure to stay there, anyway?"

Calhoun scowled—the ugly scowl he wore in his blackest moods. "I'd been positive all along that he fully realized how strongly his parents desired to see him aspire to a more exalted condition than that of a rancher. And after Halvor—ah—dropped out, the old lady's most violent obsession was that Jard must never come back here and court a like disaster. Her letters to him certainly must have been full of continual and adequate arguments against his return, and she wrote to him regularly all the time she was in the hospital. My daughter brought the letters here to mail every time she came back from seeing the old lady—but it would never do for Mavis to learn that I know it!"

"And how in thunder *do* you happen to know it?" Van Wyck cut in sharply.

Calhoun's smile was the essence of gratification at his own diabolical cunning. "I paid the nurse who watched over her in the hospital, and she wasn't shy about giving me any information I wanted. I checked up with Dan Weller here after the first two or three letters were mailed by Mavis. He knew the old lady's handwriting. And I told Dan it would be as much as his precious postmaster's job was worth if he dared to let anybody else find out about those letters being mailed to Jard from here."

"This is the first I've heard of it."

"And it's the last you'll hear of it," Calhoun snapped. "I knew the old lady would leave nothing undone to keep her precious son from coming back, and that she'd go East to join him as soon as she could travel. I thought the whole deal was clinched for good."

"It might have been," Van Wyck interrupted, "but the old lady died. Shellstrom told me so."

Calhoun caught a breath of dismay. "She *died!* Hell! I didn't think she was going to die—that soon, anyway. Well, we can't stand here wasting words and time. We've got to get our heads together, Rob. You go after Halpole. I'll call Zan and Leech. We have some fast figuring to do."

Van Wyck dashed out of the house.

WITHIN less than an hour eleven men were gathered in the large Calhoun living room.

"We've got to get him out of here before he can make any trouble!" Calhoun told them vehemently. "Jard Shellstrom is as stubborn and unmanageable as Halvor was, and he'll make a mess of everything we've planned if we don't get rid of him promptly. I suppose you realize what he can do to us if he discovers anything?"

Zan Brenner snorted furiously. "You think we're nots, Oll? If he discovers what he *can* discover in that house, you and me're goin' to hang and the rest of—"

"Shut up!" snapped Calhoun, his face paled and rigid.

"Well, what of it?" Emery Halpole demanded. "He's telling the truth, isn't he? We're going to be in a hot spot if Shellstrom is allowed to stay there long enough to find—"

"You shut up too!" roared Calhoun. "That's why we're here! That's why this call to meeting! He's not going to stay there. We're going to get him out of this country before he has time to do anything or to find out anything. We've got to do some intelligent work to get him out of here without raising any disturbance. Right on the eve of our big drive we can't afford to have—"

"Oh, phooey!" interrupted the hotheaded Zan disgustedly. "We got hundreds of men back of us, ain't we? One lone man can't hurt us none, and he can't stop us."

"Oh, can't he?" snapped Calhoun.

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"Zan, you're as dumb as you look, and that's bad."

"Nots!" muttered Zan.

"Nuts is right, and that's you!" Calhoun glared at him. "You were right in the first place: if he should discover in that house what he can discover, you and I will hang and the rest of you will go to the pen for life!"

"There's Mavis coming down the road," said Van Wyck in Calhoun's ear.

Gaunt Calhoun started and frowned. "Scatter, all of you. We'll meet tonight in the old deserted house in the draw south of Graham's hayfield after dark. Get going!"

When Mavis's car rolled down the driveway the eleven men were taking leave of Calhoun and filing out to their cars. The girl stared at them covertly, but she spoke to none of them as she walked swiftly past them and went on into the house to face her father.

"Dad," she said as casually as she could, "did you know Jard Shellstrom had come home?"

Calhoun raised his brows absentmindedly. "What? Oh, yes—yes. Rob was going by and saw smoke coming from the chimney, and he stopped to investigate. Why?"

"Oh, nothing." Mavis proceeded toward the door opening upon the stairway. "I just wondered if you knew, that was all." But as the door closed behind her and she started up the stairs to her own room her face was paled with fear and consternation. "And they've called one of their secret meetings about him this soon!" she muttered to herself. "I have to get word to him. I have to let him know!"

But when Mavis drove to the Halfmoon Cross a little over an hour later, Jard was gone.

Shellstrom's green roadster was just about then rolling to a halt before Tom Holeo's grocery and feed store in Easton. He got out of his car and went into Holeo's store with some alacrity. Old Tom Holeo had been in Easton since the town's incorporation. He was the oldest inhabitant, an institution; and he had been the friend of Halvor Shellstrom and of Halvor's son Jard.

Old Tom was standing behind the counter, chewing the end of a pencil, staring with faded eyes at an account book before him.

"How do you do it, Tom?" Jard said softly. "Damn it, man, you don't look a day older than you did when I saw you last, five years ago."

Tom started and turned his head quickly. "Howdy, you orn'ry young whelp. So you had to come back and see how much more candy 'n' stuff you could wheedle me out of, did you? Humph! I'm powerful glad to see you, Jard, but—" His grin went out like a snapped-off light and the worry returned. "But you hadn't oughta come. Easton ain't no place for you any more. Ain't you sorta soaked up that idea already?"

Jard leaned over the counter and his eyes bored into old Tom's. "What's it all about, Tom?"

"I can't tell you," Holeo answered hastily. "I don't know too much to tell, anyway."

"DO you know what happened to my father? Do you know *why* it happened? Do you know the reason for the strenuous objections to my presence in the Easton country? You can tell me that, can't you?"

Holeo raised a hand to worry his thin white hair. "Jard, I don't know no more than you do what become of your dad. My personal idee is that he's dead—that he was killed, and that Oll Calhoun had somethin' to do with it. I never expressed it before to no man. I wouldn't dast. Oll Calhoun has got this district under his heel."

"What's this organization he has?"

Holeo paled. "Where'd you git ahold of that?"

"Oh, heard. What do you know about it?"

Holeo swore earnestly. "He never let me find out anything much. But I've always figured it was a sort of vigilantes thing, and that your father done something to make 'em mad. They're powerful. They're plannin' something or other—I've sorta picked that much up—something they call a 'movement.' But don't you repeat what I've told you. I've got to look out for myself. I've got to stay here. I'm too old to begin anywhere else all over again. There's plenty of places you can go and—"

"That may be," Jard interrupted. "But I'm not going. Thanks for your information, Tom. It'll never go any further. Now I want some canned goods, Tom; and some bacon and bread and butter."

"I—I can't sell you nothin', Jard. I'll *give* you what you want, but I can't take no money for it. And next time you want anything, you go down to Pendleton or Arlington or some place far enough away that Oll Calhoun ain't got the say to—"

"Well, for God's sake!" Jard stared incredulously at the distressed old man. "Do you mean to tell me that Calhoun has got you under his heel too?"

HOLEO nodded and gulped. "Yeah. He called me up on the phone not twenty minutes ago. He told me that if I dared to sell you anything it'd be the last thing I ever sold any man around here. I can't do it. But I'm goin' out in the back room. You take what you want. Take plenty."

Jard grinned. "The batteries are in that back room, Tom. I want a battery for the old sedan."

Holeo shrugged. "Well, I been thinkin' for a long while I might carry some of 'em out here to have 'em handy. No time like the present."

Jard carried his groceries out to the roadster. When he came back into the store, Holeo was still nowhere to be seen, but the battery was standing in a conspicuous place on the counter.

Jard picked up the battery, laid down a ten-dollar bill, and walked out. A hoarse stage whisper reached him:

"Look out for Van Wyck, Jard! He does what Calhoun tells him to do."

Darkness had fallen by the time Jard reached home. He had already discovered that neither the telephone nor the electricity had been turned off in the house. He wondered whether that might be by accident or design. What better place could they use for their secret meetings than this house? he asked himself.

"They never did, though," he told himself. "The dust was undisturbed. Zan Brenner and Emery Halpole take care of the light and the telephones around here. I wonder if the two of them were *afraid* to come into the house and do the disconnecting?"

"Afraid!" Jard repeated to himself. "Now, what in hell is there in this house that they're afraid I'll find and that they don't want to face?"

Early next morning he drove around the place, examining the buildings and the equipment, scrutinizing the condition of the fields, the soil, the waste crops. By early afternoon he was satisfied as to the amount of labor necessary to put things into running order again, and drove back to the house to do a little figuring. Costs disturbed him little. Halvor had left him plenty.

He finished his figuring and decided to go scouting around for men. Jack Graham always had more men on hand than he could use, and Jack Graham was a big hearty roughneck who would listen illy to the behest of dominance. He had seven sons of his own who were as bluff and hearty as he, as unfailingly ready to help out a neighbor. Jard got into his green roadster and headed for Jack Graham's ranch.

He found the bulky Graham out in the yard talking to two of his older sons.

"Well, well, well—if it ain't Jard!" Graham held out a hand and strode up to the car, his face beaming a welcome. "Damned if it ain't good to see you again, Jard! Mavis phoned us that you was back. I guess you'll remember Nort and Phil."

The handshaking went around as Jard got out of the car. "It's good to see you all again. I came over to ask you how many men you have lying idle. I'll hire all you don't need."

Graham frowned. "You really going to stay in spite of Van Wyck's warning?"

"What do you know about Van Wyck's warning?" countered Jard.

"I know a damn sight more than I dare tell, and I know that this is no place for you."

"I'm staying. What's going on here? What's this organization Calhoun has drummed up? What happened to my father and who did it?"

"Your father's dead," said Graham harshly. "I'm sure of that, though no man ever told me he was dead. I don't know what Calhoun's organization is—but I do know he's got this country by the neck. I've got to live and take care of my family, and I know enough to keep my fingers out of other people's business. I can't spare you any men, because I don't dare. And you'll find that nobody else around here will spare you any men."

Jard frowned. "You know a lot you aren't telling."

"You're damned right I do! I know a lot I don't dare to tell. I belong to Calhoun's organization. I had to belong to it or get out. Every man in this territory belongs. There's something going on here too big for me and you to fight, and believe me I'm not fighting it! But you're young. You ain't got anybody depending on you. I guess if I was in your place I'd fight till the last dog was hung. I wouldn't tell you to stay; but if you've made up your mind to it, I'll send Nort over to stay with you. Maybe you better go too, Phil."

"Yeah, sure I'm goin'. I'm practically gone." Phil Graham, tall and steel-tough, laid a hand on Jard's arm. "Come on, Jard. I've been wishin' for something like this."

"All right, all right!" Graham waved a hand at the three young men. "Go on. You just barged off somewhere and I ain't got the least idea what you're up to—you understand?"

JARD got in his roadster with Nort and Phil Graham, went back to the Halfmoon Cross, and left the two Graham boys there. He spent the afternoon in going the rounds of the near-by ranches. He found not a man who would have anything to do with the Halfmoon Cross.

"If Calhoun finds out we're over here he'll raise hell!" Nort predicted over dinner that night. "I guess we're the one ranch in the district that isn't in it solid with Calhoun, and even dad's got to sit on the fence."

"Well, there isn't any use sitting here mulling it over, Nort." Jard got to his feet. "You and Phil slick things up. I'll be back after a while."

"Where you going?" Phil asked.

"I'm going to beard my enemy in his den," Jard answered tersely. "I'm going to see Oliver Calhoun!"

Is Jard sealing his own doom by walking into the hands of Calhoun and his men? Or will Mavis's warning reach him in time? What is the impenetrable secret of Halfmoon Cross? Startling revelations in next week's installment shed a new light on the mystery.

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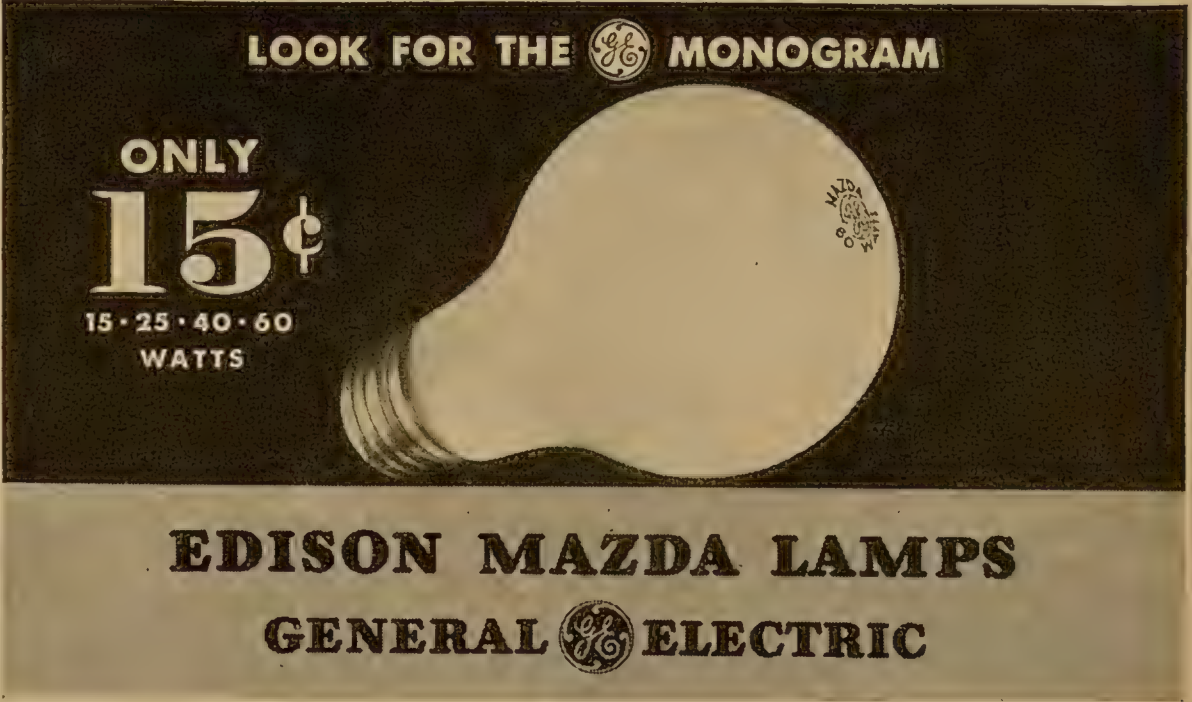

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by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FRED ASTAIRE is not one to kiss and tell—at least, he's not one to tell.

About the kissing we're not so sure. Some twenty or thirty million women seem to think he's pretty good at most of the better known forms of amorous accomplishment. But about the telling—it just isn't done.

Oh, he'll tell what a fine place Hollywood is, what a wonderful invention the talking picture is, and a lot of other things you knew long before Freddy Astaire crashed the screen with his million-dollar feet.

But not one word about the queens he's met, or even the kings; not a syllable about those schools of seagoing socialites with whom he is supposed to swim about; not a breath about the one "must" topic in that strange world of the motion picture, the boy himself.

Of course, if you are one of those who take your movies in your stride, you may not realize that the smiling youth who stole the show in Flying Down to Rio, who hoofed his way to motion-picture fortune in Gay Divorcee, Roberta, and Top Hat, is the celluloid sex-appeal sensation of the hour. But you might as well make up your mind to it. Fred Astaire, late of the Dancing Astaires, is the Carioca, the Continental, the very Piccolino of romance.

Not since he-man Clark Gable kicked open the gates of movie tradition had Hollywood been so shaken as it has been by the discovery that the flying feet of an accomplished masculine dancer can have a romantic appeal for millions of women.

The box office tells the story. Fred Astaire in four pictures has earned between nine and ten million dollars for his astute, if somewhat astounded, employers. And it is safe to say that he has taken about ninety per cent of that money from the female of the species.

Naturally these millions of feminine admirers, who find themselves all in a dither just looking at their dancing Romeo cavorting on the screen, would like to know if he is as good in private life. Is he in love? And if so, with whom? Is she dark or light, short or tall, fat or slim? And what kind of lipstick does she use?

To all such inquiries he turns a large but deaf ear.

"My private life," he insists, "is not under contract."

Hollywoodians naturally resent this attitude. If they take a bath or nurse a babe or go out with Toby Wing, they expect multitudes to thrill with them over cleanliness, motherhood, or the joy of living. If the multitudes refuse, they raise hell about it.

Even Garbo, when she first broke in, modeled hats, dressed up in shorts, and took part in rope-pulling contests to please the publicity boys. Who, then, is this Astaire, this hoofer, to flout Hollywood in its most cherished tradition?

Those who have known the Astaire saga from gocart to top hat are more than puzzled. They are flabbergasted. For Fred Astaire of the Dancing Astaires wasn't always that way. Time was when he got as much of a lift out of a puff of publicity as the next fellow.

Many explanations have been offered for this transformation in the Astaire.

He considers it "unsportsmanlike," "unethical," you are told, to talk about his pal the Prince of Wales—although Wales's job, as the whole world knows, is publicity, and he loves his job. As for talking about himself, you are asked to believe that he cannot bear to think of millions of people paying their good money into box offices to see him because of something they've read about him.

"Huh!" you mutter, or whatever it is you do to huh. "The boy's suddenly gone crazy, or else—" And then you bethink yourself of that old proverb of your native French Somaliland, "*Cherchez la femme.*"

The rest is easy. Fred Astaire isn't crazy. He's married.

Mrs. Astaire is the Forgotten Woman of Hollywood. Not by Fred, but by those who have been trying to find out why he has suddenly "gone dumb."

Few people stop to realize, for example, that Fred's marriage to Phyllis Livingston Baker Potter preceded by only a few hours his departure for Hollywood to play the dancing lead in Flying Down to Rio. And still fewer realize that it was somewhere along that westward trek that Fred acquired this veneer of reticence.

Those who happened to be dining in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby on Fred's first public appearance after his arrival in Hollywood with his bride realize it vividly. He was a changed man.

Naturally, his many friends of stage and screen rushed over to greet and congratulate him; and naturally, being one of the nicest persons ever, he responded with smiles and bows—but substantially without words. He was like one of those holy men of India sworn to a seven-year silence. He had come out to Hollywood to make a talkie—and he had lost his voice!

The quiet young woman beside him—she was then twenty-five—was undeniably pretty: not in the Hollywood manner, but rather in the manner of those tailored-hat ads in the smart fashion papers. She was smaller and slighter even than Fred, about Adele Astaire's size—which is half-pint—but with none of Adele's gay insouciance. Her eyes were round and steady; her mouth small and firm; her chin not pointed but well defined and strong.

She was conspicuous in that somewhat flamboyant company because of her studied effort to be inconspicuous. Her sports clothes, though smart in line, were deliberately mousy in color. Her small immobile face, as serious as her husband's is jovial, was devoid of make-up. Under the avalanche of jovial kindly greetings this experienced young woman of New York's Upper East Side was—what shall we say?—composed, though she smiled and nodded and met every social requirement.

A perfect private-school product—old-timers have seen hundreds like her emerging from Miss Chapin's and The Brearley in New York. And they just know these young women all went to Miss Robinson's dancing class when they were kids and they'll go next winter to the Junior Assemblies and marry a Wall Street man and settle down.

Phyllis Astaire has varied the formula slightly, but in the fundamentals she has run true to type.

Fred Astaire. At right: Mrs. Fred—for whose sake he's "gone dumb." Below: His mother and, at bottom, Adele—or rather, Lady Cavendish.

Can you imagine a man married to such a girl discussing for public consumption, in the well known Hollywood manner, the question of whether he sleeps on his stomach or on his back? (P. S. It's on his stomach.) Or whether he wears both sections of his blue pajamas or only one? (P. S. again. It's both.) Or whether he wears two-piece underwear or union suits? (P. S. a third time. It's union suit when he dances and two-piece when he doesn't.) Or whether blondes or brunettes are his favorites? (P. S. for the fourth and last time. He plays both ends against the middle, as, for example, Mrs. Astaire.) Or whether—But you *can't* imagine the husband of Phyllis Livingston Baker Potter discussing any of these things.

And neither can the husband!

One doesn't need to be a Lieutenant Finn to detect that such a marriage to such a girl would have some effect on a gay sprite like Fred Astaire—especially when he worships the ground she walks on. For Fred is not French as the critics thought when he first came to New York, or English as everybody thought when he first came to Hollywood, but is of good old Omaha, Nebraska, Teutonic beer-brewing stock. The family name was, and still is, Austerlitz.

Extraordinary stories of Fred Astaire's Nebraska childhood have been coming out of Hollywood during the last few months, most of them strictly apocryphal. The chief exceptions are those that were dug out of Mother Astaire during her last winter's visit to her son. They may be accepted as true.

Millions may breathe more easily, therefore, in the knowledge that little Freddy went to dancing school at first to watch his older sister Adele and because he was too small to leave at home; that he played Roxane in a blond wig to Sister Delly's Cyrano de Bergerac; that no Omaha function was complete unless the little Austerlitz girl and her kid brother danced; and that he wore his first top hat at a dancing-school entertainment.

ALSO, he taught himself all the words in his sister's Sunbonnet Primer before he was six, and when asked how he did it, replied, "I 'tudied." He accompanied his mother and sister to a rehearsal of a charity ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House in which Delly had a small part—this was after they had moved permanently to New York—and went off behind the piano on the big stage and danced the steps so well that the ballet master stuck him in the show; and, most important of all, he had a mutt dog named Mike.

"I don't remember anybody ever pointing me out as a dancing prodigy," Fred once said, "but I played a not bad second base." As a matter of fact, the boy was baseball-crazy. He even had stationery, printed on a pal's hand press, which read:

FRED ASTAIRE
President of the National League

"He used to despise me because I couldn't play ball," Adele once said. "'And you can't chin yourself,' he used to say, 'or whistle through your teeth. You can't even spit!'"

In short, Fred seems to have led the usual sandlot and sister-baiting life of the healthy American youngster, and it is quite possible that he never would have gone in for hoofing as a profession if his brewer father hadn't happened to be doing business in a state which took prohibition seriously. Thus it was that beer making went out and tap dancing came in as the chief source of the Austerlitz family income.

Fred now went to dancing school in dead earnest. He worked with several dancing masters in Omaha and New York, but did not remain with any one of them long enough to justify the flamboyant claims so many of them are now making that "I taught Fred Astaire."

Fred Astaire taught himself. He "'tudied." He early learned to originate his own dances, and he has been doing it ever since. Nothing so taxes the Astaire store of profanity the sight of one of those half-true, half-lying advertisements.

When the youngster had mastered a routine he taught it to his older sister, and together they would dance it at charity concerts, private entertainments, wherever they could. Finally a vaudeville manager saw them and sent them out on the road—into the sticks, of course, because the watchful children's societies wouldn't let them come into the big cities. Even on the small-time they invariably found themselves in that most detested of spots, opening the bill.

"Once we did have a better position," explained Fred. "Next to closing."

"Yes," said Adele. "There were only two acts on the bill. The other was a dog act."

"Uh-huh," he agreed solemnly. "And we had to climb a ladder and dress in a loft. The dogs couldn't climb a ladder, so they got the star's dressing room."

You never could tell whether they were serious or whether they weren't. But those were serious times they were talking about—and cruel ones, too, for a couple of homesick children from Omaha.

Even when they worked their way into the bigger cities, the going wasn't so soft. For years Fred wore fifteen-dollar suits, or rather *a* fifteen-dollar suit, both on and off, and doubled as a single act whenever he got a chance, doing a heel and toe to bring in more cash on Saturday. And the houses they played were often of the cheapest sort. "In those days," an old Boston friend remarked, "they knew the water-front nickelodeons of Atlantic Avenue as well as they now know the mansions of Back Bay."

The water-front nickelodeons of Atlantic Avenue!

The mansions of Back Bay!

Their friend may have been exaggerating a bit. It is a long time since a nickel spent on theatrical amusement could command even a small-time act like the Dancing Astaires. But the thought is there. And in that thought lies the difference in the childhood backgrounds of Fred and Phyllis Astaire.

It wasn't Phyllis's fault that she just happened to be the daughter of Dr. Harold W. Baker, who belonged to the "Cabots-speak-only-to-Lowells-and-the-Lowells-speak-only-to-God" set of Back Bay society; but it is true that her father was definitely an "in"—even in Boston.

And as for the uncle in New York, with whom she was living when Freddy Astaire came courting—well, they made a big fuss over sister Adele when she married Lord Cavendish, because he was the son of the Duke of Devonshire of the old Cardinal Wolsey Devonshires; but when it gets right down to blue corpuscles, the Duke of Devonshire himself has nothing on the Duke of East Sixty-second Street, Henry Worthington Bull, who is a whole Social Register in himself.

FOR Harry Bull—or Old Harry, as he is called by the less awed—is that oft described but seldom-met up with individual, a "well known clubman." He belongs to the Knickerbocker, the Brook, the Racquet and Tennis, the New York Yacht, the Westminster Kennel, the Turf and Field, St. Anthony's, Meadow Brook, and South Side Sportsman's.

Harold Baker's daughter and Harry Bull's niece was authentically a socialite, whereas Frederick and Ann Austerlitz's son was authentically a trouper.

Silly, isn't it, these social distinctions in a land where all men are supposed to be created free and equal? But in some circles they still exist. And Phyllis Potter lived in one of those circles. As a result, the chasm between her and this young hoofer, seen through strictly worldly eyes, was a wide one even for the agile Freddy to span.

And there was still another factor that came between them: Phyllis had tried marriage and was not keen for trying it again, even with Freddy Astaire.

In 1927 she had wed Eliphalet Nott Potter 3d, who was, if possible, even more Upper East Side than herself. She must have thought very well of him at the time, for she named their son Eliphalet Nott Potter 4th. But in 1932 she went to Reno and divorced the first Eliphalet—that is, the third Eliphalet—and became officially Mrs. Phyllis Livingston Potter.

It wasn't a noisy divorce. People like the Boston Bakers and the New York Bulls do this sort of thing rather well. But there were squibs in the papers and not a little word-of-mouth comment, all of which was, of course, very distressing to a girl like Phyllis. Privacy is a fetish with the Back Bay and Upper East Side type which she represents. To have the unhappy ending of her first marriage spread on the records of the public prints was a little more than she could bear.

It may have been this psychological factor which made Phyllis slow to accept our dancing suitor. Or it may have been some lingering influence of the strict social regime to which she had been accustomed. Or, much more likely, concern for the welfare of her small son.

There was, of course, no question of money in the situation. But the divorce agreement of 1932 had provided that Eliphalet 3d was to have the custody of young Eliphalet 4th for three months of each year; and this provision loomed large to the conscientious young mother when she contemplated marrying a man whose work might take him to London or Hollywood or on long journeys on the road. She couldn't bear to be separated by such distances from her son.

To get this provision altered meant going to court again and incurring additional publicity. The fact that Phyllis Potter finally took the step shows that by the winter of 1933-34 Fred had begun to exercise over her affections that sway which he now exercises, on a mass-production basis, over the cinema-going women of the world.

THE case dragged along while lawyers for both sides argued and dickered. Finally a compromise was reached whereby Phyllis was to keep the boy eleven months out of the twelve and Eliphalet was to have him the other month, with the added privilege of visiting him at any time he so wished. And on the afternoon of July 12, 1933, all hands filed into the Brooklyn courtroom of Supreme Court Justice Selah B. Strong to obtain a final adjudication of the troublesome situation.

On her way to court, reporters pestered Mrs. Potter with questions about her rumored forthcoming marriage to Freddy Astaire. Up to the very last, however, she insisted that she had not given Mr. Astaire his answer. Just when she did give it to him, nobody seems to know; but it must have been in the few steps between the judge's bench and his chambers, where, at six o'clock that same evening, in the august presence of Henry Worthington Bull, they were married.

By this time, of course, Fred Astaire was about as far removed from the nickelodeon stage as a successful actor could well be. A minor spot in Ed Wynn's wartime musical, Over the Top, had given him and his sister their chance in New York. A Winter Garden engagement had followed; then The Love Letter, Round the Town, Apple Blossoms, The Bunch and Judy; and finally For Goodness Sake, Funny Face, Lady, Be Good! and successive triumphs in both New York and London. As early as 1931 they were demanding and getting $4,000 a week from the late Florenz Ziegfeld.

In London, titled and even royal circles had included them in their after-theater parties and their countryside week ends. Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy, Walpole, and other notables of the literary-theatrical world had done homage to the dancing skill of these young Americans. Society at home, especially Sunday-newspaper society, taking its cue from dear old London, took up Freddy and Adele and made them a vogue. And Adele topped it all by marrying the son of the wealthiest duke in the Almanach de Gotha. But to the credit of Phyllis Astaire it should be said that it is extremely unlikely that these latter considerations had any bearing on her choice of a husband. Her crowd would not have been impressed by an English lord who married a musical-comedy actress any more than they would approve one of their own marrying a musical-comedy actor.

It must be for Freddy, and Freddy alone, that she has left the marble glories of Park Avenue and Beacon Hill for the tinsel ones of Vine Street and Sunset Boulevard; that she has followed her dancing husband to the ends of the earth, even to Hollywood; and that she has made for him one of the happiest homes in the whole cinema colony!

THE END

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

LADIES WHO CHARMED The PRINCE of WALES

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

OF course there have been ladies!

Why shouldn't there be?

The fact that a man happens to be the Prince of Wales doesn't make him any different as a man from other normal, healthy, attractive masculine individuals.

Who would begrudge the Prince his good times with pretty girls here and there? And nobody can fail to agree with the late Will Rogers that "for a young man who has had the world's attention showered on him like he has, and come through the way he has, it is really remarkable."

Who are these ladies who have charmed the delightful Prince of Wales? Who are the ladies who have been favorite dance partners of the world's most eligible bachelor? Who are the ladies whose conversation, sparkling, has held the royal interest? What are they like? Does the Prince prefer a definite type? Does he find more relaxation in the society of commoners than with the daughters of European nobility? Has an American girl a fair opportunity to capture the royal attention?

If the answers to these and other questions concerning the social hours of the young man who is busy selling the British Empire to the world and to itself interest you, the revealing article by Frederick L. Collins in next week's Liberty, on sale January 22, will provide a wealth of welcome fact. By all means read Ladies Who Charmed the Prince of Wales, next week in

Liberty

Is PATRIOTISM Forever DEAD in Our Own United States?

"We Stand on a Razor Edge of Uncertainty. Only United Consecration Can Save Us from Ourselves"—An Appeal to the Spirit of '76

by RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"MY country, right or wrong' is a thing that no patriot would think of saying," says Gilbert K. Chesterton, "except in a desperate case. It is like saying, 'My mother, drunk or sober.'"

Well, don't you owe a duty to your mother when she's drunk? Isn't that the time of times to test a loving son's devotion? Would Mr. Chesterton have left her in the gutter for strangers to rob? Would he have her sons rob her themselves while she is paralyzed?

What is true of one's very own mother applies to one's mother country, or fatherland, or whatever you call it.

We Americans are being put to that very test. Our Uncle Sam has gone through a period of wild intoxication approaching delirium tremens and is now trying to get rid of the dark-brown taste by heavily imbibing more of the same. Meanwhile vast numbers of our citizens are busily going through his pockets.

There may be some objections to the creed: "My country, right or wrong!" but it is surely nobler than "My party, right or wrong!" and far better than "My pocketbook, right or wrong!"

We are in one of those most critical of all periods when everybody is at a loss which way to turn. So everybody turns against his neighbor. Patriotism vanishes like smoke from cold altar fires.

It is an hour like that just following the World War. In a time of war the bugles blow, the flags are run up, a common cause unites all good people. It is easy to be patriotic, easy to seem so, dangerous not to. But when demobilization sets in, the flags come down, the bugles are hushed, the public has no place to go but any which way. It is at such a time that the country as a whole is forgotten. The nearest thing to patriotism is that ghastly imitation of it, partisanship.

The prosperity orgy ending in 1929 unified the country under the great slogan of Get Rich Quick. Then the depression smote us, demobilized us. The people milled about like a herd of cattle in a thunderstorm.

Suddenly a rallying cry united us. We had one commander in chief and gave him such unified support as no President has ever had since George Washington's first election. But as Washington's Presidency ran on, discontent was renewed; and few Presidents have ever been more ferociously denounced than Washington was. Washington, of all men, the man who would take no pay for his seven-year war against the British, was accused of raiding the Treasury and of being a bought servant of the British.

There are few uglier periods in American history than the latter part of Washington's Presidency, and the only way we can feel comfortable about it is to bury it in oblivion, and denounce anybody who rakes up the facts. The patriotism that finally won the Revolutionary War and created and adopted the Constitution was lost in a mad revel of ruthless selfishness and partisanship.

We are now going through a crisis which our posterity will probably want to forget in the same way.

There was genuine patriotism in the self-forgetfulness and national spirit that guided the country during the first endeavors of the Roosevelt administration to form the panic-scattered citizens into one grand army and march it out of the bogs. Now that we are far enough out of them to see at least the solid ground ahead of us, the army is breaking up into another gold rush. Once more it is every man for himself.

This has divided our country into certain definite groups, all dangerous. These are conspicuous:

First: Those who were elevated to power during the necessary regimentation of the country and who hate to let their power go.

Second: Those who lost their power because of the depression that befell us under their management, if not because of it, and who are ruthlessly eager to get back into the saddle.

Third: Those who were forced, through no fault of their own, to accept public relief or starve, and now, having acquired the habit of being supported without work, are unwilling to get out and hustle.

Fourth: Those workers who, on account of the enforced policy of dividing up what jobs there were by shortening hours, have acquired a habit of leisure and are unwilling to buckle down to the hard labor and long hours without which success was never yet attained.

Fifth: Those mad theorists who have found a public desperate enough to listen to any whirling dervish who promised wealth to everybody by the simple device of taking it away from those falsely alleged to have it.

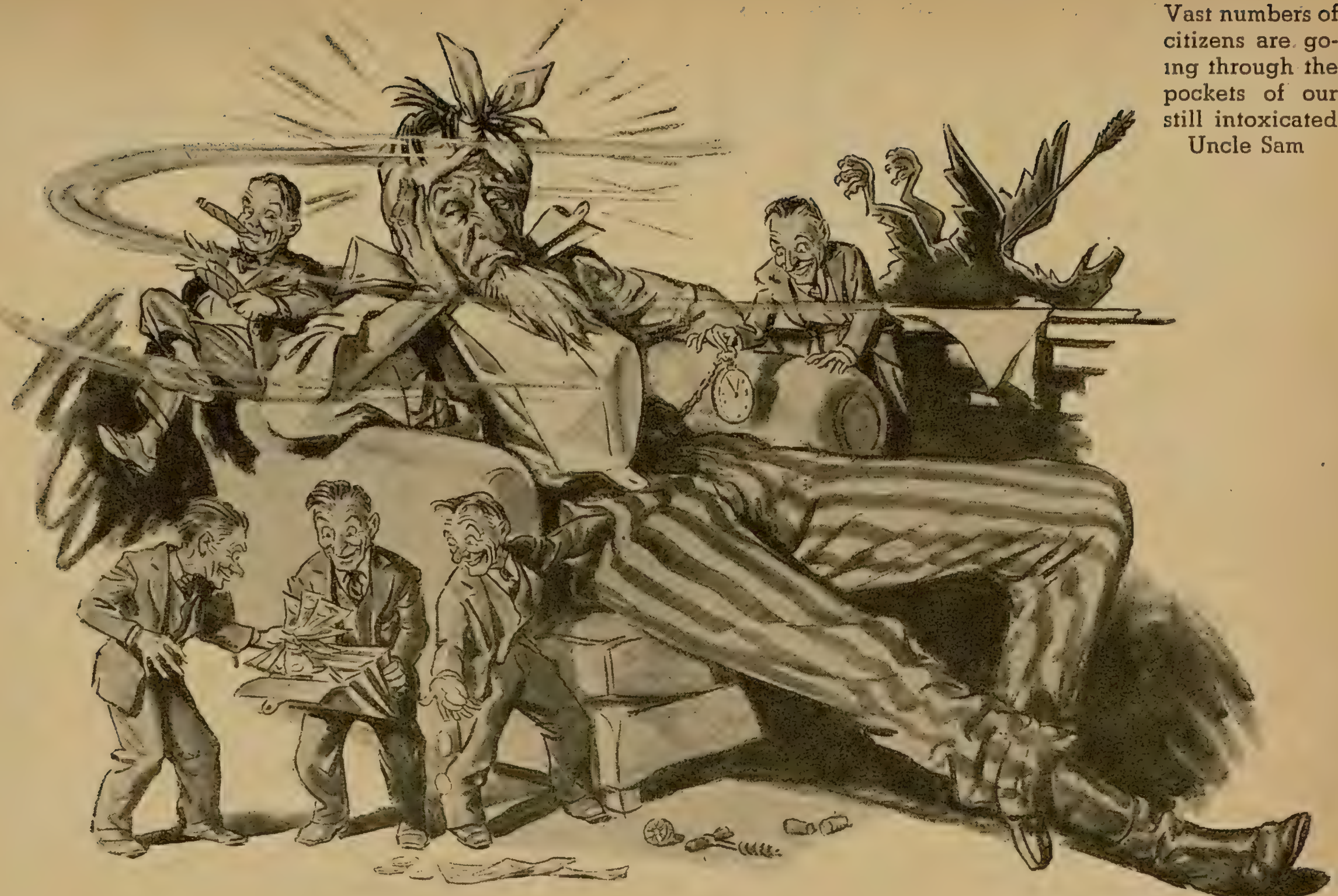
Sixth: Those financiers who take advantage of fools, encourage panics, and seek for wealth at all costs.

Seventh: The enormous criminal population which robs the toilers of billions and occasionally of their lives.

Eighth: The corrupt politicians, judges, lawyers, police, and public officials who throttle liberty and make the prosperity of the criminal possible.

Ninth: The partisans who rejoice in any disaster to the nation from which they may make political capital.

The sudden collapse of the NRA threw this last class into a strange confusion.


Vast numbers of citizens are going through the pockets of our still intoxicated Uncle Sam

Many honest people had honestly assailed the NRA as a device that ought to be discarded. They rejoiced when the Supreme Court declared against it. But the partisans groaned. They had wanted the NRA kept going at all costs until election time came around. Then they would use it as a grand excuse for throwing out the party that had imposed it. Once they were reinstated, full prosperity would return and they would get the credit.

But their hopes were nipped in the bud. The NRA was taken away. If their guess was right, prosperity would be premature and the damned Democrats would get the credit for it. Better let the country suffer than the opposing party prosper with prosperity.

Isn't that a pretty dish to set before a country?

THE decision against the NRA stunned the Democrats too. They seemed never to have dreamed that it could be outlawed. But the blow gave President Roosevelt an opportunity to show what I think to be one of the most shining evidences of true Americanism and true patriotism in our history, and an example to all patriots.

In other countries at other times a leader to whom Congress had entrusted dictatorial powers would have refused to surrender them. Some men would have denounced the Supreme Court as fossilized tyrants and shouted: "Take those nine old men off the bench and shoot them!"

That sort of thing is familiar in ancient history. It is being done today in other countries.

But our American President bowed, made no resistance, uttered no threats. He issued orders putting a stop to all activities under the NRA. It is such a sense of obedience to the Constitution and the constituted authorities that justifies our boast of equality. When the President bows, he gives dignity to all of us.

The fiercest critics of the New Deal now confess that certain features of it must be maintained, at least for a time. But this feeling is the result of a fear of certain other elements: the workers, the drones, and the wild theorists with their groups of crusaders.

There was no dearth of labor troubles under the NRA. But there was some curb, a general court of appeal where manufacturers and laborers could meet and debate their common problems, compromise on a working basis, and coerce those who would not co-operate.

There are labor elements in power today that do not hesitate to threaten a national shutdown of all industries unless the workmen are allowed to run them their own sweet way. Patriotism has no part in the counsels or the ambitions of such men.

In addition to this threat we have vast groups of the people who had to go or were glad to go on the relief lists, and many of whom have lost all the self-reliance they ever had. There they are, eating up millions of dollars a day that somebody has got to pay for sometime.

Everywhere we turn today we find people becoming dole addicts. The bloodsucking of these parasites is made possible only by connivance on the part of administrators. There have been hideous exposures of crooks in the relief organizations. And some relief administrators would feed only members of their own political party. If this is not treason, what is?

These millions of parasites are confirmed in their indolence by a number of self-styled idealists who encourage them to believe that people get rich only by robbing the poor, and that it is the sacred right of the poor to rob the rich.

Such crusaders are a deadly menace to recovery. Many of them call themselves internationalists and do their utmost to arouse a sense of international class-consciousness. To say that all the rich are thieves everywhere, and all the poor are poor only because they are victims of robbers, is vicious nonsense. It destroys the hope and the energy of the very people it recruits. The final hope of any nation is industry, ambition, self-reliance.

We stand today on a razor edge of uncertainty. The one thing needed is the flame of patriotism that puts our country first. We have no bugles and drums and flags to inspire us with hatred of foreign peoples. We have ourselves to fight, and only a united self-sacrificial consecration can save us from ourselves.

THE END

Bachelor OF DOLLS

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

WILLIAM BROWN'S chief emotion, when he learned that his Aunt Matilda had died and left him twenty-five thousand dollars, was one of intense irritation. If she had died twenty years ago, when a ten-year-old boy had been desperately trying to supplement his mother's earnings as a seamstress by selling newspapers, it would have meant something. Or fifteen years ago, when a strong and willing orphan had worked overtime to convince the farmer who had taken him in that studying books made him no less efficient at cleaning cow stalls or caring for chickens.

Five years ago he had been voted Most Likely to Succeed in his graduating class at law school—but twenty-five thousand dollars would not have hampered him even then.

Now he was thirty; give him one more decade and he could smile reminiscently through the smoke of his fifty-cent cigar (Bill hated cigars) and modestly admit that he had done it all himself. And now a practically strange woman had to die and leave him money!

"There is also," his Aunt Matilda's lawyer informed him, "a collection of dolls."

"Did you say *dolls?*" asked Bill.

The lawyer nodded, unsmiling. "Of considerable value, I believe. They will be shipped to you in due time."

In due time, then, the twenty-five thousand dollars arrived, neatly shorn of its inheritance tax, and the dolls, complete with cabinet. There were about a hundred of them, and Bill unpacked them in the monk's-cloth, leather-upholstered, gray-walls-with-etchings atmosphere of his bachelor apartment and considered them gravely.

He frowned intently until he had plucked from the neat files of his mind the memory of where he had last seen that word used in a context relative to his present situation. Dolls—of course! He chose a magazine at random from the rack beside the brown-leather armchair, and thumbed through the advertisements until he came to a full-page color photograph. . . .

Miss Sylvia Torrance (and, in case you did not know who she was, a paragraph informed you that she was the debutante daughter of Mrs. Wellington Torrance) sat on a footstool, holding in one hand a small doll, and completely ignoring the cigarette in her other hand which was, after all, the *raison d'être* of the whole business. Besides reveling in the pictured brand of tobacco, it appeared that Miss Torrance's hobby was the collecting of dolls. She was also an expert horsewoman—and, added William Brown cynically to himself, something of an exhibitionist.

If one could trust color photography, which he did not, her short curls were the color of a horse chestnut in the sun, while her eyes were a wholly unconvincing violet, and her complexion an equally improbable mixture of apricot and pearl. However, she collected dolls.

He did not expect to find her name in the telephone book—the socially elect, he told himself caustically, were not so easily approached—so when he did find it, he reflected that it was probably another Sylvia Torrance; but he called the number.

"Ya-a-ah?" a dismally Scandinavian voice responded.

"May I speak to Miss Sylvia Torrance?" asked Bill.

"Who bane wa-aa-anting spake Miss Torrance?"

He did not, Bill explained, know Miss Torrance personally; his name was William Brown and he was a lawyer and wished to discuss a matter of business.

"Business?" demanded the voice, all at once so un-Scandinavian that Bill jumped. "Am I being sued?"

"Am I speaking to Miss Torrance?" Bill inquired.

"Yaah, you bane sp'aking Miss Torrance," responded the voice, adding instantly in a sprightly tone, "That was Ingeborg, Mr. Brown. Do proceed with your business."

Bill gulped and proceeded. He was, he introduced himself again, William Brown, a lawyer. Period. It so happened that he had recently come into possession of a collection of dolls, and he understood, from certain sources, that she was interested in dolls. Period. Possibly she—

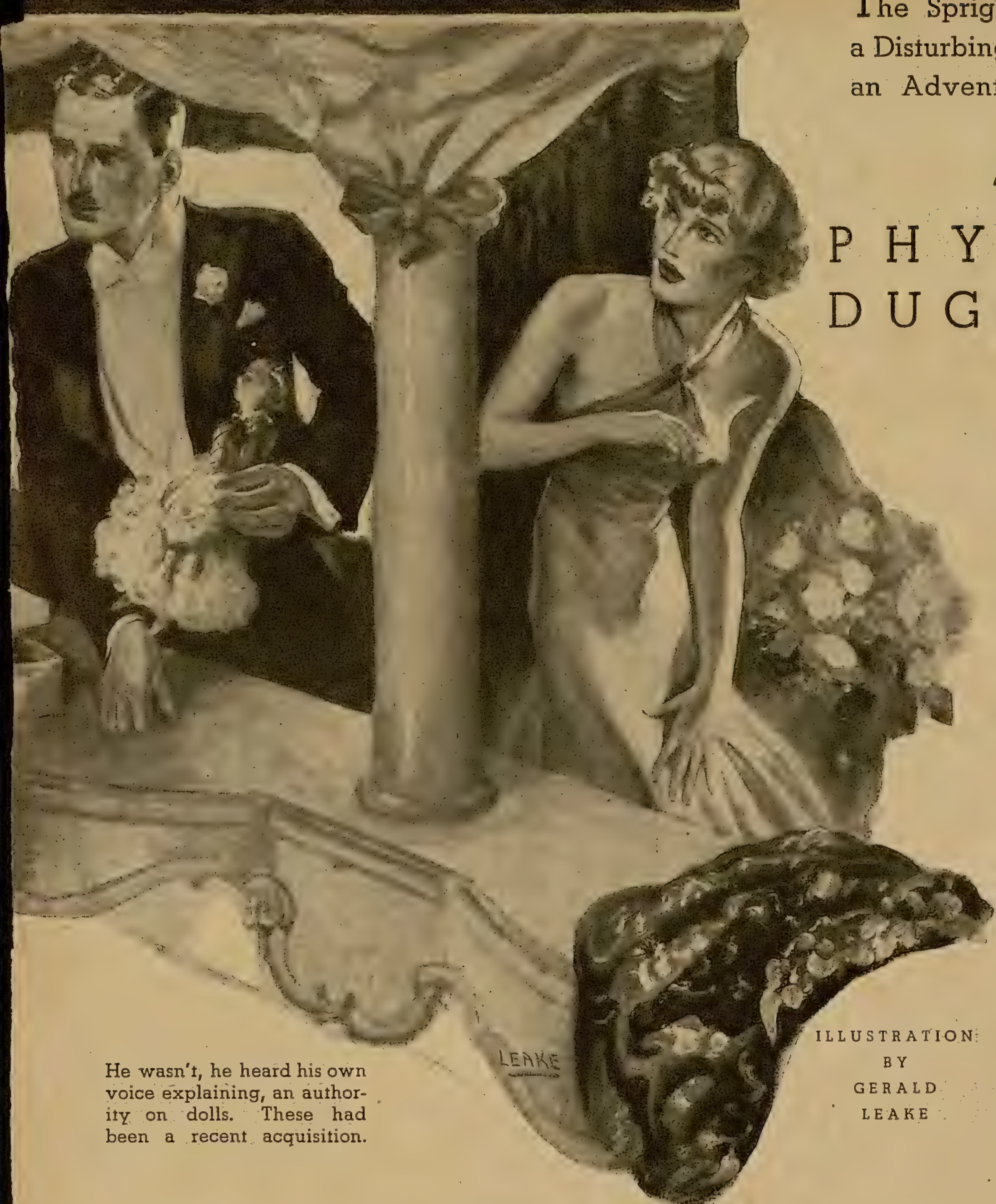
Her voice cut him short: "Why, Mr. Brown! I bet you've been reading that cigarette ad!"

He had, admitted Bill succinctly.

The Sprightly Story of a Disturbing Legacy and an Adventure in Love

by

PHYLLIS DUGANNE



He wasn't, he heard his own voice explaining, an authority on dolls. These had been a recent acquisition.

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

"My public!" murmured Miss Sylvia Torrance raptly. "You don't know how breathless I feel!"

Bill cleared his throat.

"This collection of mine appears to be a valuable one. I know nothing about dolls, have no interest in them; but there is, for example, one of the third century B. C., Crete. Then there is—"

"My dear Mr. Brown!" interrupted Miss Torrance again—"if I may call you my dear Mr. Brown? Yes? Well, my dear Mr. Brown, *why* do you think I posed for that advertisement?"

"I really have no idea," said Bill. "Has it—"

Her habit of interrupting was most annoying. "Oh, yes, indeed it has!" she assured him. "I do it, sir, to live—because I need the money. You wouldn't be interested in buying *my* dolls, would you?"

He was not, Bill answered, in the market for dolls; his only aim was to dispose of his own as rapidly as possible.

"I see," she murmured. "Well, that's that, isn't it?" Her voice had become suddenly thin and tense. There was a silence, and Bill had no idea why he didn't hang up, but he didn't. "You know, I'd like to *see* your dolls," she added wistfully. "Are they going to be on exhibition anywhere?"

He hadn't thought of that, and said so. "I wonder — would you give me some advice about handling them?" he asked. "Could you —I mean I have them here at my apartment on Fifty-fifth Street. You wouldn't care to come down—bring a friend with you—that is—" The able young lawyer, Mr. William Brown, was astonished to hear himself floundering like a schoolboy.

"Are you a dangerous character, Mr. Brown?" All the laughter was back in her voice. "I'm sure the dolls will be chaperon enough. Can I come now?"

It would be quite convenient, he told her quickly; his address was . . . .

"Oke," she said, and hung up.

Bill replaced his own receiver, his eyes still on Sylvia Torrance's picture; without realizing it, he had been gazing at it all the time they had conversed. Why had he asked her to come? Sylvia Torrance personified everything that he disliked and disapproved, an entire social system.

He leaped to his feet when the doorbell rang.

"Mr. Brown?" Color photography had erred on the side of understatement. A photograph could not convey the fragrance and freshness that seemed to enter his room with her. Bill found himself thinking maudlinly of May flowers, cool and sweet and delicate.

"Miss Torrance," he managed to say, and she moved past him toward the table where the dolls lay in confusion.

For an instant she stood, her hands clasped behind her back like a good child who knows that she must not touch; then she turned and smiled at him with a wistfulness that struck Bill Brown like a blow in the solar plexus.

"I wish I hadn't come," she said. "I want every one of them! May I— Are you in a hurry, or may I look at them all?"

He picked up a tiny wax doll in a lavender hoop skirt and infinitesimal bonnet with pin-point roses. "This one's—cute," he said, feeling like a Newfoundland dog.

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Before her daughter Jane was born she managed to write a successful novel, but since then it has been just one short story after another. She comes by her writing gift naturally, as she was raised by Inez Haynes Irwin and Will Irwin.

"She's adorable!" said Miss Torrance, and laughed delightedly. "Oh, and just look at *him!*"

He was a soldier, with wisps of fair mustache drooping from his pallid bisque face. "You know, I shouldn't have come," she said again. "Really, I mean. I don't know a thing about selling stuff. If I did—" She shrugged.

"I'm glad you came," said Bill earnestly. "You can tell me—I mean, you think they're good dolls?"

"I should think this collection was worth a good deal," she told him. "I paid a couple of hundred dollars once for a doll not so good as that wax one—heaven forgive me. And the really old ones, like the Cretan doll—I'd call the Metropolitan Museum, if I were you, Mr. Brown." She picked up her gloves, and Bill swallowed.

"Don't—I mean, wouldn't you have a cup of tea or a drink or something?"

Her eyes crinkled, mocking suddenly, like the eyes in her photograph. "D'you think that's in order?" she asked, and then shrugged. "I'd like a drink—and cambric tea for the dolls, please." She put down her gloves. "Do you want me to fix them in the cabinet for you? That's where they belong, isn't it?"

Bill had had no intention of putting the dolls in the cabinet, but he nodded; to refuse would be too much like refusing an eager child who wanted to help.

As he mixed a cocktail in his kitchenette Bill could hear Sylvia Torrance humming happily. When he returned to the living room she had taken off her coat and hat and was intently setting the dolls into little groups on the shelves, and he stood for a minute and watched her before she looked up.

SHE smiled. "I don't usually drink cocktails in strange men's apartments, Mr. Brown," she told him, accepting the glass he held out to her. "It's the dolls. And—oh, everything, today." For the first time she looked about the room—almost for the first time. She looked at William Brown, her eyes half curious, half amused. "How did any one happen to leave *you* dolls?" she demanded.

Annoyance brought a swift flush to his cheeks.

"What do you mean?" he asked coldly.

"Oh, really!" said Sylvia Torrance. She gestured rather vaguely with a slim hand. "This room—Battersea Bridge, law books, dull browns—it would make an excellent stage set, you know." Sudden mischief brightened her face. "I could give a fairly accurate description of your character from your room, Mr. Brown! Conservative, upright—you *know* you disapprove of my being here like this, now, don't you?"

Because he did, rather, his flush deepened. "Women of your position can do things that other women can't," he said stiffly.

"My position?" echoed Miss Torrance.

"Don't pretend that you don't profit by your social position, Miss Torrance," he told her.

She was laughing at him. "All right, I won't."

He resented her laughter, her arrogance, her very existence. "This using of socially prominent names for advertising purposes," he persisted. "You don't think it's undignified?"

She looked at him intently. "No, I don't think it's undignified," she answered. "I really do happen to smoke that particular brand of cigarettes, you know. I always have. I wouldn't have said so, otherwise." She laughed. "Undignified," she repeated. "I think, Mr. Brown, in any case, that I'd rather be undignified than smug." She had slipped into her coat before he could move to help her. "I'm sorry that I can't buy your dolls, because they're very charming. And I thank you for letting me see them, and for your excellent cocktail." She held out her hand, smiled with a peculiarly brittle brightness, and was gone before William Brown could think of anything to say.

He choked and sputtered over his coffee in the morning, because there was Miss Sylvia Torrance's face mocking him from the black-and-white page of his newspaper. And then he said, "Good God!" and forgot all about Sylvia Torrance, grasping the newspaper tensely as he read.

No one who had known Hugh Vaughan could fail to be sorry that such a completely charming, witty, and brilliant being should be gone from the world. And no young lawyer of ability or ambition, reading that Jason Woodruff's personal lawyer was dead, could help wondering who would take his place.

FOR twenty years Hugh Vaughan had been prime minister to Jason Woodruff's king—and the king still lived. Bill had handled minor cases for him under Vaughan's supervision, had even talked with the great man himself. The knuckles of Bill's hand, grasping the paper, were white.

Less than a week later he was sitting in Woodruff's office, but the interview was oddly unsatisfactory. There was nothing Bill could put his finger on, yet he came away with a sense of failure, of defeat. Whatever Jason Woodruff was looking for—and a dozen of the best legal minds in New York were striving to discover and be it—the old man was still looking when Bill left.

"He liked you," Jason Woodruff had said abruptly.

"Every one liked him," Bill answered.

"Yes," said Woodruff, and added simply, "I miss him," and stood up, and the interview was over.

Outside, it was raining, a hard fierce rain. Bill hailed a taxi and settled back for the long ride uptown. Quite apart from the income he would make as Woodruff's lawyer, apart even from the interest Woodruff's affairs would hold, he liked the old man and would enjoy working with him.

On Fifth Avenue Bill, glancing through the streaming window of his cab, saw Sylvia Torrance standing in the rain beside a green metal sign—BUS STOP. In the brief moment between recognizing her and knocking on the window of his cab, Bill saw the miserable hunch of her shoulders, the tired droop of her mouth, and the starkness of her violet eyes, as she shook her head at an empty cab just ahead of his.

"Get in," said Bill unceremoniously, swinging open the door, and she got in, and huddled like a wet kitten in the corner of the cab.

"Raining, isn't it?" she remarked, and she did not smile; her mouth twitched, and then drooped, abandoning the attempt.

"You're soaked!" said Bill, looking at her gently.

"Just an outdoor girl," she told him, and achieved the smile valiantly.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

She plucked a fold of her wet coat. "Wouldn't you say home? Or the Aquarium?" and gave him her address. "Sold your dolls yet?"

"No." Girls didn't walk in a rain like this—or wait for busses in it—if they had taxi fare.

The cab drew up before an apartment building, and she held out her hand.

"Awf'ly good of you to pick me up—thanks."

Bill held on to her hand. "Won't you ask me in—to see your dolls?"

She hesitated; then she shrugged. "If you like."

At her apartment door, she called out gently, "Mother? I've brought a caller. And I'm drenched!"

Mrs. Wellington Torrance sat by the window, sewing, and Bill felt a lump rise and swell in his throat until his eyes smarted, as he saw her. How many times he had seen his own mother sitting so, with a pile of finished work on one hand, and a basket of work to be done on the other!

"This is Mr. Brown, darling, who has the dolls. I'll put on the kettle for tea and get into some dry things."

Mrs. Torrance held out her hand to Bill, her thimble still on a slim finger. "How do you do, Mr. Brown?"

Bill sat down beside her.

"You're a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Brown?" she asked. "Did you know our dear friend Hugh Vaughan?"

"Not so well as I'd have liked," answered Bill. "Only professionally. I've just come from seeing Jason Woodruff. He feels his loss so much."

Mrs. Torrance's eyes lighted with quick interest as she looked up from her sewing, and she smiled at Bill. "Hugh will be hard to replace," she murmured, and added, as Sylvia came into the room, "Mrs. Woodruff telephoned to ask if you'd take a booth at her fair, Sylvia. I said you would."

Sylvia made no comment beyond a brief shrug.

"There!" she said, setting down a tea tray between them with a somehow unnecessary briskness. "Sorry I can't give you a drink, Mr. Brown."

CONVERSATION, which had been easy and pleasant with her mother, became suddenly difficult. "Don't pretend that you don't profit by your social position," he had told Sylvia Torrance sternly. He wished she wouldn't hold it against him, though.

"I really would like to see your dolls," he told her.

"Why?" she asked, and his eyes dropped before the amusement in her face.

"Maybe this doll business is growing on me."

"No." She shook her head decidedly. "You're not the type, Mr. Brown. Have some more tea."

Bill had some more tea, and Mrs. Torrance looked thoughtfully from her daughter to William Brown.

"Come and see us again, Mr. Brown," she invited, when he rose to leave, and Bill felt that she meant it. He was not so sure about Sylvia, who smiled politely but made no comment.

Why hadn't she let him see her dolls? he wondered, as he went out again into the rain. And why, for that matter, had he wanted to? Why did he resent so bitterly as he did her calm insistence that he was "not the type"? Not what type?

Bill Brown knew very little about people like Sylvia Torrance, but he knew a lot about being poor, and he could read the signs. That the Torrance finances were none of his affair did not occur to him. He telephoned Peg Martin from his apartment; Peg had a shop on Madison Avenue and would be just the person.

"And listen," he told her earnestly. "Pay as good a price as you can for them, will you? And if you let the

My adventure with the invisible

by Lowell Thomas, *World Traveler—Radio Commentator*

MACHINES chattered around me, a bewildering complexity of mechanism endowed with superhuman faculties of precision. They had cost millions of dollars—years of thought and research. As I stood on the fifth floor of the Gillette factory in Boston I reflected: "Imagine this prodigious assembling of technological perfection, just to make a blade."

My guide corrected me, saying: "That isn't what we are turning out here. We are all collaborating here to produce a perfect edge. And that, actually and positively, is a thing that you *cannot see*."

I was to learn he was right. My guide took me upstairs and introduced me to a technician who presided over an amazing instrument. The pet gadget of the blond young modern Merlin from M. I. T. is a "sharpness comparer." Within its mysterious interior an adaptation of the weird usefulness of the photo-electric eye detects to an uncanny degree of accuracy whether that precious edge comes up to Gillette standards of sharpness.

There I realized that what my guide had told me was true. The perfect edge is perfectly invisible. It can be measured only with light-waves!

In my wanderings around the globe this is just about the most astounding spectacle I have observed in modern industry. I mean all this mighty, elaborately mechanized organization engaged in producing the unseeable.

Electric furnaces in which coils of steel are hardened and tempered, furnaces that look like long, miniature tunnels. Inside they are 1500 degrees hot, outside they are so cool you can rest your hands upon them. Diamonds from the fields of Kimberley or Brazil that play their part in the testing machines. Microscopes with a 3000-power magnifying capacity. Cathode ray oscillographs that far outstrip man's poor faculties of perception or accuracy.

And all for what? To turn out something too fine for the human eye to perceive—to produce a shaving edge of incomparable keenness. The doctors of physics, the draughtsmen in the designing room, the toolmakers in the machine shop are constantly experimenting, to produce an even sharper, smoother-shaving edge—and it's difficult for me to imagine that today's Gillette blade could be improved upon. I know—I've tried them all—in all parts of the world.

So in view of what I've seen and experienced, I can't imagine how any shaver could select a blade other than Gillette.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Torrances suspect that you've ever even heard of me—"

She laughed. "What is it, William—love at last?"

"Don't be a fool," said Bill shortly.

She called him at his office early the next afternoon. She had the dolls at her shop.

"Will you send them over to my apartment?" He looked at his watch. "I'm going home," he told his secretary. "If anything important comes up, you can give me a ring there."

His secretary nodded understandingly. Anything important . . . there were at least a dozen other lawyers in the city of New York awaiting the same call.

The box of Sylvia's dolls had already arrived when he reached his apartment. He stowed it away in a closet, and then stood, frowning, wondering why he had come home. He felt jittery and jumpy, and he made himself a drink and slumped down in the leather armchair.

On a sudden impulse he got the box of Sylvia's dolls from the closet and opened it. He began putting Sylvia's dolls into the cabinet with the others. It made quite a collection, and he stood and surveyed it with an expression very like pride. Strange, poignant little objects; he'd like to know more about them, more of their past . . .

His doorbell rang, and he started guiltily. William Brown, lawyer, caught in the act of playing dolls! He wouldn't open the door.

Suddenly something happened to William Brown. He jerked up his chin and set back his shoulders. He'd be damned if he'd pretend he was out! He had a right to own a collection of dolls if he wanted them; had a right to keep them, to buy more, even, if he chose. And he did choose! He liked the dolls! He strode across the room and flung open the door.

Sylvia Torrance was the last person in the world he had expected to find on his threshold.

"Mayn't I come in, Mr. Brown? I called your office and they said you were at home. And this really *is* a business call this time."

Bill backed off clumsily, standing between her and the cabinet, while she looked at him curiously.

"I guess mother was right," she told him. "She said that I was unpardonably rude to you yesterday. Will you forgive me—and be friends?"

"Please sit down," said Bill nervously, practically pushing her into a chair from which she could not see the cabinet. "You weren't rude at all. I—"

"Yes, I was," she contradicted. "I didn't want you—or anybody—there, and I showed it. I was—I've been frightfully worried about—you know, money and all. The Torrances are a bit strapped. But it's all right now. For a while anyway." She smiled radiantly. "I've sold my dolls, Mr. Brown!"

"Have you?" asked Bill hollowly.

She nodded happily. "To a terribly nice woman who has a shop on Madison Avenue. And that's why I'm here now. I told her about your collection, and she said she'd call you." Her sudden smile was charming, friendly, as though she liked him very much and wanted him to like her.

SHE moved past him, toward the cabinet. "Of course I didn't really come to see you at all! It's your dolls. I—" Her voice stopped and deep color flooded her face as she stared incredulously into the cabinet. "Oh," she said flatly. "Oh, I see."

For what seemed to Bill an eternity, she stood staring into the cabinet, not moving.

"You don't understand," he told her miserably. "I—"

"Of course I understand," she said. Her eyes were almost expressionless as she looked at him. "And I don't like it a bit. I don't like—charity."

"Sylvia!" He caught her arm. "It isn't—"

"Please don't try to explain," she said, and reached into her pocketbook. "Luckily I haven't cashed Mrs. Martin's check." She dropped it on the table. "Will you send my dolls back, please?"

He was holding her forcibly. "No, I won't!" he said. "I bought them because I want them, and I intend to keep them!"

"Oh—really!" said Sylvia Torrance. "Can't you see how horribly unpleasant this is for me? Please let me go."

"Sylvia, you've got to believe me! These silly dolls have got under my skin, I tell you. I—"

"The collector's fever," she murmured ironically. "You aren't forgetting that you hadn't seen my dolls when you bought them, are you?"

He flushed. "I know it sounds crazy. And of course I wanted to help you." He paused; anything he said only made it worse. "But that isn't charity—buying something you want. I do want them, Sylvia. Why do you think I unpacked your dolls, if I wasn't interested?" Her eyes were unbelieving and pitifully hurt. "Why do you think—can't you see that I'm crazy about you?" he shouted wildly, and with a courage born of sheer desperation he pulled her into his arms and kissed her mouth, and when she started to speak, to protest, he merely kissed her again.

She was pushing against his chest, pounding him with her fists. "Oh, I hate you!" she cried. "How do you—I think you're the most contemptible—" Tears were streaming down her cheeks, and with a furious wrench she jerked herself free and ran to the door.

Bill did not stir. He listened to her footsteps on the stairs, heard the outer door slam; then he buried his face in his hands.

HIS telephone was ringing, and he answered it mechanically. "Yes," he said, and "Certainly, I'd be delighted," and "Any time that's convenient." He replaced the receiver and went unemotionally into his bedroom and packed his bag.

So, it was happening, the thing he had thought he wanted most: He was on his way to becoming the Boy Who Made Good in earnest. Jason Woodruff wanted him to come home for the week end, and drive somewhere upstate with him to look over some property. If all went well, it meant that he was slipping into Hugh Vaughan's shoes.

Bill didn't even bother to smile sardonically; it just didn't matter. He would go on, of course, because one went on, but he didn't really care. He had never given much thought to the matter of broken hearts, and he did not think his heart was broken now because a girl he had seen three times in his life would never see him again. Not broken; he had merely lost what he knew was the thing he wanted most of all.

Jason Woodruff's car stopped outside the house, and Bill went down.

"Glad you could make it on such short notice," the old man said, and, in spite of everything, Bill smiled at that.

"I imagine a lot of people could, Mr. Woodruff," he answered.

The old man snorted. "Have you ever happened to observe," he inquired, "that most lawyers are stuffed shirts?" He looked at William Brown thoughtfully, as though he were gauging Bill's brand of stuffing. "I have to have them, have to have legal advice—but, to put it bluntly, the legal mind in general bores the pants off me." He chuckled, and looked at Bill again intently. "Know what I'm talking about?"

Battersea Bridge and law books and dull browns . . .

"Yes," said Bill.

He had a feeling that two weeks ago, before he had met Sylvia Torrance, he wouldn't have known. That, without Sylvia, he might never have known himself for a stuffed shirt—conservative, upright, and smug. Well, at least he wouldn't be those things any more! He didn't understand yet what had happened to him, but in some crazy way the dolls were mixed up with it, too. They had broken a pattern in his mind just as definitely as the maple cabinet had broken the pattern of his living room.

Jason Woodruff said, "A penny," and Bill smiled.

"I was thinking about some dolls, sir. I've just come into a legacy."

"Of *dolls?*"

Bill nodded. Two weeks ago he would have sunk through the floor boards of the car rather than admit it. And now: "Dating from the third century B. C.," he said.

The big car sped smoothly on its way to the Woodruff estate, and Jason Woodruff leaned contentedly back while his lawyer entertained him. . . .

The ballroom of the massive Beekman Hotel had been done over to look like a street in Bagdad, and William Brown paused in the doorway and wondered, as he had wondered on previous occasions, whether the cost of decorating could possibly be less than the amount taken in. Charity, charity—then he saw Mrs. Jason Woodruff advancing toward him, and he stepped forward.

"It's awfully nice of you to help us," she greeted him. "It's a psychological fact, you know, that exhibits where people can't buy anything always increase their acquisitiveness." She led him briskly to the booth where his dolls were displayed. "Don't you think they look well?"

He had arrived early on purpose, and so far as he could see, Sylvia was not here. When Mrs. Woodruff had first asked him if he would exhibit his dolls at her fair—old Jason, who collected snuffboxes, had told her about them almost as soon as they reached the house—he had seen his chance. And when he asked for a booth next to Sylvia Torrance's, Mrs. Woodruff had merely lifted an arch finger and inquired, archly, "Romance, Mr. Brown? Sylvia's such a delightful girl!"

The reporter was far more interested in the report that Jason Woodruff had retained Mr. Brown's services than he was either in dolls or in charity, and Bill was much more interested in watching for Sylvia than he was in talking for publication. If only he could make her listen. His mouth set grimly.

In the next booth to his, unless she ran out on the whole show, she'd *have* to listen!

"Helen, will you show Sylvia Torrance her booth and tell her about prices and all?" It was Mrs. Woodruff's voice, and Bill ducked hastily behind a pillar.

She was so pretty that it hurt him to look at her, pretty and, in some curious way, forlorn, as she had been that day in the rain.

"IT'S a little like carrying coals to Newcastle—me working for charity," she was saying, and there was more bitterness than mockery in her voice. "What do I sell this year? Last year it was—" She had seen the dolls, and this time her face went white.

"Some one's horning in on my old line, I see," she remarked. "Who's selling the dolls?"

Bill heard the girl Helen explaining that they were on exhibition—some friend of Mrs. Woodruff—and then Mrs. Woodruff herself reappeared, demanding, "Where's Mr. Brown? Has any one—oh, there you are! May I present Mr. Brown—Mrs. Cutler? And won't you show her the dolls before the crowd begins coming?"

Bill felt a little as though he were preparing for a high dive; he took a deep breath and muttered a brief prayer.

He wasn't, he heard his own voice explaining with a calm he did not feel, an authority on dolls at all. These had been a recent acquisition, but he was interested in them, and intended to add to the collection as often as he could. (The girl Helen had departed; there was silence from the next booth.)

"YOU really should have a little girl to play with them," Mrs. Cutler murmured.

"I agree with you," said Bill decidedly, and cleared his throat as Mrs. Cutler moved away to speak to some one she knew. "But these dolls are more than toys," he announced clearly. "I have had them less than a month and they have, literally, changed my whole mode of thinking." He turned, speaking close to the cloth wall which separated his booth from Sylvia's. "As soon as I got them in my apartment they began to change me," he said. "Some of them are so old—older than all our civilization. I had very definite ideas about life, most of them wrong. And I think the dolls knew it. I was smug and hidebound and stuffy. Oh, Sylvia," said Bill Brown, "won't you listen and believe me? If you must take your dolls back, my dear, come and pick them out. But I need them more than you do."

There was complete silence from the next booth.

"I know that it's all been too sudden," pleaded Bill. "You shouldn't tell a girl that you love her on your third meeting. But couldn't you give me time—couldn't you—"

A customer appeared before Sylvia's booth; there was a rumble of conversation, indistinguishable, blurred, then Sylvia's voice, a little raised, yet still soft.

"Charity's really a sweet thing—it makes people so kind. Thank you." There was a brief silence. "Sometimes we think that the people we help don't appreciate it. I think they do, really. Maybe they're just—oh, embarrassed at kindness, and proud." Another silence. "I do want you to have my dolls, Bill Brown. And—this will be our fourth meeting."

Bill was out of his booth in one step. Sylvia was smiling, and she held out both hands to him over the counter. "I'm sorry, Bill—truly—for not understanding. I—"

"Well! Adding to your collection already, Bill?" demanded a voice, and they looked up to see Jason Woodruff regarding them with amusement. He pinched Sylvia's cheek. "This one doesn't look like a genuine antique to me!"

Bill shook his head. "But she's very rare, sir."

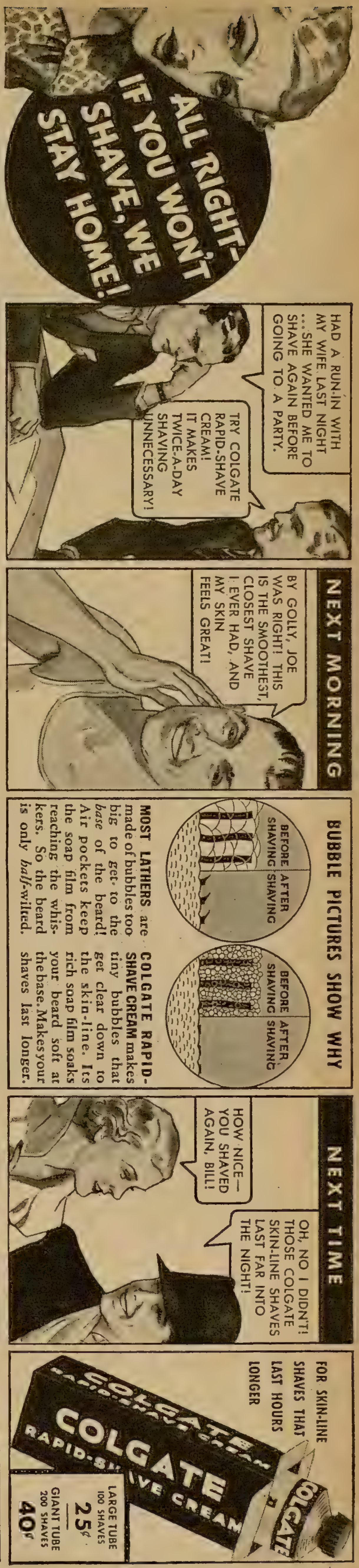
Old Jason Woodruff saw Sylvia's flush, saw his lawyer's eyes on her face, and he snorted.

"Humph! Well—God bless you both," he remarked, and moved away.

Sylvia's eyes were very soft. "And God bless our dolls," she added gently.

"Amen," said Bill Brown huskily.

THE END


ALL RIGHT—IF YOU WON'T SHAVE, WE STAY HOME!
HAD A RUN-IN WITH MY WIFE LAST NIGHT ...SHE WANTED ME TO SHAVE AGAIN BEFORE GOING TO A PARTY.
TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM! IT MAKES TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING UNNECESSARY!
NEXT MORNING
BY GOLLY, JOE WAS RIGHT! THIS IS THE SMOOTHEST, CLOSEST SHAVE I EVER HAD, AND MY SKIN FEELS GREAT!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
NEXT TIME
HOW NICE—YOU SHAVED AGAIN, BILL!
OH, NO I DIDN'T! THOSE COLGATE SKIN-LINE SHAVES LAST FAR INTO THE NIGHT!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half-wilted*.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that *get clear down to the skin-line*. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

FOR SKIN-LINE SHAVES THAT LAST HOURS LONGER

DID HAUPTMANN

The Mystery of the Telephone Call and the Kidnaper's Companion—Jafsie Tells More Secrets of the Lindbergh Case

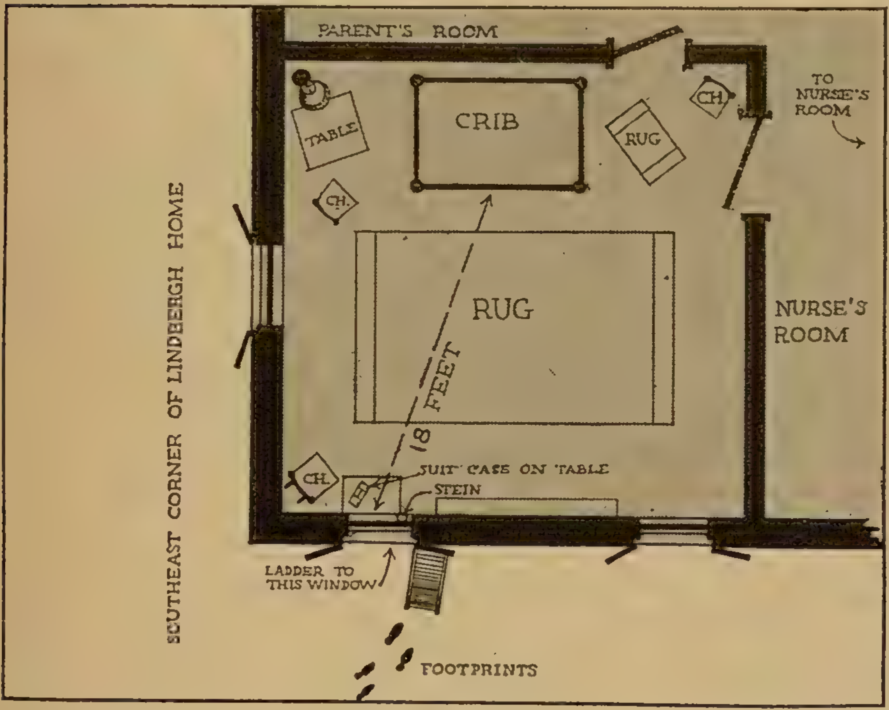
by

DR. JOHN F. CONDON

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Jafsie and Myra, his daughter. She is the wife of Ralph Hacker.

Left: Betty Gow. Her devotion to the missing baby was evident.



This floor plan of the nursery shows the rug that must have deadened the sound of the kidnaper's footfalls.

JAFSIE began this series last week, recalling how, on the evening when it occurred, he learned of the Lindbergh kidnaping from a newspaper extra, and how his patriotism and public spirit, together with his deep sympathy as a parent for the Lindberghs, at once resolved him to try to help them. His letter offering $1,000 of his own in addition to the $50,000 ransom demanded of them appeared in the Bronx Home News of March 8, 1932. He had felt that the Bronx would be the logical haven for a criminal making a getaway from the part of New Jersey where Hopewell is.

On March 9 he received a mailed response with a letter to Colonel Lindbergh inclosed. He phoned the Colonel, whom the inclosure's symbol-signature convinced that it was genuine. Jafsie with two friends went immediately to Hopewell. Colonels Lindbergh and Breckinridge questioned and approved him. He had noticed that the Lindberghs' dog did not bark at him and his friends and apparently wouldn't at any stranger; this, for Jafsie, explains why it had not barked when the kidnaper had entered. Colonel Lindbergh put him up for the night in the kidnaped baby's nursery—no one dreaming that right there in the empty crib at that moment was " mute evidence that the baby had been murdered."

PART TWO—A VOICE IN THE NIGHT

I WAS awake at eight o'clock. Five hours of sound sleep beside the crib had greatly refreshed me.

Dressing, I looked about the nursery. It was a cheerful room. Between two sash windows—through one of which the kidnaper had entered—was a fireplace. On the mantel were porcelain figures—two birds and a rooster.

There was a large French window directly opposite the door by which I had come into the nursery. About the room were a few chairs, a table, a chiffonier, and a gaily colored pink-and-green screen whose design was of trees, of schoolhouses, of horses and cows.

The screen, folded and standing to one side of the crib, bore silent testimony to the love of their child that was Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh's. With that screen they had, before the kidnaping, protected their beloved youngster from drafts. My eyes dimmed as they moved from the screen to the empty crib. A silly jingle of my own making came from the past to dance in my mind:

> Three little mice, so cozy and nice,
> As they ran over the floor—
> They ran from the floor
> Right out of the door,
> But they couldn't catch Myra.

My mind spanned the dead years. Vividly as though it had been yesterday, I recalled that terrifying day when Myra, my own lovely daughter, had been ill. She was little older at the time than Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.

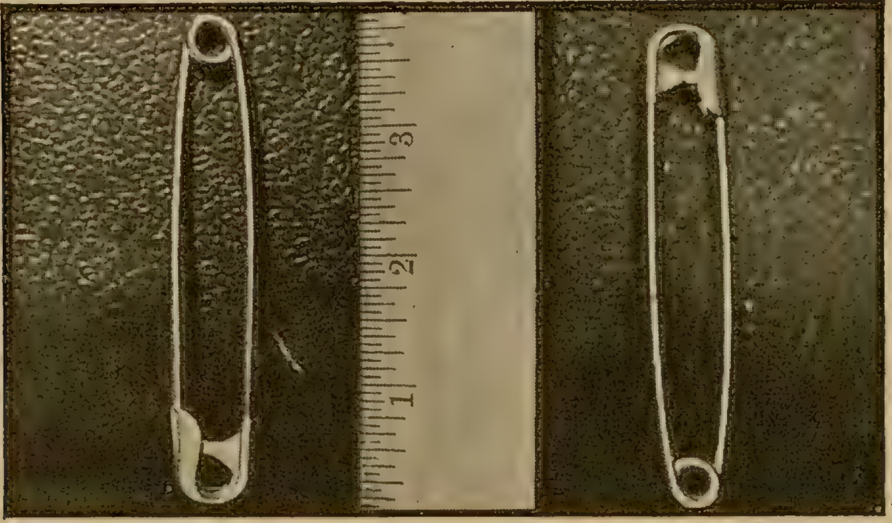
Our doctor led me from her crib at three o'clock in the morning.

" Do you want to know? " he asked. " Can you stand it? She has diphtheria. She's not getting enough oxygen. Unless she gets more, she'll die. Her one chance to live is to breathe through lime."

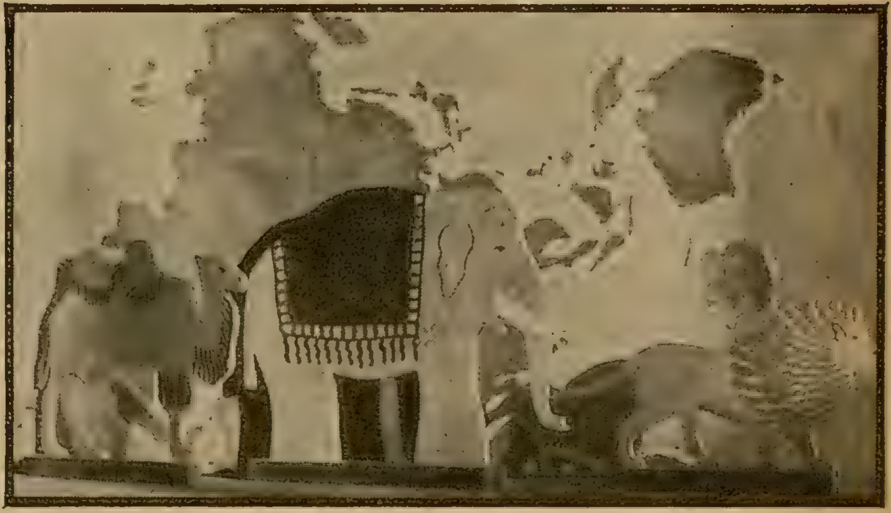
I had heard and read of the canopy treatment used in those days. " If it's lime we need," I said, " I'll get it." I rushed from the house. Drugstore after drugstore was dark. One I found open could give me but a small quantity of lime. A small quantity was useless.

Two blocks from where I then lived, Public School 42 was being erected. Lime, I knew, was used in construction work. I ran there. Anxiously I explained to an Italian night watchman that my little daughter was dying.

HAVE ACCOMPLICES?



The safety pins with which the baby's bedclothing was pinned to the crib mattress. Jafsie took them with him.



The baby's toy animals — camel, elephant, and lion. He could say their names, so Jafsie took these along, also.

Did he have any lime? He led me to barrels of the stuff. I could have what I needed, he said; but it would take two men to carry a barrel, and he couldn't leave his post.

Somehow I got a barrel on my back and made the two blocks to my home. I filled a dishpan with lime, put water on it, and ran upstairs. I put the pan under the crib, built a canopy of blankets over us, and stood beside the crib, waiting.

I was hot and sticky. The fumes from the lime rose acridly. I looked down at the wan white little darling that was my daughter. For two days she had not spoken; for two unconscious days the only sound of life had been the rasping wheeze of her little throat as she struggled, ever more weakly, to breathe.

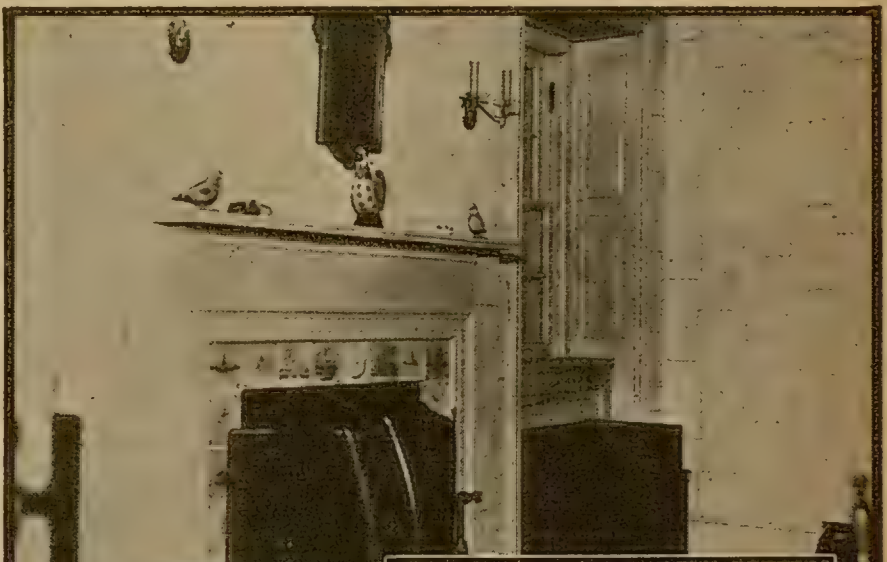
And suddenly, as I watched beneath that fume-filled canopy, her eyes opened, found mine, recognized me. And she spoke: " Sing for me, daddy."

I lifted her into my arms, bedclothes and all. Perspiration dripped saltily on my lips as I improvised the saga of the three mice who " couldn't catch Myra." She laughed delightedly as I finished that first verse.

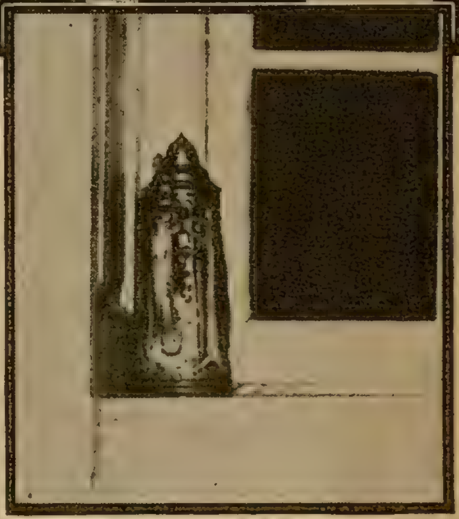
" More," she demanded hoarsely.

In an ecstasy I continued the improvisation. I sang of the first little mouse who was " clumsy and fat " and was killed by our cat. The second froze in an icebox and the third came to an untimely end beneath the wheels of an automobile. None of them " caught Myra." She was asleep—and breathing more normally—when I had disposed of the third little mouse.

Today my daughter is the young and pretty wife of a fine architect, Ralph Hacker. But she is still the sunshine of my life. And she still remembers that song.



The fireplace in the nursery. Through the window at right of it the kidnaper entered.



Right: A closer view of the window, showing the stein standing on the window sill.

OF my own experience, then, that morning of Thursday, March 10, 1932, standing in the Lindbergh nursery beside an empty crib, did I know the full, bitter meaning of parental anguish.

Colonel Charles and Anne Lindbergh were facing a crisis as grave to them as that awful moment had been to me. Like me, threatened with the loss of the child they adored, they had only *one* chance.

I, it seemed, was that chance; the only person in the world who was in actual contact with the man who had stolen their son.

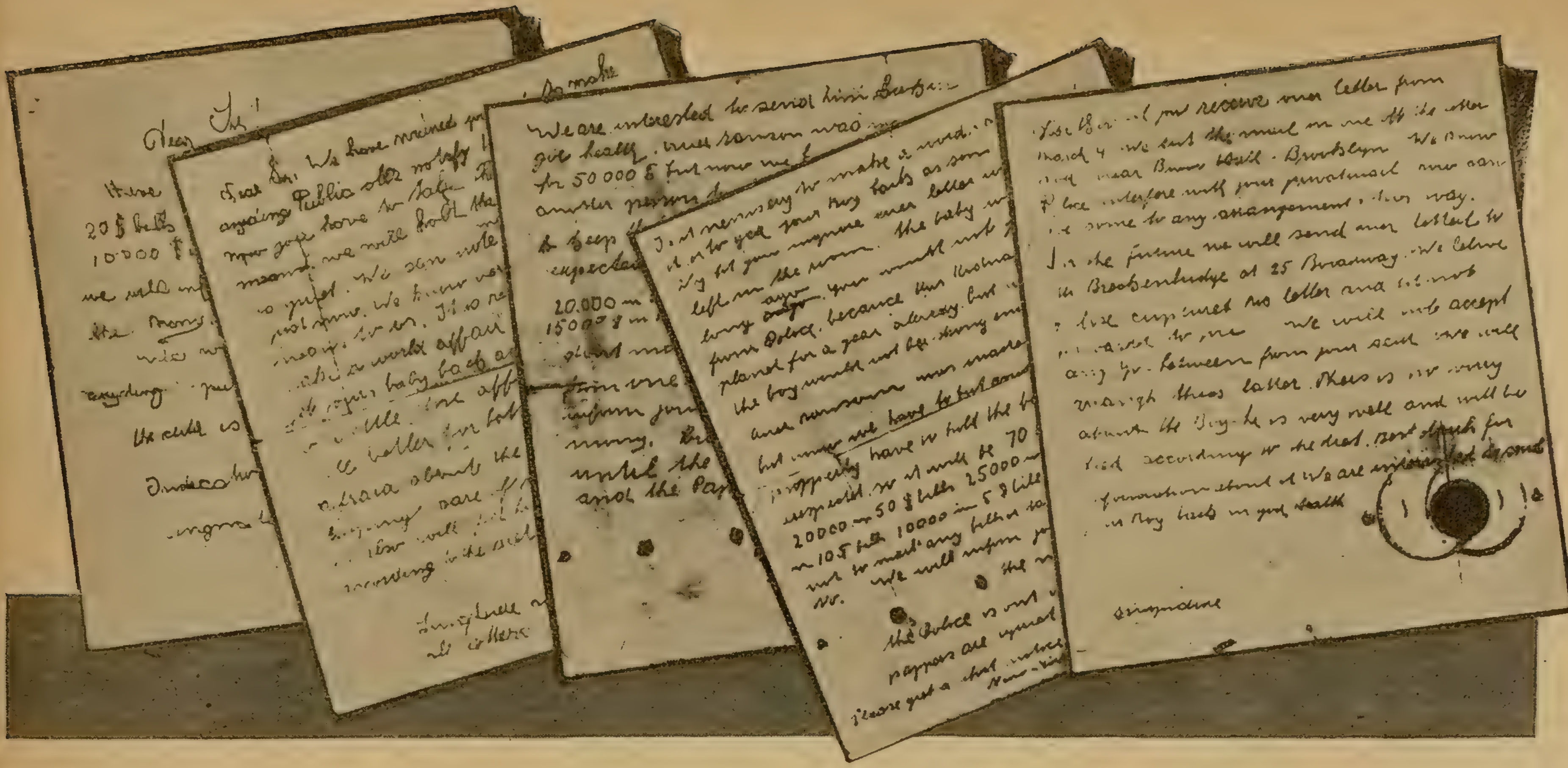
Instinctively my hand reached down to the pillow on which had rested that childish golden head. The awe of my responsibility welled in my soul as, standing there, I renewed silently the oath I had taken to strive to restore that child to its loving mother.

My hand, as I finished, strayed from the pillow—touched something, amid the bedclothing, that was metallic. At the top of the blankets, just beneath the lower edge of the pillow, were two large safety pins. They were placed about a foot apart and pinned the bedclothing securely to the crib mattress.

I studied their position carefully for a moment, then had an idea. Removing them, I placed them in a little canvas pouch that I had in my pocket, and began an inspection of the room.

Across the soft carpeting leading to the east window by which the kidnaper had come and gone were footprints. Whether or not they were the footprints of the kidnaper himself, I do not know. But I could readily understand how he could have crossed the room on that thick rug without making a sound audible to those in the Lindbergh home on the night of March 1.

I walked to the east window. The nursery was in the southeast corner of the house. This was logical. Here the baby would enjoy the maximum benefit of the sun.



The first three ransom notes to Lindbergh, in order as received—the one-page note found in the nursery at left.

I see nothing strange in the fact that the kidnaper was able to locate the nursery. Not only was it where any thinking person would expect it to be, but I believe the kidnaper kept the house under surveillance long enough to acquaint himself with the whereabouts of every person in it before he climbed the ladder. So long as he placed the occupants in various rooms on the lower floor, he did not necessarily have to see into the nursery to know positively that he would find the child alone there. Everything the kidnaper did that night could have been done by one man, unaided.

I inspected the east window. About three quarters of the way toward the top of the sash frame was the imprint of a hand. Little more than a smudge, it was eloquent enough. It was exactly where the kidnaper's hand could be expected to leave an imprint if, attempting to climb on the low window sill, he supported himself against the sash frame with his left hand while holding the child with his right.

From its position, and by comparison with my own height, I estimated the intruder's height to be about five feet ten or ten and one half inches.

The most clearly defined portion of the smudged handprint was that made by the thenar eminence, or ball of the thumb. That, to me, was significant. For ordinary purposes of identification, the smudge was useless, since it offered no clear print of the pattern of any of the five fingers.

Beneath the French window was a window box with two doors that opened out. I opened the doors. Inside were the toys of the missing baby.

I sat on the floor and took out, one by one, wood-carved miniatures of three animals: a lion, a camel, and an elephant. I placed them before me on the carpet.

Thus it was, sitting on the carpet with three of his child's toys before me, that Colonel Lindbergh found me in the nursery that morning of March 10.

Later that scene was to be duplicated in the living room of my own home, where it was witnessed by peeping newspapermen who put two and two together, got five for an answer, and spread the word: "Condon's gone crazy! He's studied too hard. Too bad!"

I cannot say that I was particularly disturbed later when that report was circulated; for in the subsequent hectic days such a statement about me, by newspapermen, was comparatively mild and charitable.

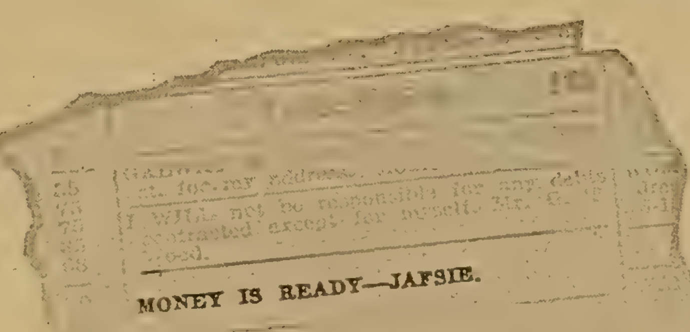
Colonel Lindbergh, ever a gentleman, evinced no surprise at the spectacle of a man of seventy-two apparently playing with his son's toys.

"Good morning, Doctor Condon," he greeted me cordially. "I wanted you to know that you may come down for breakfast whenever you wish."

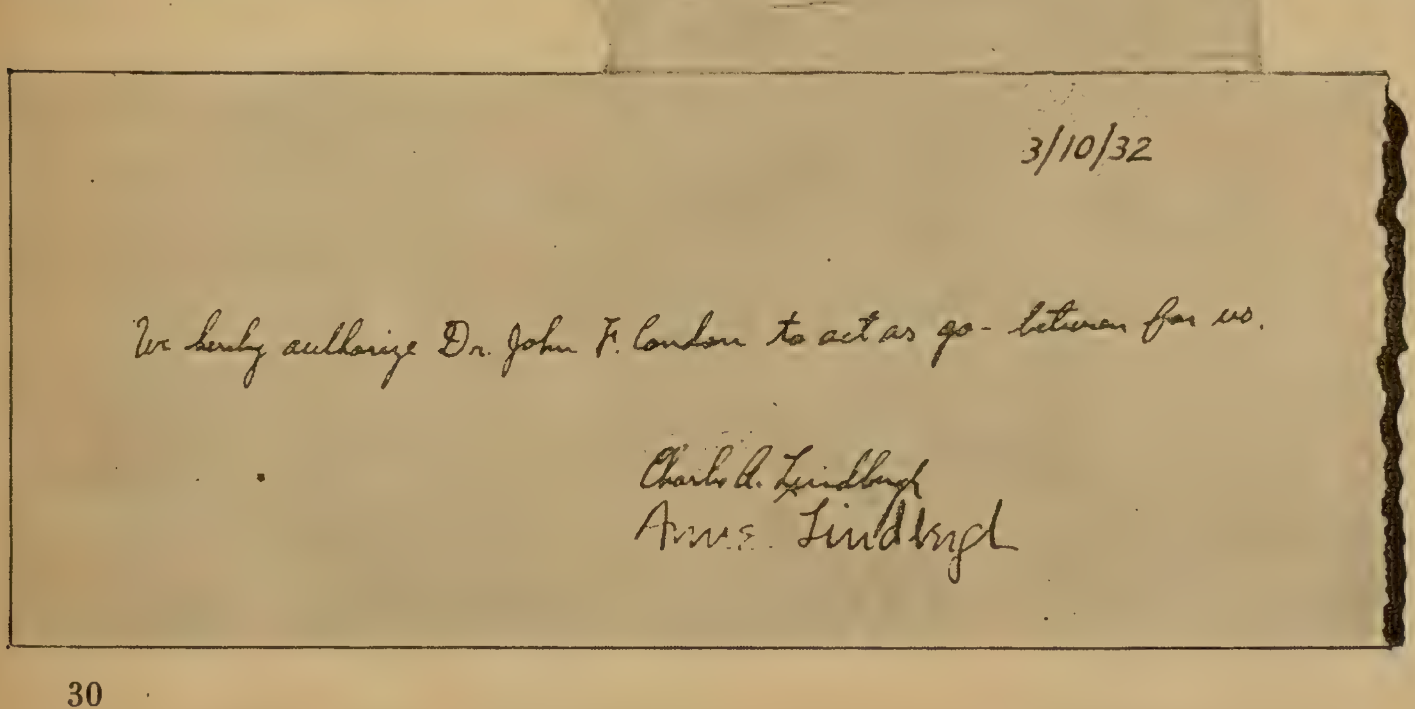
"Thank you," I replied. I pointed to the toys. "I'd like to have these, if I may, Colonel."

He looked at me quizzically. "Of course."

"You see," I told him, "it becomes a



MONEY IS READY—JAFSIE.



3/10/32

We hereby authorize Dr. John F. Condon to act as go-between for us.

Charles A. Lindbergh
Anne S. Lindbergh

Jafsie's credentials from the Lindberghs, signed by them both. Above: The ad in the New York American that brought Jafsie the first phone call from the kidnaper.

simple process of elimination. There may be, let us say, one child in a hundred with a toy lion exactly like this. The number of children, however, who possessed both a toy lion like this one *and* a toy camel like this would be one in a thousand. The chances of another child happening to possess all three—lion, camel, and elephant exactly like these—would be proportionately reduced. Your son, in fact, might be the only child in the country to have possessed the combination of these three."

He nodded, an expression of interest on his face.

"Your son knew these toys, of course. Could he name them?"

"Yes," he said. "He could say 'lion' and—"

"Suppose you pronounce the names of the animals as nearly as possible as your son would say them. Try to mimic his pronunciation, inflection."

I held up the camel.

"Camel," said Colonel Lindbergh.

I repeated it several times aloud, striving to imitate his imitation. I held up the lion.

"Lion," he said, and again I repeated it after him. I held up the wood-carved elephant. Very carefully he mispronounced the word.

"El-e-pent! That is the way he pronounced it."

We tried it over until I felt that I had it.

"Do you see my purpose, Colonel? When I have succeeded in establishing personal contact with the kidnaper, I shall ask to be taken to where the baby is being kept. I shall show the baby these toys, watch for his recognition of each, and ask him to name them for me. In that way, I believe, it will be impossible for them to confront me with the wrong child and perhaps deceive me."

"Take them along, by all means," he agreed.

PUTTING the wood carvings in my pocket, I arose from the floor, smiled at him.

"I've already taken the liberty to remove—French leave—two other items. Now that I have them, I'd like your permission to keep them with me. They are the two safety pins that secured the blankets under which your son slept to the mattress."

"They are yours." He returned my smile. "Though I don't quite see—"

"It is simple," I said, "and, I believe, logical. When I meet the man who wrote to me I can show him these two pins and can ask him where he saw them. If he can tell me exactly where they were fastened on the night of the kidnaping, then we will know we are dealing with the man who entered this nursery and took your son."

I took him to the window, pointed out the handprint.

"Notice how prominent and well defined is the mark left by the ball of the thumb. There is evidence of muscular development there. Unfortunately, that does not point to any person or class of persons. That print might, I think, have been left by a painter, a carpenter, a mechanic."

Prophetic words! But I wasn't aware of that then.

"Look at my hand," I said. "Here, on the back, between and below the bases of thumb and forefinger. See that round lump of muscle that protrudes there?"

"Yes. What caused that?"

"It's a schoolteacher's trademark. Fifty years of pushing chalk."

We went downstairs, and when I expressed a desire to look about for a moment outside, he led me to a veranda. When he had closed the door it was as though we were alone in another world. In the crisp air, that March morning, was the fresh smell of awakening life. Far ahead of us, like some majestic tamed thing, lay the wild Sourlands, pierced by the shafts of morning sun. The hush of the countryside was a benediction.

"It's beautiful," I said. "So peaceful."

BENEATH the ever-gentle softness of the Colonel's words was a hint of acid that brought my eyes up to his. But his eyes were lost, far ahead, in the green wilderness of mountains.

"Peace," he repeated. "It was to find peace that I came here."

Some one called him inside, and he said that he would see me at the breakfast table. I went in. A pretty dark-haired girl saw me, came over.

"You are Doctor Condon?"

"Yes."

"Could I bring you a cup of coffee before breakfast?"

I thanked her, assured her that I enjoyed a cup of early-morning coffee. She returned with it. We chatted. She told me that she had heard I had come to offer my help and wished me success. Vivacious, charming, intelligent, her devotion to Mrs. Lindbergh and the missing child were easily read in her pretty face and dark honest eyes.

"And what is your name?" I asked.

"Betty Gow," she answered.

A few minutes later we had breakfast. Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, Colonel Breckinridge, a lieutenant whose name I no longer recall, but whose voice I recognized at once as the voice of the man who had first answered the telephone the night before, were at the table. And so was Mrs. Dwight Morrow, the mother of Anne Lindbergh.

Mrs. Morrow I found to be a delightful person, witty and alert. Over our good American breakfast of orange juice, bacon, eggs, toast, and coffee, she plied me with questions. Where did I teach? Did I believe the message I had received to be a genuine communication from the kidnapers? Would I continue on the case?

Her questions pertaining to the kidnaping were put to me softly, unheard by the others. All other conversation at the table was on general topics, and she found time to join in it, bringing a smile occasionally to the

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tense tired faces about her. As deeply hurt as any in that house by the unbelievable tragedy, she yet strove to force laughter, and by laughter to raise drooping spirits.

Just as I, years before, had sung a silly little ditty to a daughter I feared was dying, so had Mrs. Morrow, I was told later, improvised out of the hollow tones of tragedy a gay little jingle to cheer a disheartened household. As nearly as I remember, it went:

H——, Spitale, and Bitz
Took dinner at the Ritz.
They met face to face,
Discussed the great case,
And put everything on the fritz.

Colonel Lindbergh, his breakfast half finished, was called from the table. Others excused themselves, until only Colonel Breckinridge and I remained. In this and the days to follow I learned to like and admire Colonel Breckinridge immensely. He is a gentleman with the gracious charm of the South. I commented upon his elastic step and his poise, and learned that he had been a member of the International Fencing Team.

He was an enthusiastic baseball and football fan, and our conversation turned naturally to sports.

We talked of some of the gridiron heroes of the college from which he had been graduated, Princeton. Of Phil King, of the Poe boys, of Addison Kelly. With interest he learned that I had started Kelly upon his football career.

Colonel Lindbergh called us from the breakfast table, and he, Colonel Breckinridge, and myself had a conference in an upstairs bedroom.

"I am convinced," Colonel Lindbergh assured me, "that you are in contact with the person who took my son."

(Not once in my close association with him did he use the word *kidnaped* in the same sentence in which he spoke of his son. He always referred to his son as having been *taken.*)

"I have sincere faith in you," he continued, "and will arrange immediately to place fifty thousand dollars at your disposal. Since the original amount asked for has been raised to seventy thousand, I'll make every effort to have the additional twenty thousand within a day or two. This money will be available so that you may pay it to the person you believe to be the proper one—and here is signed authorization."

HE handed me a note. Dated March 10, 1932, it read: "We hereby authorize Dr. John F. Condon to act as go-between for us." It was signed by Charles A. Lindbergh and Anne Lindbergh.

"Colonel Breckinridge will attend to the notice, 'Money is ready,' that the letter asked be inserted in the New York American. That will be done this afternoon."

"We'll need, too," Colonel Breckinridge said, "to find some pseudonym for you with which to sign the ad. The most disastrous thing that could possibly happen at this time would be for the newspapers to get wind of the fact that you are in touch with the kidnaper. Can you suggest a pseudonym you would like to use?"

I suggested a number of them, some of which I had signed to verses or articles of mine that had appeared in the Home News.

Among them were: P. A. Triot (Patriot); L. O. Nestar (Lone Star); J. U. Stice (Justice); and L. O. Nehand (Lone Hand).

And suddenly one occurred to me that I had never before employed. "By putting my initials together," I exclaimed, "I get one! J. F. C.—Jafsie."

"Fine," said Colonel Lindbergh. "Use that one. It will mask your name from every one but the man who wrote to you."

Thus, so casually that none of us realized then its terrific portent, did Doctor John F. Condon, educator, retire from the Lindbergh case, to be replaced by the "man of mystery"—Jafsie.

With those matters settled, I spent the next hour carefully studying photographs of his child which Colonel Lindbergh handed me.

Voluntarily, at this time, I would like to scotch one of the many ugly rumors that gained circulation among the ignorant. The Lindbergh baby was a healthy child—normal in every respect.

I went downstairs later. The place was a beehive of activity. Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf was there, as was Morris Rosner, whose acquaintanceship with the underworld brought him into the case. Later he was to say of me: "The Bronx schoolteacher was the only one who had a real clue."

Bob Coar, of the Jersey City Police Department, engaged me in conversation. With other officers, he was busy examining boxes of correspondence that had arrived. There seemed to be thousands of them. I asked if I might be of assistance. They gladly accepted my offer.

Those letters, part of the flood of 100,000 that eventually arrived, were from persons in every walk of life. In some were the sympathetic outpourings of other parents. In others was the cunning malice of the deranged. Many of them, deeply religious, moved me.

One box on the table was nearly filled with miraculous medals, with crucifixes, with mottoes and invocations to St. Anthony, St. Joseph, St. Theresa, and to St. Ann, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In the dining room a newspaper lay upon a table, opened at a large cartoon that depicted a beautiful sunset. Steeped in its gorgeous rays, their dejected heads bowed in sorrow, were Anne Morrow Lindbergh and our national hero, Colonel Charles Lindbergh. Uncle Sam stood between them, his arms imploringly stretched toward the sun.

THE cartoon was simply and movingly captioned: "Lindy, we have failed you in your hour of need."

Involuntarily, under the spell of that pathetic picture, I got to my feet. In a whisper I swore:

"No! No! We have not failed you. If it takes the remaining days of my life, I shall go on until your baby is returned and the man who stole your child found."

At two o'clock that afternoon Colonel Breckinridge told me that his car was ready and that he would get me back to the Bronx in time for my lecture. We reached my home and, outside my door, he turned to me: "Your home," he said, "virtually will be headquarters of the case while negotiations are under way. I would like to ask a great favor, Doctor. Might I be accommodated in your home as a guest during those negotiations?"

"My entire home with everything in it," I assured him, "is at your disposal as long as you wish."

"Thank you. I shall take every precaution, of course, to prevent newspapermen from learning that I am here."

We went inside. There in the living room, awaiting me, was a newspaperman.

I saw Colonel Breckinridge's look of dismay as I introduced him to Gregory F. Coleman of the Home News. Coleman too saw it and hastened to reassure him:

"I've already conferred with Mr. Goodwin and Mr. O'Flaherty, the editor and publisher. They agree that this is one of the biggest stories of all time and that we have an obligation to our readers. But they feel that a still more sacred obligation is to see Colonel Lindbergh's child safely returned. You may be sure that we shall publish nothing that will in any way endanger your negotiations and the child's return."

Colonel Breckinridge thanked Coleman, and I introduced the Colonel to Al Reich, who, learning from Rosenhain of my visit to Hopewell, had come to reassure members of my family about my overnight absence.

When Colonel Breckinridge had met Mrs. Condon and Myra and had been made comfortable, Myra called me aside.

"Dad," she said, "I'm worried. I wish to see the baby returned as much as any one in the world. But don't you think you should withdraw, graciously, and let some one else take your place as intermediary?"

"I've sworn to see this thing through to the end."

"But, dad, it's dangerous for you."

"We can't think of that," I told her. "When the time comes that a respectable man cannot walk out of the door of his own home merely because he is attempting to assist one of the greatest heroes of all time, then I do not care to live longer."

(Continued on page 36)

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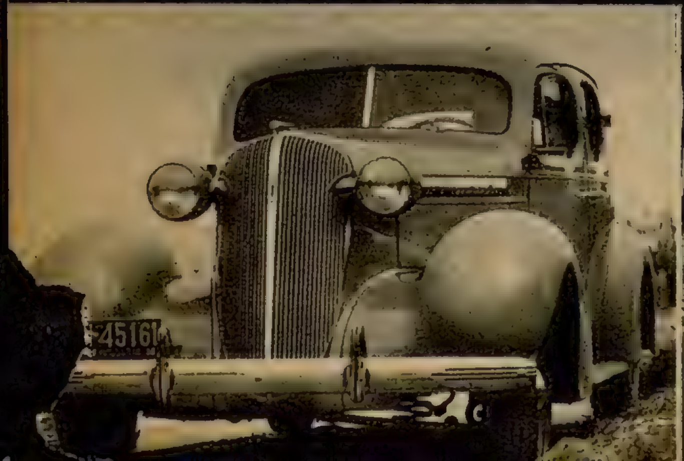

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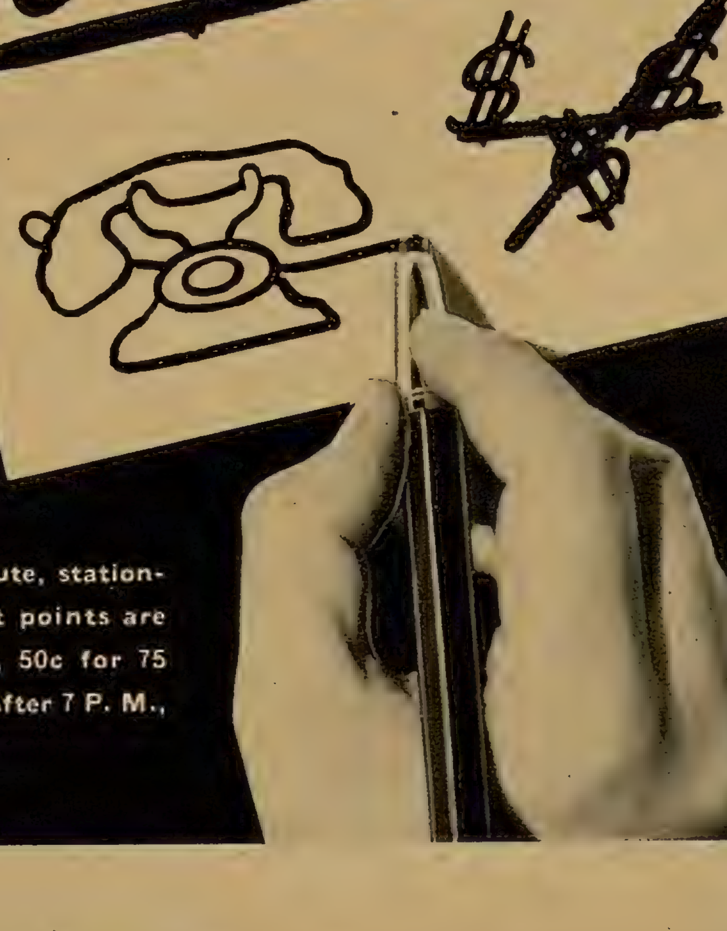
A NEW YEAR'S Business RESOLUTION

I'll save miles, minutes, money, and accomplish more in my out-of-town business by asking myself every business day "Can I do this by Telephone?"

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Daytime rates for 3-minute, station-to-station calls to most points are about 25c for 25 miles, 50c for 75 miles, 75c for 125 miles. After 7 P. M., they average 40% less.



(Continued from page 32)

In the living room, Myra asked Colonel Breckinridge if it might not be arranged for me to withdraw.

"Please do not ask that," he said. "Your father is the only person actually in contact with the kidnaper."

He left to attend to insertion of the ad requested in the kidnaper's note. I left for my lecture.

The symbol of the interlocking circles and three holes intrigued me. By duplicating that signature to the note left in the nursery, the kidnaper had identified himself positively in two notes to Colonel Lindbergh before my entrance into the case, and now in the note which I myself had received from him the day before. While I said nothing to any one of my trip to Hopewell, I was determined to learn, if possible, the meaning of that mysterious symbol. I sketched it on a piece of paper and carried it with me. I showed it to every one I met, asked about it. And finally, late that evening, I found some one who recognized it.

A SICILIAN friend of mine told me it was the symbol of a secret organization in Italy and was known as the *Trigamba*, or Three Legs.

"Two legs, all right," he explained to me in broken English. "But when the third leg walks, beware!"

It formed, he said, the outline of a heart; and this signified that if the third leg, a stranger, came into the midst of the secret society, the intruder could expect a stiletto through the heart. Cold comfort that to me, the intruder!

Thus did I come to believe for a moment, despite the strictly Teutonic phraseology of the kidnap notes, that the child was in the hands of an Italian. Later I was to recall that the age-old symbol might have been brought into Germany centuries before when a Roman nation had fallen beneath the attack of the Teutons.

Later, too, did I learn that that same symbol — the Trigamba — had been the regimental insignia of a German machine-gun company during the World War.

I knew nothing at that time, of course, of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, who had been a German machine gunner.

How had the three holes—always evenly spaced in the ransom notes—been made?

Looking back on it today, I feel the answer is simple and one which would occur immediately to most persons—but particularly to a *carpenter*.

I could make a tool by driving three nails through a small piece of wood, and then duplicate the holes in the ransom communications by forcing the nails in this simple tool through one or a dozen sheets of paper simultaneously. Paper could thus be prepared and the piercing instrument destroyed before a single note was written. All that would remain to be done, then, would be to draw the circles between the holes.

The following day—Friday, March 11—the requested ad appeared: "Money is ready. Jafsie."

It was now the kidnaper's move.

I was away that day, and arrived back home around six o'clock in the evening. A stack of mail had come during the day, the result of my published offer to act as intermediary. In the days to follow I was to receive 2,600 letters—some religious, cheering; some offering supposed clues; some reviling me and bristling with hatred.

Characteristically, Myra, who had opposed my determination to enter the case, had now arranged to be away from her New Jersey home, that she might stay with me in the Bronx to absorb some of my routine duties. I arranged for her and Al Reich to go through the letters, turning over to me any which seemed significant.

Before her marriage my daughter taught school. Mrs. Condon, after whom she is named, was a splendid schoolteacher herself in old Public School 68 of Harlem. It was there, while teaching, that I met her and asked her to become my wife.

It was Mrs. Condon who called me to the back parlor of our home, now, from the living room where I had been chatting with Colonel Breckinridge.

"Some one called you on the telephone this noon," she informed me. "It was a man. He asked me to tell you that he would call again about seven this evening. He said you were to stay in and await his call."

"What was his name?"

"He didn't give it."

MY mind covered the possibilities in leaps and bounds. This call had come at noon. And only a short time before noon our ad, "Money is ready. Jafsie," had appeared in copies of the New York American on the city's thousands of newsstands. Was this phone call, then, a message from the kidnaper in answer to our ad?

I pressed Mrs. Condon with questions.

"It was about noon," she told me. "The telephone rang. A man's voice asked: 'Is Doctor Condon there?'"

"What kind of voice was it?" I interrupted.

"A rather guttural voice with quite a strong accent. I would say it was a German voice."

"He said: 'Is Doctor Condon there?' Then what?"

"I told him," she said, "that you were giving a lecture and would be home between six and seven. I asked if he would like to leave his name."

"Yes?"

"He didn't. He merely said: 'Tell the Doctor to stay at home. I will call him again about seven o'clock.'"

I pulled out my watch. It was now six fifteen. Excitedly I went in and told Colonel Breckinridge of the phone call. His opinion coincided with mine.

That call had been from the kidnaper.

I shall not attempt to set down in words the tenseness we felt as we sat there waiting for seven o'clock.

We were awaiting one of the most important telephone calls that history has ever recorded.

And a baby's life, we felt, hung in the balance.

(For that very reason, no effort to trace the phone call was made. I have often been asked why I failed to have it traced. The answer will now be obvious. We wished to bring no one into our negotiations at this point. The baby's safety was our first consideration.)

Myra sat silently by. Al Reich scowled, said nothing. Colonel Breckinridge drummed his fingers nervously.

I should like to interrupt here long enough to remind those Liberty readers who follow my words that this is my own personal story, never before told.

The incident of the telephone call is a case in point.

Every one who followed the Lindbergh case formed his own opinion on certain questions. One about which there was a tremendous variance of opinion was this:

Was the crime the work of a "lone wolf," of one—and only one—man, or did that man share his grim secret with some one else, possibly an accomplice?

I have my own opinion. I first formed it when that desperately awaited telephone call came through. Now, for the first time, the reader will know what was said. It may confirm, it may alter his opinion.

Seven o'clock came. Still the telephone did not ring. Colonel Breckinridge looked at us worriedly.

"Something's wrong. Why doesn't he call?"

Before I could answer, the telephone rang. I took up the receiver: "Who is it, please?"

The guttural voice with the pronounced German accent that Mrs. Condon had described said:

"Did you get my letter with the signature?"

The word "signature" was pronounced "sing-nature." Carefully, as I listened, I studied pronunciation, inflection, accent.

"Yes," I replied. "I got your letter."

"I saw your ad," said the guttural voice, in crisp, clear tones, "in the New York American."

"Yes?" I determined on a bold move. "Where are you calling from?" I demanded sharply.

"Westchester."

There was a pause. Then the voice said: "Doctor Condon, do you write sometimes pieces for the papers?"

Puzzled at this strangely irrelevant question, I nevertheless answered promptly:

"Yes, I sometimes write articles for the papers."

Again there was a pause. And again the voice spoke. But this time it did not speak to me. Its tones were dimmer, as a man's tones dim when he turns his head from the mouthpiece of a phone at which he stands to talk to some one standing near by.

And I realized with sudden shock that the kidnaper was talking to a companion. For I heard him announce to some one—some third person—the gist of my reply. I heard him say:

"He says sometimes he writes pieces for the papers."

What is Jafsie's interpretation of this startling disclosure?—and does it clash with his subsequent testimony that "'John' is Bruno Richard Hauptmann"? Why did he have the box for the ransom money made of five kinds of wood? What reward for his services did he ask and expect of the Lindberghs? Is it certain that the first ransom note was left on the nursery window sill? For the answers to these vital questions, read Jafsie in Liberty next week—always bearing in mind that amazing NEW EVIDENCE awaits you in a later installment!

GOOD BOOKS — by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ½ **THE ASIATICS** by Frederic Prokosch. Harper & Brothers.

The story of an American traveling, with no money, through Asia. He has many exciting adventures, was imprisoned in Turkey, took his pleasures where he found them with the women he met. It's intensely interesting, for Mr. Prokosch makes his characters live.

★ ★ ★ **AMERICA STRIKES BACK** by Gustavus Myers. Ives Washburn.

Thoroughly explodes the notion that America is the most materialistic of countries; with a wealth of data Mr. Myers destroys the myth of Uncle Sam Shylock.

★ ★ ★ **A MAN IN ARMS**, Anonymous. Julian Messner, Inc.

An interesting gripping account of one man's experience in the war. The "arms" referred to are not only martial but also extramarital. Much of the book has the ring of truth. It is well and frankly written and decidedly different from the average account of the late unpleasantness.

★ ★ ★ **BYRON: THE YEARS OF FAME** by Peter Quennell. The Viking Press.

Some new facts about the complex character and dramatic life of the great romantic poet. It is written with sympathy and understanding.

★ ★ ★ **IVALU: THE ESKIMO WIFE** by Peter Freuchen. Lee Furman, Inc.

In this beautifully written story of the North is a simplicity that could well be the answer to many modern problems. A delightful reading experience.

AT THE DARK END OF THREE DAYS

by

VINGIE E. ROE

The Story of Two Women—A Tensely Dramatic Tale of Love and Pride, and a Strange Victory Over Vengeance

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

HER name was Stephanie and it became her exactly. Or perhaps it had become her ten years ago. Then she had been everything it implied; had had all its peculiarly suggested attributes—the grace, the beauty, the coolness, and the pride. Now she had them still, but in strange disproportion. The beauty, yes, and the slender grace; but they were, after some odd fashion, secondary to the others. The coolness that had made her seem like lilies in a shadowed church had chilled to impenetrable ice in her nature, in her manner. The pride had grown like a wall, one stone laid upon another—stones of shock and hurt and frustration—and they were barbed by the iron of shame. Shame that she, Stephanie Manning, had signally failed in her life's ambitions.

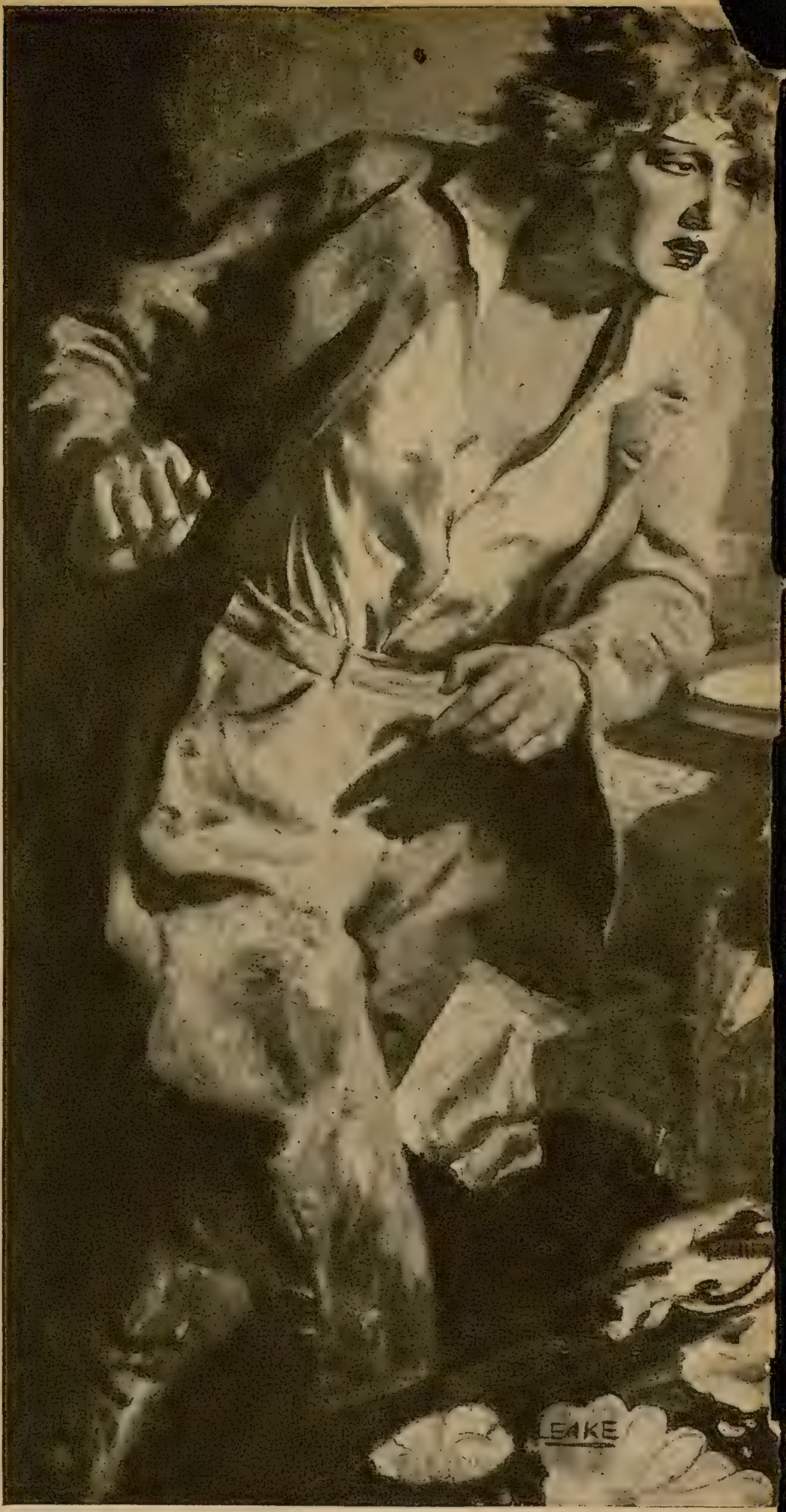
A shame that was bitter hard, relentless in the task she had set herself.

She sat on the back of a shambling mule, in the strange padded saddle of the Cuban interior, and looked over the head of the native jogging in front at the lovely but unusual landscape. Rolling country with a ridge of hills to the north, covered by low herbage and sprinkled loosely with great palms that seemed to sweep the sky, it tilted slowly to the south, where lay the unbelievably blue waters of the Caribbean.

She knew all that side of it. She had been in every port on the south and east coasts of the island, to the Isle of Pines, and even over to Jamaica. For two full years she had hunted like a ranging puma, knowing where her prey should be but unable to locate it. By many certain if old signs, she knew it must be in this part of the earth, and she had the patience of all hunting cats.

It was too bad that she was so self-centered, so eaten by the thing that seared her soul, for she missed so much of beauty and peace and contentment. Her long blue eyes looked only inward on the dust of dead spiritual things.

But today there was in her a new sensation, something that burned and blew like the great fires of a furnace, that made her blood race and her cold heart exult. She rode her mule expertly—she had learned that in these two years—and followed her dark native guide whose long legs hung down along his animal's sides in soiled white linen pants, frayed at the bottoms above bare feet. A wisp of a shirt, donned for the occasion three days back, covered his thin shoulders where the shade of his wide straw hat lay sharply defined under the almost tropic sun.



For three days she had followed, silent, thinking, her hands crossed on the roll of soft leather that lay where a pommel should have been, eating lightly of the dried provisions she always carried and of the fruits they got along the way, sleeping at night in this or that *barrio*, the tiny native towns strung like beads on a thread along the tracelike roads. She carried a small automatic in plain sight, and she was a light sleeper.

At the end of three days, the native had said—at the dark end of three days. He was a sharp fellow, and he bore the elegant name of Enrique Pasquale Fernandez. The dark end of three days was not so far away, she thought, looking up, although it was yet early in the afternoon. Something had changed since midday—some-

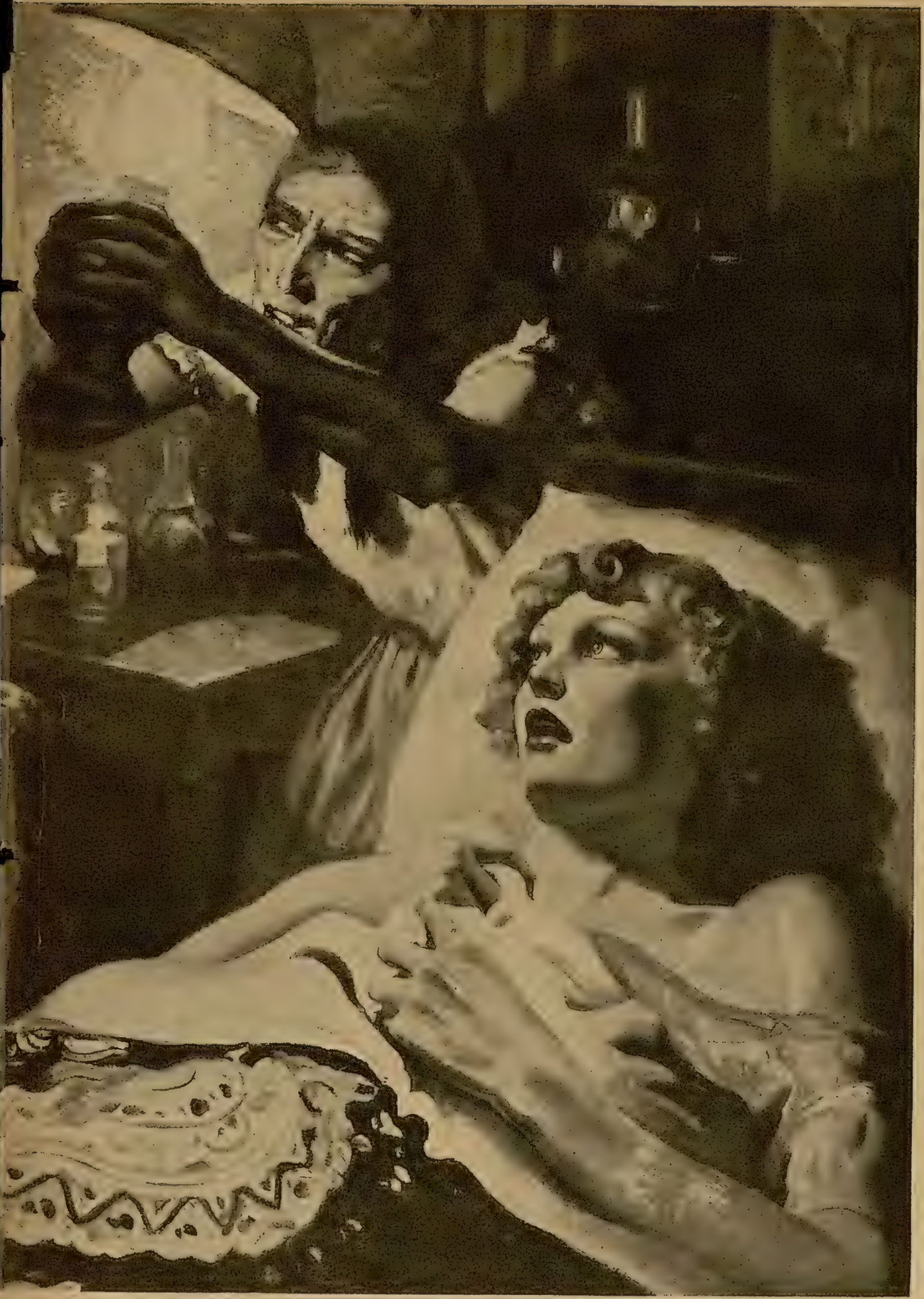


ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

There was the sound of scuffling feet, and the light flared up. A white face stared from a bed.

thing in the feel of the atmosphere, the light of the sun. The former was still, heavy, oppressive; the latter soft as satin and with an odd red tinge.

A patina like the shine of polished copper lay here and there on the broad leaves of wild banana. The palms hung their fronds down without a flutter. The mule was sweating.

"Enrique," she called, "what do you make of this? What makes the light so queer?"

The guide turned toward her, took off his hat.

"I have feared you would notice, señora," he said politely, "and have said nothing. Have you observed that I have somewhat hurried the animals?"

"Yes," she said.

"It is because the storm is coming—*tempestad*—typhoon, perhaps—and we must be at the place where we are going."

"Typhoon?" she said sharply. "Nonsense! That has more definite symptoms."

"Eh?" grunted Enrique.

"More signs. Clouds. Wind."

"Pardon, señora. Not at first."

She scanned the country curiously, a frown gathering between her brows. Storm—maybe typhoon. That did not fit her plans at all. She wanted no confusion when she should reach her journey's end, when she should find what she had known she would find for two whole years.

She wanted clear peace, sunlight, or maybe that short mysterious twilight when the blazing day drops like a weary child to coming sleep, when no disaster seems anywhere. So she had planned it for two years. The peace, the quiet, the security; then herself riding into it to drop her bombshell of tragedy—the keen sweet smell of vengeance in her nostrils. That was how it had always seemed to her—a *smell* of retribution. She couldn't have said why this was so, but it was. Its contemplation had seemed to refresh her for two years, like those tiny bottles of scented salts which one carries against sorrow and grief and the exhaustion of long journeys.

There was no exhaustion in her, however, either of body or soul. She was strong and healthy, inured to hardship like this three days' ride on muleback. There was the walking trip in Bermuda among unspeakable glories which she never saw; and a month among the lower Florida Keys; the Everglades before that. And then she had found herself on the wrong track altogether, and had come to Cuba, to the southern side. Yes, she was strong.

Her cool beauty had lost its whiteness in these hardships, had darkened perceptibly; but still one ever having seen her would know her on sight. One having known her well would recognize her as far away as vision carried. There would be no mistaking her tall form with its peculiarly gallant poise. It had been her greatest asset, her own inimitable charm. To the man she had loved and married, that little grace of shoulder and head had been like a rope to snare him, to hold him to her.

"There is no one in this world, Stephanie," he would tell her sometimes, looking at her appraisingly, his flashing dark eyes partly closed the better to observe her, like an artist measuring his model, "who stands as you stand. You might be the Blessed Damozel or the archangel

Gabriel, you are so set apart. I am beneath your feet, unworthy. How did you ever love me?"

How indeed, when he was to prove so keen a blade to cut her, so sharp a whip at the post of her pride, so unbearable a pain in her secret heart! She laughed out loud now, remembering—a grim laugh that made Enrique look back in astonishment. One did not laugh in Cuba when the typhoon blew. *Dios*, no! One got to cover and hugged the earth, praying.

But she had loved him, all right. Loved him with all her soul and her body. With every atom of her she had loved him. For five years. Five perfect years. And then had come the end of the world for her, literally.

Another woman. *The* other woman. The inevitable one. There was always another woman, it seemed, in every earthly Eden. Among so many of her friends it had been so. At any rate, the five perfect years were shut away as by a crevasse, something invisible but mysteriously there, and there began a strange time of uncertainties and bafflements and anxieties. First she had thought he was ill, that some odd and deadly malady was changing him—so ignorant had she been, so innocent—and cried herself sick in secret. His kindness to her increased, and sometimes he looked at her with mysterious sorrow; but there was a wall about his body, between him and her—a wall that chilled her soul.

And then it had come, suddenly, as most great things come, and she had seen with a cold clear vision at last.

He had gone, disappeared, like the folk in screen dramas, just as crassly, without a word to her face. Only the letter left behind.

She had been so numb and bewildered that her friends had tried patiently to help her look back and reconstruct the whole thing. As patiently she obeyed. Then she had pushed them aside and risen to her own feet, like the cold piece of marble that she was, tall and white and hard.

Divorce? No; she would not divorce him, she said. No, she would not. No! Not for any reason they could understand. He was her husband. He would always be. That was all.

And so she had cut all the cords that bound her to the life she had known and set herself to find him. To find *them*. There was no reason in the matter at first, nothing she could hold to; just the will to find him. She knew nothing about the other woman who had taken him from her, but she determined to know all there was to know, and presently she did.

A small woman, young and very pretty, they said, with gray eyes and dark-red hair. She had worked in some office on the other side of town, and was strictly a good girl. She was alone in the world, with no close relatives, and lived very simply, saving part of her wages meticulously every month. She had come in contact with the man through business connections of his firm with the one she worked for.

SHE was a stenographer. She knew him by name and reputation as a rich lawyer of the city and admired him from the start. She knew he had been married—had been, mind you—and had taken his word for everything he wanted her to believe. So she loved him and had gone away with him. Oh, yes; she had married him late the night they sailed, on a tramp steamer for New Orleans, at a tiny obscure church.

All this, at much expense, through secret investigating agencies, Stephanie had learned. The money did not count. He had seen to it that she was provided for.

The thing that counted most was that farcical marriage. Somehow, that was the sharp barb that hung in her flesh, festering. So much he had thought of this other woman, this girl, that he would desecrate the memory of her, Stephanie, with a bigamous marriage, in a church, as theirs had been! A hideous thing, terrible to think of.

And so he had gone, and had been too uneasy to settle for long at any place. This she knew from the broken trail she had followed for these two years: New Orleans—Atlanta—Miami. Then Havana for a while, and finally a long gap that closed at last with word of a Clyde Manning who had been on the Caribbean coast for several months, to go into the interior and settle on a sugar plantation. No one knew who he was nor where he came from, or whether or no there was a woman with him.

So here she was, on a sweating mule among the glistening cane with the copper shine of coming storm along its tops.

At the end of three days, Enrique had said; at the dark end of three days that plantation lay.

That dark end was almost here, she thought, thrilling. Her right hand went up, after an old fashion it had, to feel of the thin flat packet that always hung against the skin of her breast. It contained her bomb of vengeance—a diamond-studded locket with two exquisite miniatures inside: Clyde Manning in his young grace and herself in her bridal veil. Folded close upon it lay her wedding certificate.

The hand caressed the packet lovingly.

BUT then a puff of wind struck her, so hard that the mule stumbled and she lay for a second flat along its withers. As she straightened she saw Enrique's brown face, ashen pale, turned back toward her.

"Señora," he called, "hurry! The trees are there!"

Ahead the field of cane, which was curiously waving back to upright on every hand, ended abruptly in a growth of jungle. Enrique kicked his mule and went forward at a little running lope. She followed, leaning forward in her saddle. But before they reached the trees with their hanging vines and their green darkness black beneath the copper light, a sound like nothing earthly broke from the smoky heavens. A wail it was, high-pitched and awful, that gathered volume in a second and roared down upon them with pandemonium. Great gusts of wind struck them. The cane, wilted flat to the earth, lay like a shining silver carpet splotched with red. The trees bowed over, making obeisance. Then they rose again, as the cane had first.

Nothing in the world seemed real. It was all a gigantic performance set on a mighty stage. Even the copper light looked artificial, turned on for the occasion. The diapason of the great winds thundering, stopping, toning on again, was in keeping. Stephanie felt suddenly a great exaltation within her.

Yes. This was right. Better than any peace, any twilight, any guilty security. This was as it should be when vengeance came upon the wicked. She laughed again and kicked her mule. The laughter got no farther than her lips, torn away to silence by the gale. Then she was in the darkness of the trees, amid their danger and their shelter.

She could not see Enrique, though she heard him shouting somewhere near. She answered at the top of her lungs, but her voice was nothing.

The man did not hear it, she knew by the fact that his own calls were diminishing as he got farther from her; and presently she could hear nothing but the awful roar of the typhoon sweeping in from sea.

She had read about them and what havoc they brought to life upon the island. Curiously she remembered the flamingos, those lovely long-legged birds like great red flowers in the jungle. They were killed by thousands by the typhoon, their slender legs broken like straws. Helpless, she thought, poor creatures, their chances of life done for even if they were not killed outright. Cruel.

But nature was like that. Life was like that.

How dark it was! How the scream of wind deafened her! The mule beneath her was trembling, its head down. It acted as if it was going to lie down. She kicked it vigorously, but it was no use. It did lie down, fairly hugging the earth. Stephanie slipped off its back, and found herself impelled by the same instinctive urge to do likewise.

She would not, trying to brace herself against the tearing wind.

But she was nothing to oppose that power, and presently she was down on hands and knees, against her own volition. Like a tumbleweed she went forward in the coppery darkness under the roaring palm trees, bumping against things she could not see, clutching with useless hands that were torn from their every hold. She was lost to all known things then, time and direction and effort. She was rolled and pitched about in the pandemonium, drenched by rain, blown by awful winds.

Once as she rolled over in a shallow pool she thought she saw a star where the earth should be. She gasped and cleared her eyes and looked for it again. There it was for a second, then blotted out. No star. It was a light. In the midst of her confusion—it was not fright; she had lived through too much in the two years to be frightened at anything—the greatest thrill she had yet experienced shot through her from head to foot. A light! A house. A habitation. A plantation. The only one in here. *At the dark end of three days!* It could be nothing else than journey's end for her. Somewhere behind that light must be Clyde Manning and the red-haired girl.

She tried desperately to keep herself right side up and crawled out of the puddle. The light was gone. She waited under the whooping wind and saw it again. Slowly, on hands and knees, she started in its direction. Of the hour or more it took her, crawling, to reach the rain-lashed veranda of a low and sturdy house, the less said the better.

The steps were choked with sticks and litter; the roof cracked like guns in war under the onslaught of the hurricane. But the light held—a steady beacon deep inside. Stephanie Manning dragged herself through the litter to the porch floor, to the shut door. She pulled herself up beside it, clinging to the jamb, and pushed it open. It was fastened, but the latch gave. With a roar and a thrust she was inside—and the lamp went out. She struggled to get the door shut, and leaned against it, panting.

LIKE the peak of all evil, she had come on the heels of this great disaster, the typhoon, and had reached her goal. The exultation was still in her. She had at last succeeded—had not failed when all the odds of time and change and distance were against her.

Then she heard a thin voice wailing in the tempestuous darkness.

"Darling!" it cried. "Oh, darling! I thought you'd never come! The light, Concha, the light! Quick!"

Stephanie stood still, her breath coming in long drafts, beside the door. There was the sound of scuffling feet, and presently the light flared up. She saw a snug interior and a dark-faced Cuban woman beside a table looking at her with astounded eyes.

Then she saw what she had hunted for these long months—a white face and a red head. They stared at her from a bed where a woman lay beneath the covers. And in a corner a year-old child was huddled in a crib. The redhead opened its mouth and gaped soundlessly. It was a lovely girl's mouth, soft and curved, and it was pale as ashes. The big gray eyes were wide and anguished, ridden by terror. Stephanie had never seen such monumental fear in any living face as she encountered now. It was terrible, the way the girl looked at her—as if she were lost and done for, without hope.

"I thought," she said—and it was strange how clear her voice came in

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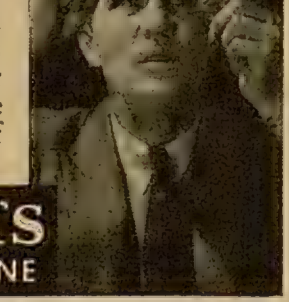


GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

this room which was like a vacuum in the noise of the elements without—"that you were my husband! Oh, God help me!"

She began to cry, twisting her small hands on the coverlet.

Stephanie Manning said never a word. She stood like the avenging lance she had considered herself so long. Something was bound tight in her breast beneath the packet—a righteousness, a smugness. The Cuban woman said something in Spanish, motioned to her wet clothes. But Stephanie did not notice.

She was staring at the room, the child, the woman on the bed, and at a picture in a silver frame. The picture of a man in his handsome prime—Clyde Manning as she had last seen him. The laughing eyes, the rough dark hair, the shapely sensuous mouth. All the love she had ever borne him swept over her for one sickening second.

Then she heard the woman's crying, deep and terrible, and she passed a hand across her face.

"What is it?" she asked the Cuban woman—in English, for she knew little Spanish.

"Her time," the other said haltingly, "ees come—opon—her. *El nuevo niño.*"

Her time is come upon her! The new child!

As if she had been struck, Stephanie shrank against the door.

Child! His new child! Clyde Manning's child, which she had never borne him! That one, too, in the crib. Oh, she was sickened as she had never been in her life before. Then she heard again the woman's crying; saw her hands twisting, twisting.

SHE passed her tongue over her dry lips and walked toward the bed, looking down. To save her life, she did not know what she meant to do—whether to show that anguished face the packet now, at the height of its travail for Clyde Manning, or to soothe its pain with her cold hands. And the woman looked up at her with those wide gray eyes.

"Maybe," she whispered, the sweat pearly on her girlish brow, "the good God has sent you. My husband—went—across the bayou for—the doctor. But the storm came—and maybe they—can't get back. Not if the—bridge—went."

The good God sent her, Stephanie Manning, with her proof and her punishment! She stood looking down. The girl in the bed moved uneasily, panting for breath.

"Excuse—me," she said. "I thought—I just thought—" And she screamed once as pain struck her.

Twice in her life had Stephanie Manning seen the miracle of birth, and once she had seen death therewith as well. Suddenly that tight smugness inside her seemed to snap. She forgot the face of Clyde there in its frame.

For the first time in all those months she forgot herself!

She tore off her wet garments, down to her underthings, flung them in a corner.

"Water," she said to the servant. "*Aqua caliente—mucho.*"

Then she laid the covers back from the pretty form and, taking the twisting hands, fixed them firmly to the rungs at the bed's head.

"Hold tight," she said. "You know—you've been through this before."

"Yes—oh, yes! But I'm—afraid! We—we're always—afraid, we women—aren't we?"

"Always," said Stephanie firmly.

"You—too?"

"Always," lied the childless woman.

"More—than—one?"

"Three," said Stephanie calmly, and had a wild desire to shriek with laughter. She, Stephanie, with her clubs and her civic work and her bridge! She created three ghostly children to comfort the redheaded girl who had stolen her husband from her!

NO; this innocent thing had never stolen anything in her life. It was Clyde who was the thief. And suddenly she despised him. Suddenly she was one with this girl. She saw him as he was. Some day he might leave this little redhead, too—for a newer thrall.

Under the light from the lamp on the table, with the dark Cuban standing by, she set herself to the task of helping to bring life into a world of sorrow.

She whipped her memory to those two times before, searched them clearly, her mind and her body tense, alert.

"Steady now," she told the redhaired girl who was Mrs. Clyde Manning and yet was not. "Steady. We're doing finely. There—how's that?"

"Oh, you—are—so good!" the other panted. "What would I have done without you?"

What indeed? For the servant was stolid and useless. A strange thing was growing somewhere in Stephanie—a feeling of grace, of beauty within herself. She worked the better for it, she knew. The awful sound of the pouring wind had lessened, though those in the low house were not conscious of it. The lash of the rain was not so wild. The peak of the storm was passing. At two in the morning Enrique shouted from the cluttered porch without, and the Cuban woman let him into the room behind, drenched and shivering.

He had managed to save both mules, he told the servant in voluble Spanish, stumbling on the señora's under a peak of broken palms, but had thought his señora dead. He praised God fervently that she was not.

At two twenty life cried shrilly in Stephanie's hands and the redhead laughed with a sob.

"We—won!" she exulted. "You—won!"

"We," said Stephanie firmly. "You're a brave girl."

And, stooping suddenly, she kissed the damp brow.

By cold dawn Stephanie Manning was ready to take her mule again. She was frantic to be gone—before any one could get around the bayou, with the bridge gone out.

"I'll send back help to you," she told the wan creature in the bed, "from the first *barrio*. I'll ask the priest there for some good woman who can care for you. Because I must go on—on my journey."

"Is it," whispered the girl, "urgent? Can you not stay just long enough to meet my husband? He'll regret all his life that he could not know you—could not thank you. Is it so urgent?"

"So urgent," said Stephanie profoundly, "that life and death hang on the issue—for me. Spiritual life, spiritual death. You understand?"

The girl nodded weakly, her big eyes soft.

"We women," she said—"we live so deeply. For some man. I hope it is for—for some man you must go on. For some man whom you will make happy."

"Yes," said Stephanie. "It is—for a man—whom I shall make happy, though it is mostly for myself. So I—can live again."

And smiling down at the earnest face on the pillow, she went away, back to that good world she had scarcely seen for two whole years.

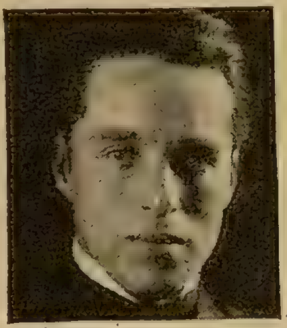
She saw it now as she went down amid the devastation of the island, and she knew that soon it would rehabilitate itself, spring lush with new growth above this wreck and ruin. Just so would life spring fresh in her. Two days later, from the deck of a little coastwise tramp schooner, she took the thin package of vengeance from her breast and flung it far out to the blue waters.

With its tiny splash she knew that she was forever free, newborn somehow, like the babe in the low house that lay at the dark end of three days. She dusted her hands, looked up at the skies that were the same bright blue as the sea, and laughed—a little soft sound, sweet and fresh as the day.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—This early photograph is of an accomplished pantomimist, beloved by pie bakers. Who is he?

2—How many sides has a hexagon?

3—What is the common name for a bottle-nosed dolphin?

4—Did Axel Munthe, Thornton Wilder, or André Maurois write The Story of San Michele?

5—An egg a day will keep what disease away?

6—What painting depicts three women working in a harvest field?

7—Was Lady Godiva married?

8—Does counting sheep or eating sweets help one to go to sleep?

9—Which game is called *les dames* in France, draughts in England?

10—A hybrid between the grapefruit and the tangerine orange is called what?

11—If light is invisible, why can a beam of light coming through a keyhole into a dark room be seen?

12—Which popular vegetable is considered most harmful to dogs?

13—How can a heavily weighted silk be distinguished from pure silk?

14—Who was the youngest officer in the Marine Corps to attain the rank of brigadier general?

15—Which of the following was a composer: John Forster, Edgar Stillman Kelley, James Rolph, Jr.?

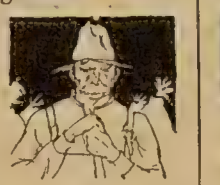
16—Was the first United States ambassador to Cuba appointed in 1903, 1913, or 1923?

17—How many toes has a hen on each foot?

18—Who was Laura Secord?

19—Do farmers work themselves into early graves?

20—What home-loving "exile" was immortalized with a single poem?



(Answers will be found on page 63)

"HEADACHE GONE— in no time at all!"

"HOW A HEADACHE TEST SHOWED ME THE WAY TO FASTER RELIEF!"

"One morning, I woke up with a miserable 'next-morning' headache. Doctors gave me Bromo-Seltzer—kept careful records.

"Almost at once, my headache was gone. I felt keener, more alert. Had no limp or washed-out feeling." George Herrington

"I TOOK PART in similar tests of different headache remedies," Mr. Herrington adds. "Not one gave me as quick or as complete relief as Bromo-Seltzer."

Mr. Herrington is one of many headache victims who have taken part in recent tests supervised by doctors. These tests prove that Bromo-Seltzer gives relief *faster* than any other remedy tested!

Bromo-Seltzer does more for you, too. Helps settle your stomach — soothes nerves — helps reduce the excess lactic acid in your blood that comes from overindulgence.

Ask for Bromo-Seltzer by its full name at the nearest drugstore or soda fountain. It's convenient to keep a bottle handy in your medicine cabinet at home.

BROMO-SELTZER

"Makes you feel fit FASTER!"

TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

CASTING tin tomahawks from a wooden mold for the neighborhood kids, Powel Crosley, Jr., began his manufacturing career at the age of seven. Now he manufactures radio sets and refrigerators. And today the whole world is his neighborhood, since he operates the world's most powerful broadcasting unit, Station WLW, in Cincinnati. WLW uses 500,000 watts, reaches hermit communities of mountaineers too remotely situated for weaker wattage. The next huskiest station uses 300,000.

POWEL CROSLEY, JR.

"A perfect radio program," says Mr. Crosley, "should, I believe, put a one-hour vaudeville show on the air, offering every variety of entertainment in short turns expertly mixed."

He tries to keep the viewpoint of an average listener-in; tries to avoid the viewpoint of a big radio executive. Won't judge a program in his office, surrounded by business. Waits until he is driving around alone in his automobile, then tunes 'em in.

Was more or less brought up in the entertainment game, his father having owned Pike's Opera House in Cincinnati. Before tackling radios and refrigerators, Mr. Crosley took a hand at advertising, salesmanship, and the law. He and his brother once built an auto all by themselves. Pa Crosley promised the boys ten dollars if their car would go. It ran a quarter of a mile. They won the ten.

Romance note: Mrs. Crosley is the girl with whom Powel, Jr., learned to dance at dancing school when love was very young.

● I have just been given this piteous account of a young man found wandering through department stores with a girl's crumpled handkerchief clutched in his hand. He was hunting for a bottle of perfume to match the faint fragrance that lingered on the hanky. "Why don't you ask her what kind she uses?" asked the clerks.

"Can't," he replied. "That would spoil everything." With some confusion he explained: "You see, I told her that the magic of her perfume was unforgettable — so now I've got to make good. I swiped her handkerchief when she wasn't looking. Thought I could go to any store and match the scent of it. But all these darned perfumes smell alike to me!"

And on he went, hopefully sniff-sniffing.

● Loads of letters from people with strong convictions about the *right* way to build a fire in an open fireplace. I mentioned the subject a few months ago, as you may recall. Several readers claim there is nothing so good as having your fireplace piped for gas, with the jet fixed to shoot a flame up under your logs.

One reader (a California lady!) advocates the use of dried orange or grapefruit skins for kindling. The oil in the skins makes them burn hot and fast, and gives a nice aromatic smell. But they *must* be bone-dry.

● Ham with dumplings and apples . . . a goose-liver pie . . . a pie of pork and cabbage . . .

At random I selected these culinary amazements from J. George Frederick's book, The Pennsylvania Dutch and Their Cooking. (Published by The Business Bourse.)

The art of surprise, I think, is not less important in the kitchen than in the painter's studio or the author's literary workshop. Deliberately I take this attitude toward cooking. Some readers of my page have criticized the recipes I give here, calling them too unusual. I think they should be unusual. My function, as I see it, is to tell you things you may not know about cooking. It would be presumptuous of me to tell you how to make bean soup or how to fry an egg.

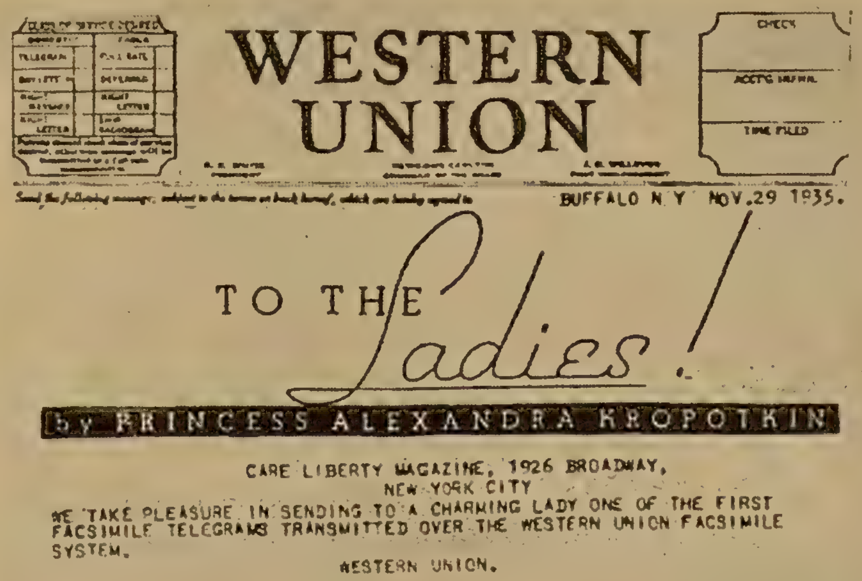
I am not conducting a kitchen kindergarten. Neither is Mr. Frederick. Let me especially recommend his last chapter, Around the Food Season with Grandmother—an epic tale of this earth's generosities as America once knew them.

Now try a potato salad from one of Mr. Frederick's Dutch recipes. He calls it Perkiomen.

Four potatoes, cooked, peeled, and diced. Cool slightly. Beat yolks of 4 eggs, add 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon celery seed, salt and pepper to taste. Heat to boiling point, stirring continually. Let cool. Dice 1 onion and 1 cucumber, adding to egg sauce. Pour in 1 cup vinegar, then mix with potatoes.

● Western Union sends us greetings in their newest telegraphic form. Now they can put your message on the wire in your own handwriting. If you're a sketch artist they'll telegraph your drawing. Any kind of facsimile. At present the trick can be done only from Buffalo to New York. Pretty soon it will be possible everywhere.

Here at the left is *our* greeting exactly as it came in.



WESTERN UNION

BUFFALO N Y NOV.29 1935.

TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

CARE LIBERTY MAGAZINE, 1926 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN SENDING TO A CHARMING LADY ONE OF THE FIRST FACSIMILE TELEGRAMS TRANSMITTED OVER THE WESTERN UNION FACSIMILE SYSTEM.

WESTERN UNION.

SMART, SATISFYING, SONGFUL

Miss Colbert Does Well in a Swift New Comedy Romance; Mr. Marshall Invades the Kitchen with Agreeable Results, and the Amateur Hour Again Inspires Melody via the Screen

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 Stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ THE BRIDE COMES HOME

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Robert Young, William Collier, Sr., Richard Carle, Donald Meek, Edgar Kennedy, Johnny Arthur, Charles Sylber, Bob McKenzie, Jerry Mandy. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Screen play by Claude Binyon.

IT'S a pleasure to tell you about The Bride Comes Home. Claudette Colbert's latest inquiry into the ways and emotions of the modern working-girl is such smartly fashioned entertainment that it can stand as a model comedy romance.

Crisply directed by Wesley Ruggles, it is practically perfect of its sort. And since the swift little tale is told in dialogue that balances beautifully between naturalness and brightness, it's a delight throughout.

The svelte Miss Colbert, herself the surest of light comediennes, is aided considerably by the able performances of her enthusiastic supporting cast. Leading among the players are the likable Fred MacMurray, her combative suitor, and Robert Young, who portrays a rich and genial wastrel with such easy effectiveness that he very nearly throws the story out of line. In fact it is Young's suave playing that sustains The Bride Comes Home's shrewd suspense.

Fred MacMurray, Claudette Colbert, and Robert Young in a scene from The Bride Comes Home

These three engaging people find their lives entangled when the wealthy Mr. Young hires MacMurray as bodyguard. Literary as well as muscular, MacMurray gets his boss to join him in a magazine enterprise. Later the embryo publishers hire Claudette as office adornment and secretary. Alive with incident and nimble twists, the picture goes on leading MacMurray and his shapely secretary through a series of squabbles to convince the pugilistic pair that marriage is their only salvation. Though they reckon without the lurking Mr. Young.

Brightened by grand bit performances from William Collier, Sr., Donald Meek, and Edgar Kennedy, the picture is without a weak spot. To say that it is an important film is to burden the sly affair with a pomposity it neither needs nor wants. For The Bride Comes Home is a good unpretentious movie, a thing to be welcomed with open arms.

VITAL STATISTICS: Claudette Colbert was married to throat specialist Doctor Pressman on Christmas Eve at Yuma, Arizona. The $100,000 house she's been building in Holmby Hills presents a problem, as the doctor has a house of his own and wants her to live in it. He will not be Mr. Colbert, he avers. Pressman insists he won't be photogged with Claudette—publicity is against ethics of medic profesh. . . . Fred (Sax Appeal) MacMurray's so shy he won't talk to his press agents—or maybe it's just his good sense. Press agents deny story floating around Hollywood that Fred's secretly bridled to former actress and present Magnin's model Miss La Monte, but prefers to remain a bachelor for publicity purposes. They say MacMurray lives with his mother, is fond of Miss La Monte but not married to her. Which only goes to show how you need press agents. . . . Robert Young seems to do much better when he works away from contracting Muggum. In throwing a rock he registered a bull's-eye when he hit assistant director Eddie Montaign offscene. . . . They duped the Chicago Loop on the Paramount back lot, with Lake Shore Drive, the el, right down to the exact uniform worn by train guards. . . . Colbert is considered the triumph of the photographer's art plus creative absorption. Not too impressive pulchritudinously when she first started pictures, lighting, make-up, inner thinking has made her, if not a lush cutie, at least very good on the eyelids. Her appeal over the eyebrows springs from fact she can absorb instantaneously anything reputable actors teach her and adapt them to her own peculiar creative acting ability. She's a terribly good scout and needs no press-agent build-up concerning her democracy. . . . Ex-Variety mug Claude Binyon is only Hollywood writer to own a race horse. Failing to register it, horse was automatically dead. Entered it in a Santa Anita race. Horse won. Was declared dead and disqualified.

★ ★ ★ IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK

THE PLAYERS: Herbert Marshall, Jean Arthur, Leo Carrillo, Lionel Stander, Alan Edwards, Frieda Inescort, Gene Morgan, Ralf Harolde, Matt McHugh. Directed by William A. Seiter. Story by F. Hugh Herbert.

IF You Could Only Cook is an age-old fairy tale, with the modern Prince Charming an automobile manufacturer and the poor little girl a lost sheep with a knack for cooking.

Herbert Marshall spreads on the old charm as the financial tycoon, a self-made industrialist. Rich but with no family background, he gets himself engaged to a debutante to give his cash a little prestige. Brooding over the impending loveless merger, the groom to be meets an unemployed girl (Jean Arthur) who takes him, for all his fine clothes, to be one of her despairing class.

Pleasantly directed by William Seiter and broadly though amusingly played, the picture picks up many gentle laughs as it develops the mild romance when Marshall, out of boredom, and Jean Arthur, to defeat starvation, hire out as a domestic pair.

That they grow to love each other is the accepted culmination of all such situations. But when the gangster who employs them falls in love with Miss Arthur and learns that his butler is a famous business man, all the complications that one might expect arise.

The film affords more entertainment than this broad outline would indicate. For one thing, it is done with a sure and graceful flair. Though it becomes, at times, almost too cute, Jean Arthur's capable and straightforward performance does much to give it reality. Lionel Stander, the gravel-voiced comic, is in excellent support; and Leo Carrillo, when not chewing the pretty scenery, lends a few laughable spots.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Herbert (Bart) Marshall-Gloria Swanson romance is now accepted as calmly as the rainy season in Hollywood. Gloria will drop in unexpectedly on Bart's stage, bringing a hamper of food. Marshall's changed a lot from the old days. He's just as ingratiating as ever, but quieter, more soothed. Marshall and Swanson are tops in Beverly Hills society, which is Southampton without alcohol. Marshall diction remains the most perfect in Hollywood. He likes cold roast beef (that hamper!), plays chess, never smokes before lunch, wants to write. And Gloria looks for a comeback, still young, attractive, well dressed. . . . Columbia Pictures, which made this, is tough on writers. They sit in glass-encased cubbyholes, grouped around a balcony, every office being visible to Columbia prexy, Harry Cohn. They work from nine to five or from ten to six; are allowed no phones or liquor in their offices. It's hard to imagine Shakespeare turning 'em out for Harry Cohn, who is a combination of picayunity and Santa Claus.

★ ★ MILLIONS IN THE AIR

THE PLAYERS: John Howard, Wendy Barrie, Willie Howard, Benny Baker, Robert Cummings, Eleanor Whitney, Inez Courtney, George Barbier, Catherine Doucet, Samuel S. Hinds, Halliwell Hobbes. Directed by Ray McCarey. Screen play by Sig Herzig and Jane Storm.

WHETHER or not it is the most popular radio program, the Major Bowes Amateur Hour has inspired—or, rather, provoked—the most pictures. The latest is Millions in the Air, which displays nothing new in the way of plot or treatment but which does manage to have its satisfactory moments despite the obvious and awkward way the picture is put together.

The story tells how a couple of amateurs, a rich girl and a poor boy, find love and success in front of a microphone. And while it has little interest of itself, the plot makes room for occasional singing, dancing, and gagging. Laughing at the Weather Man and Penny in My Pocket may become hit tunes. And the hilarious antics of moon-faced Benny Baker, the funniest thing in the show, and Willie Howard, who wiggles his ears like no one we ever saw, may be enough to overcome the film's lesser moments.

VITAL STATISTICS: Major Bowes started the Amateur Hour craze a year ago; now is number one earner on the air, besides knocking off about $20,000 a week from touring units. . . . Willie Howard's deadpan is a weeping wall hiding a heart of gold. Willie's never before appeared without brother Eugene, who felt bad that Hollywood should overlook him. But then, it's the stooge's fate to be made to feel bad. Willie can sing, mimic, joke, act terribly bad sentiment. He knows every gag this and the other side Joe Miller; is very businesslike offstage and pretty unfunny, but the minute he's on he's funny. Brings ear wiggling to Hollywood—a talent newborn in him! . . . . Eleanor Whitney's Paramount's reply to Muggum's Eleanor Powell, and also taught toe magic (whoops!) by Bill Robinson, being only Bojangles pupe who can execute the triple-eagle tap—six taps in one tenth second, feet moving no more than half an inch over floor. Other claims to fame: she won a perfect-back contest in Cleveland and beat a machine gun's tapping when she registered sixty taps in four secs to the Capone typewriter's lazy fifty-two. . . . John Howard is a Phi Beta Kappa from Western Reserve U., which was good training for the part of an ice-cream salesman he plays in picture.

★ ★ SYLVIA SCARLETT

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Brian Aherne, Edmund Gwenn, Natalie Paley, Dennie Moore. Directed by George Cukor. From the novel by Compton Mackenzie.

THE up-and-down career of Katharine Hepburn hits one of its downs in Sylvia Scarlett. This is a long, vague, wandering story that saps its own dramatic intensity by its lack of discipline and by including more conflicting incidents than can be digested in one evening. There is, in fact, enough material in Sylvia Scarlett for six pictures. But not enough direction, we're afraid, for one good one.

Given every sort of scene, Miss Hepburn, who plays most of the time disguised as a boy, varies between brilliancy and rank amateurishness. However, Dennie Moore is splendid as the flirtatious housemaid who gets taken up by Hepburn's giddy crowd. Of all the cast, though, it is Cary Grant alone who manages to infuse his portrait with lifelike proportions.

There are some lovely settings in the film and it attains, at times, sharpness and a rather wistful appeal. But, for all that, Sylvia Scarlett remains a cumbersome misalliance of whimsey and stark tragedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Cary Grant insists La Hepburn has the fastest mind on two feminine feet; her reactions are like lightning and hard to keep up with, except she vitalizes the person playing against her. He says you feel her vitality instantaneously and he'd spend all winter in the Pacific (colder than a bill collector's heart) for the opportunity to play opposite her. She drives a station wagon around Hollywood, definitely in the Jock Whitney tradition. George Cukor, who directors her again, discovered her and is crazy about working with her. Cukor's unmarried, a Jewish aesthete-emotionalist, as soft as a woman and as understanding, a master of the sentimental and the humanly gushy. He's no de millennium spectaclist and will sacrifice a sweeping staircase for a jerked tear, a button that pops off a whimsical back. Hepburn is hardest in Hollywood on leading men, wearing more out than any other actress. Hepburn has sense of humor. Recently cartoon appeared showing two horses saying of a snooty third: "You can't do a thing with her since some one told her she looked like Katharine Hepburn!" It's Heppie's favorite! That girl'll yet make good, is Hollywood feeling.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin?

★★★—Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns, Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife.

COUGHS...

—here's the way they generally start:

1 You catch cold. The tiny glands that line your throat and windpipe clog, or dry.

2 The secretions of these glands turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.

3 This sticky phlegm tickles, irritates.

4 You cough.

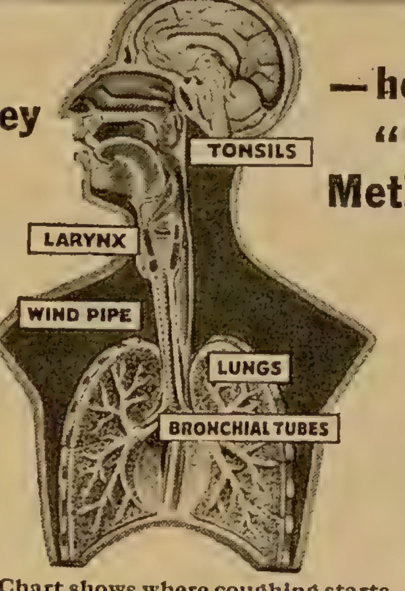


Chart shows where coughing starts when moisture glands clog, dry.

—here's how "MOIST-THROAT" Method relieves them:

1 It stimulates the glands in your throat and windpipe to pour out their natural moisture.

2 Sticky infectious phlegm is loosened and easily "raised."

3 Your throat is relieved of that irritation.

4 Your cough stops!

Get after that cough today with PERTUSSIN

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to the Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association. *Get a bottle at your druggist's.*

PERTUSSIN
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PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!
Name__________
Address
LM-1-25

Then You'll Remember Me

Liberty's Short Short

by EDWIN BAIRD

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IF Giovanni Verdi Bergliotti was an indifferent office boy for the Stillman Motor Company, he was the obedient slave of its blonde telephone girl, Anne Dorothy Winkler. He gazed at her by day with calflike adoration. He dreamed of her by night with adolescent fervor. He, in a word, worshiped her.

Especially this morning.

Her switchboard fairly bloomed with candy and flowers and gay little cakes; and upon these birthday gifts he slanted a look of sidelong contempt. Ephemeral tokens, soon consumed and then forgotten. Not from him, such gifts.

He would give her something no other person on earth could give her, something that was really a part of himself.

Giovanni's most treasured possession was an old Florentine coin (a gift from a cousin in Milan) curiously set in a metal disk not unlike a silver half-dollar. On one side of this disk a line was engraved in Italian script: "With all my love." On the other, these words in English: "Then you'll remember me."

And now behold Giovanni, the magnificent, parading to the Stillman switchboard and bestowing upon its proprietress the thing he treasured most.

"For you, Miss Winkler, from me. Please to keep it always, so to remember me by."

"But, Joe! You're not leaving us?"

"Oh, no, Miss Winkler; I don't mean that. I mean I want it for you, for your birthday—a birthday gift from me—because I lo— Because I want you to think of me, Miss Winkler."

He fled.

She stared at the coin, a satiny line between her penciled eyebrows; leaned closer to read: "Then you'll remember me." Kinda cute, huh? And then she lifted her blonde head and gazed at an ornate young man of pomaded hair who occupied the head desk in the general office. And a tender expression now softened her blue eyes. This was Clifton Reilly, newly promoted to chief clerk. She slipped the earphones from her yellow bob. She approached him as one might approach a royal personage.

"Mr. Reilly—"

"Oh, hello, Annie! How's tricks?"

"Mr. Reilly, I want to congratulate you on your new position. And I want to give you—this. See what's written on it? 'Then you'll remember me.'"

"Well, say! Thanks, Annie; thanks a lot. You bet I'll remember you."

Not long, however, was Annie remembered by our handsome Mr. Reilly. He was soon thinking again of Patricia Harris. Beautiful Patricia (how he loved to roll her name on his tongue!), exquisitely poised, superbly groomed, with clear gray eyes and level gaze. A girl in a million. And tomorrow she was sailing for Europe.

No telling what might happen over there! Those foreign guys with their Continental ways—they'd be buzzing around her like sandflies. She might even fall for one of them. He ought to— His eyes came to rest on the coin in his hand. Idly he read the words: "Then you'll remember me." Well, say! Of a sudden he snapped his fingers. Sure! Just the thing! And he shoved back his chair and went to her office.

Such a lovely office, he thought—like her own perfect loveliness—flooded with sunshine, merry and bright. And now it was fragrant with many flowers.

She looked up serenely as he entered.

"Good morning, Clif."

"Well, Miss Harris, you look like you're opening a florist's shop."

"Yes." She touched the roses on her desk. "It was dear of you all to send them to me."

Reilly flushed. "I didn't chip in on the flowers, Miss Harris. I wanted to give you something all by myself—something personal. And so"—he placed the Florentine coin in her hand—"there you are, Miss Harris. When you get homesick in Europe, just take a look at that and—you'll remember me."

After he had gone, Patricia sat in a pensive reverie, thinking not of Clifton Reilly but of her employer, Rufus J. Stillman. She knew she was in love with him—desperately, helplessly in love—and she also knew that he was not in love with her. To him she was merely a competent secretary, nothing more. Her unseeing eyes became aware of the object in her hand. She studied the Italian inscription, translated it: "With all my love." A wraith of a smile touched her lips. She dropped the coin in a pocket of her tailored suit, went to his private office, crossed the thick-piled rug to the walnut desk, where he sat studying his production manager's monthly report.

"Well, Pat," he said without glancing up, "all set for your trip?"

"Yes, Mr. Stillman." She looked down at his head, her soul in her eyes. He turned a page of the voluminous report, moved his head only to scan a table of figures.

"I've some last-minute shopping to do, Mr. Stillman, and if you've no objection—"

"Of course not, Pat. Go right ahead. Call it a day."

He turned another page of the report; and she was suddenly assailed by an insane desire to tear it from his hand and implore him to look at her. But she only said: "Thank you, Mr. Stillman. Good-by."

"Good-by, Pat. Have a nice time."

She moved toward the door, paused at the threshold, looked back at him. His head was still buried in the report. He rose to consult a chart on the wall—saw her standing in the doorway.

"Well, get a good rest, Pat. Forget all about business and come back full of pep. Good-by and good luck!" He stepped nearer, pressed her hand, instantly released it.

She trembled, swayed slightly toward him. Her hand fluttered out toward his shoulder; but she quickly recovered herself and thrust it into her pocket.

"Oh, Mr. Stillman, I've something here I'd like to give you. As a sort of remembrance. It has two messages, one in Italian, that I—wish you'd read—sometime."

In another second she was gone, and he was staring, puzzled, at the Florentine coin, turning it over curiously in his palm. Before he could examine its lettering, however, the house phone called him to his desk and he dropped it carelessly into a vest pocket.

"Your chauffeur is here with the car, Mr. Stillman," reported the telephone.

He glanced at his watch. Eleven thirty. Appointment with Harry Lamont of Eastern Steel. Longshore Country Club at noon. Luncheon and golf. Must hurry!

At the street door he came to a sudden halt. He'd forgotten something. He caught sight of Giovanni seated on his bench.

"Here, boy. Run back to my office and get my golf clubs. Wait! Here's something for you."

He fished in his vest pocket, and into the outstretched palm of Giovanni he dropped Giovanni's Florentine coin.

THE END

LADIES Who Jumped for Their LIVES

A Chronicle of Thrills—The Amazing Story of America's Powder-Puff "Caterpillars"

by

JAY DAVID BLAUFOX

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

DIMINUTIVE Mildred Kaufman smiled as a pilot friend tightened the loose harness of her parachute. A month before, she had looped forty-six consecutive times at the St. Louis airport. Now, in Buffalo, she meant to break that world's record for women.

Her pilot friend helped her into the cockpit of the big two-seater plane. She was too small to see out of it. Her feet didn't properly reach the rudder controls.

"Hey! You can't fly this ship! It's murder!"

"No, it isn't," she laughed. "I've flown it before. I'm all right. Just get me some cushions to prop me up."

He and a mechanic put a pair of cushions behind her and two more under the parachute she was sitting on. Even then the safety belt wouldn't reach over her lap.

"That settles it, sister! You can't loop a plane without a safety belt!"

"Don't be a chump," she said. "I can make it. Just change the safety strap."

He complied reluctantly, attaching the strap to the struts on each side of the seat, where it slid freely up and down.

Mildred called for contact. The motor roared into life; her plane plowed its way to altitude. Threatening clouds hung over the airport, and she headed toward a point a mile away where the sky was clear. There she pushed the control stick forward and lowered the plane's nose. Over and over it went. Loop after loop mounted up. Twenty-nine; thirty; thirty—

Something struck her at the back of her head as she hung on the top of the thirty-first loop. Through dazed eyes she saw the cushions fluttering toward the earth. The safety belt slid up—that is, down—the struts, and with it dropped Mildred's body.

As she headed for destruction ten thousand feet below, her leg caught in the belt and it held her. Grabbing the cowling, she tried to drag herself back into the ship. The terrific speed of its roaring dive broke her hold. Her tiny body was flung out into space.

She could see the crowds scurrying to get out of the way. Suddenly she remembered her parachute. Four times she tugged at the rip cord but failed to budge it. The earth seemed to be coming up at a terrific pace to eet her. She realized that her heavy woolen gloves mpered her in getting at the rip cord's ring. She atched them off. One more tug, and the cord came out. Then the huge silken canopy mushroomed in the wind—and Mildred floated gently to earth.

Thus she was flung on to the rolls of that most exclusive of organizations, the Caterpillar Club.

This world-famous club exists only in the minds of its members and its organizers. One becomes a member only by being forced to make a parachute jump to save one's life from a disabled plane in flight. The club was started in the fall of 1922 by M. H. St. Clair, then a member of the parachute unit at Dayton, Ohio, and two Dayton newspapermen, Verne Timmerman and Maurice Hutton. Colonel Lindbergh is High Priest Caterpillar, having bailed out four times. Hundreds of men are members, but only eight women: Mildred Kaufman, Fay Gillis, Ednamae Kingsmore, Babe Smith, Ruth Dorsett, Mrs. Irene MacFarland, Merry Fahrney, and Mrs. Wayne H. Fisher.

In 1930 Mrs. Fisher and her husband flew east from Los Angeles to view the Cleveland air races, after which they hopped to Washington and New York and then started for home. Twenty miles out of Columbus Mrs. Fisher, piloting, caught up with a black ugly mass of clouds. She turned the controls over to her husband.

He headed the ship lower in an effort to get under what he hoped might be no more than a light shower. As he neared the ground, the raindrops stung their faces. Lightning streaked above them, a deafening crash followed, and the storm broke in full fury. The wind seemed suddenly to lift the ship and fling it toward the ground, and Mrs. Fisher screamed, "The trees, Wayne! The trees!"

He missed them by a narrow margin as he frantically pulled the nose of the ship up just in time. He turned back to his wife and grinned, yelling, "That was close!"

As they flew on they suddenly found themselves in utter darkness. The air was getting rougher, the already high wind seemed to increase in velocity. The gamble for their lives grew greater with each moment. They could hear their motor throbbing regularly, but could see neither the propeller nor the wings. The lights on the instrument board were the only things visible.

Wayne Fisher set his teeth and flew by his instruments alone. Looking back to the rear cockpit, he could hardly see his wife. Through the intercockpit telephone he called, "I don't know how high we are, but you'd better get ready to jump!"

"Can't we get through?"

"Doesn't look like it now. Climb out and hop off! It's your only chance!"

"But I don't want to leave you!" she cried.

"Go ahead and save yourself! I'll follow you!"

She knew there was little time for discussion. They had lost altitude, and the altimeter was out of gear. Not to jump might mean a crash and sudden death. To jump at too low an altitude might be as bad, for there would not be height enough for the parachute to save them. But there was no choice.

She carefully climbed out and felt for the wing. Grabbing a strut, she pulled herself on. She groped her way along the wing to the tip; once out there, the fuselage of the plane was invisible—she could not see her husband. She reached for the parachute rip cord and yanked it out. The chute blasted out and pulled her off the ship—which disappeared as soon as she found herself in space. The sound of the motor diminished rapidly. Had her husband jumped? She couldn't tell.

Her own jump proved to be one of less than two hundred feet; a dangerous jump even for an expert. She landed safely, however. It was an hour before she learned that her husband had not followed her but had made a safe landing on a farm, barely missing a silo getting down.

It was a glorious day in September, 1933, when Fay Gillis stood chatting with her father and sister in front of the operations office of Curtiss-Wright at their Valley Stream airport. A new Fledgling plane had been assigned to the student school, and Fay's instructor, Lieutenant John Trunk, had promised to take her on the test flight. Calling a cheery farewell to her father and sister, she strode over to Trunk and the plane.

"This is no ordinary instructional hop," Trunk said. "I've got to find out how much this ship will stand."

Caterpillar Clubwoman Fay Gillis bailed out when a dive tore off a plane's wings.

They hopped off. At four thousand feet he started to play with the ship. Turning around to Fay, he yelled, "Hold your hat, sister! Here we go!"

He stuck the nose earthward, the motor full on and thundering. Two thousand feet above the ground, he gently pulled the ship out of the steep power dive and headed it heavenward. At altitude he cut the motor, grinning at Fay: "How'd you like that one?"

Fay Gillis had a grin of her own. "Swell! Any more at home like it?"

"Get a load of the next one!"

AGAIN sticking the nose down, he cut the gun for a moment and yelled, "Yippee!" But Fay wasn't to be stumped. "Yippee!" came from the seat behind him as the plane dropped sickeningly in another steep dive.

Halfway through this second dive the ship shed its tail and wings. They ripped off and blew away in several directions. The bare fuselage hurtled on downward.

Trunk had felt the controls go limp in his hands. Amazed, he saw what had happened.

Fay Gillis took it in almost as quickly as he did. She smiled at him. He was so young—and really good-looking. A splendid pilot, too. Fay didn't think of herself.

She saw him make an upward and outward sweep of his hand. She understood; she climbed over the side and jumped away. She was calm about the whole maneuver, even to pulling the rip cord.

A moment later, as her parachute was carrying her safely to earth, she saw Trunk step out and kick himself away from the plunging fuselage—saw his parachute blow open. They both floated down gently and calmly. Fay's shroud lines caught in the limb of a tree and kept her hanging and laughing until some one brought a ladder and helped her down. Later, safe in her much perturbed father's arms, she said, "I had a grand time, dad!"

Mildred Kaufman qualified for the club when trying to break her own record for loops.

Ednamae Kingsmore of Bellingham, Washington, is sister to a professional stunt man and wing walker, Dean Kingsmore. He had a date with an airplane at Tulip Field to go wing walking and supply thrills. Ednamae thought it would be great fun to go along and do a little wing walking herself. She wasn't a pilot, had flown only twice before, and wanted to see what it felt like to jump from a plane.

"I don't know whether I ought to let you, sis," Dean told her. "It's pretty dangerous."

"You do it," she retorted—and along she went. At the field he dressed her up in a pair of white coveralls and two parachutes, which he instructed her thoroughly in using. They went aloft in a cabin monoplane with a pilot and two passengers.

At three thousand feet Dean opened the door of the cabin, shouting in Ednamae's ear, "There's nothing to it, kid! Just keep your head! Remember, you've got two parachutes. If one goes screwy, pull the rip cord of the other one. You'll get down all right."

Ednamae smiled and backed to the open door. He patted her affectionately on the cheek, then shoved her overboard. She fell back into space with a laugh as the chute blasted open.

But the laugh froze on her lips. She felt a sudden tug—seemed to stop in mid-air—started snapping in the wind like a whiplash.

The tail of the ship had not been high enough when she pulled the rip cord and the chute had become entangled in the tail skid. Desperately she tried to free herself. In the cabin doorway above stood her brother, gesticulating and shouting to her to pull the rip cord on the emergency chute.

The plane was steadily losing altitude in spite of its powerful motor. The pilot was getting worried; he knew he could not keep it in the air much longer; the girl's dangling body was dragging it down.

If he attempted to land he would kill them all.

He called to Dean, "Can't she clear?"

"She's caught on the tail skid!"

"Get her off or she'll kill the lot of us!"

"Keep the ship headed for altitude!—I'll climb out on the tail!"

"I can't! I'm losing altitude by the second!"

Meanwhile Ednamae continued to whirl and swing from the parachute shroud lines.

Dean Kingsmore tried again. He caught Ednamae's eye as she bravely smiled up at him. He pointed to her auxiliary chute, motioned to her to pull the rip cord. The light dawned on her. She yanked it—and a moment later she was sailing down with nothing worse than a rope burn on the back of her neck.

The danger was not altogether over. Cross winds were drifting her toward wires loaded with 13,000 volts of electricity. But the fates were kind again and landed her safely in the waiting arms of her mother, who had watched the whole proceeding from the ground with heroically controlled emotions.

THE END

FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT

A Beguiling Tale of Glamorous Magic and Will-o'-the-Wisp Romance — with a Surprise Where You Least Expect It

by

ELITA WILSON

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

THE dim and dusty sign over the shop window said:

JOHANN BRETTSCHNEIDER
Antique Jewelry

In the window were displayed odds and ends—rings, brooches, lockets. Inside the shop Johann was discussing with a customer the very fine handiwork on an old bracelet. As he leaned across the counter the locket that hung from his heavy watch chain struck sharply against the glass showcase, and both men instinctively looked at it.

"May I see that, sir?" the customer asked.

Johann's fingers trembled as he unfastened the locket and handed it over. The other exclaimed at its beauty.

"Is this for sale, Mr. Brettschneider?"

"That locket, sir, I would not part with," Johann replied. "It has great personal value for me. But I have other fine lockets, if that is what you want."

His customer was opening the locket. "Why--there is hair in it!" he exclaimed. "So black, too."

Johann smiled. "I know," he said. He was holding out his hand for it.

"Would you think me too inquisitive if I asked why you refuse to sell it?"

Johann shrugged. "The story goes back many years ago when I was a young student in Vienna."

The old man took off his glasses and leaned on the counter. The locket lay on a small pad of black velvet.

"I decided one summer," he began, "to take a bicycle trip through the Pyrenees and visit the Paleolithic Caves. I went by train to the Spanish frontier and there began my trip. On the third week I arrived at dusk one evening at a small hamlet near the caves and inquired of a storekeeper for lodgings.

"'The Señora Valdez accommodates travelers,' he said. 'She is caretaker of the Alcala Castle.'

"He gave me the necessary directions, and presently I was at the door of the old castle. But for a light burning on a lower floor, it looked deserted.

"I stood wondering how to summon the caretaker, when she opened the door. I said I should like a room for the night; but she stared at me in a strange fashion. I repeated my mission and she broke into profuse apologies.

"'Ah, señor, forgive; he looks so much like some one I knew long ago. Come in.'

"The señora led the way up a flight of circular stairs into a pitch-dark upper hall. Here she paused and lighted another candle. We went some distance down the hall, and then she pushed open the door of a large room.

"'Will the señor want food?' she asked, setting the candle down. I said that I should, and she went off to fetch it.

"Wide doors opened out on to a stone terrace and by now the moonlight flooded the countryside.

"Presently my landlady returned with an excellent meal.

"'I will return in the morning for the tray,' she announced. 'I hope the señor rests well.' With that she left me.

"When I had finished eating, a delightful drowsiness took possession of me and I went directly to bed. The room was not in darkness because I had left the terrace doors open and the brilliance outside sent a shaft of light halfway across the room. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply of the night air. It was unbelievably peaceful.

"Suddenly a shadow fell across my eyelids. My eyes flew open and I sat up in bed. Standing in the doorway, so that the light of the moon shone full on her, was a young girl. She was dressed all in white, and her dark hair hung down to her hips. She was very beautiful.

"I was about to speak when she turned and went out to the terrace. I sprang from the bed, and reached the doorway just in time to see her turn the corner of the castle. As she did so she smiled back at me over her shoulder. By the time I had found my robe she was nowhere in sight and I went back to bed filled with curiosity.

"The next morning I determined to make the lovely creature's acquaintance. But when I explained my desire to the Señora Valdez, she said quickly, 'My guests do not mingle. They come here to rest, sometimes to paint. Will the señor be staying long?'

"I said that I should remain a few days longer.

"That afternoon I went to the caves; but my thoughts were back in the castle, thinking of the lovely girl there. I left shortly. This time I found the big entrance door to the castle unlatched. I went inside and strolled through countless large empty rooms on the first floor. Thick dust covered everything. The only evidence of life I found was when I came unexpectedly upon a half-finished oil painting. The face on the canvas was the same as that of the lovely intruder of the night before, and I stood looking at it for a long time. I decided that she must be a model whom some painter had brought to the castle. Then why should she be so difficult to meet?

"Again, when my landlady brought me my supper tray, I questioned her about the girl.

"'But I have no guest here now who paints,' she insisted, 'and I have already said the young lady does not care to meet you.' With that she left the room.

"Now indeed I was determined to solve this ever-growing mystery. I ate hurriedly, and upon finishing went out to the terrace.

"The terrace extended along three sides of the castle. There were eight closed doors, exactly like mine, from which no light shone. High above me were other unlighted windows. My tour of inspection ended, I went back to my own room.

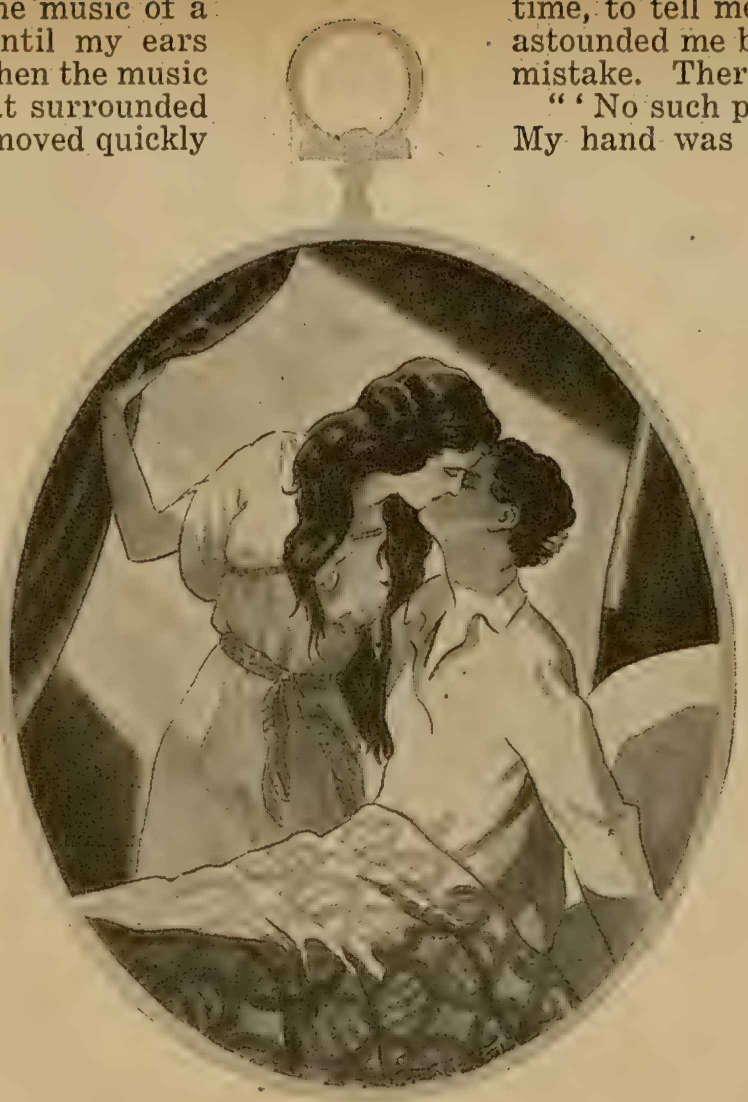
"I was surprised at first to find the place in darkness, remembering that I had left a lighted candle. Immediately I stepped across the threshold I sensed that I was not alone.

"'Who is there?' I demanded.

"There was no answer. Instead, some distance away from me there appeared a dull glow. As it grew brighter, it swayed, then quivered. Presently a blinding light filled the room. Before I could move, the brilliance dimmed, and there stood before me the girl!

"'Who are you?' I demanded softly. I wanted to touch her. I was enchanted with those soft, velvety eyes.

“Like a whisper at first came the music of a violin. It increased in volume until my ears rang. I stood there, spellbound. Then the music broke off and the aura of light that surrounded the girl commenced to fade. As I moved quickly toward her, she became a blur that melted through the door. I flung the door open, but only darkness and silence greeted me.



Her hair streamed over my face and I grew giddy with the fragrance. And then — she kissed me.

“With trembling hands I lighted the candle again. I decided to report the occurrence to Señora Valdez. I stood at the top of the wide stairway and called. Finally she came hurrying out from somewhere at the back of the downstairs hall. ‘What is it, señor?’

“I told her of my experience, and to my amazement she laughed. ‘Ah, señor,’ she said, ‘forgive me, but you are so frightened-looking—and there is nothing to fear. The young lady found herself in your room by mistake. It will not happen again—I promise.’

“‘But the violin!’ I insisted.

“‘This old place is full of strange sounds,’ she said. ‘There are many rooms. The one who played the violin is on the other side of the castle.’

“Far from satisfied with this explanation, I went back into my room. This time I shut the doors leading to the terrace and locked them. I also locked the door leading to the hall. It was some time before I fell asleep.

“I do not know how long I had been asleep when I woke suddenly. The moon had shifted and only the palest light shone through the big glass doors; but it was sufficient to reveal a slim figure. It was the girl again and she was in my room!

“The violin began to play. The girl swayed to its rhythm. Her unbound hair floated behind her in a dusky cloud. She danced close to me. The room had grown strangely brighter.

“Cautiously now I raised myself to a sitting position. She smiled and beckoned to me. I did not stop to wonder how she had gotten into my room. I knew only that I must hold her in my arms.

“SHE glided across the room again toward me, and I was trembling. I found her incredibly beautiful. I had the unaccountable feeling that at some time this girl and I had been lovers. I held my breath as she leaned closer to me. Her hair streamed down over my face and I grew giddy with the fragrance of it. And then—she kissed me. It was the first time any woman had done that. Our lips clung until she startled me by pushing me away. A sob tore through her as she backed away. I caught at her dress, but my fingers could feel nothing—it was like grasping at a cloud. Again I caught at her, and this time my fingers tangled with her black hair. I clung tightly, feeling some solid object in my hand. But I could not hold her. She wrenched away. I cried out to her to stay; but she had already flung the terrace doors open, and by the time I reached them she was nowhere in sight.

“It was minutes before I realized that in my hand was a strand of her hair. Opening it, I found that I had also torn from her a gold locket which had hung about her neck. It was this locket we are looking at,” added Johann softly.

“But who was she? Didn’t you find out?”

“I found out,” Johann nodded; “but I never saw her again. In the morning I implored the señora, for the last time, to tell me something about the girl. She astounded me by saying, ‘The señor has made a mistake. There is no such person.’

“‘No such person?’ I repeated incredulously. My hand was in my pocket and in it was the locket; but before I could produce it she said:

“‘It was my dead daughter who visited the señor!’

“Forty years before, she told me, her daughter Dolores was maid to the Princess Emilia Maria, who, with her husband Prince Luis, lived in the castle. Señora Valdez was in charge of the servants. All went well until Prince Luis fell in love with Dolores and she with him. Dolores was very lovely, and the prince, who amused himself by painting, did many pictures of her. He even had her instructed in the violin. But of course he tired of her. Dolores was heartbroken. One night she threw herself from the terrace to the rocks below. And once every year, on the eve of her tragic death, she revisited the castle. It was at this time that I had come to the Alcala Castle.”

“But,” Johann’s customer questioned, “how do you explain the hair and the locket?”

Johann leaned nearer to his listener. “Sometimes,” he said, “I think perhaps the girl was—what do you call it?—demented—and her mother only invented the ghost story so that the authorities would not come and take her away. The townspeople were afraid to go near the castle. But then again, when I remember how she kissed me and how lovely she was, I cannot believe she was anything but sane. Whatever the truth is, I have never been able to put that girl out of my mind. I spent most of my life looking for some one like her.”

The young man had picked up the locket. “Will you take a hundred dollars for it?” he asked.

“But it is not worth that much!” Johann protested. “Its value is only what it means to me.”

“I can give you cash right now.”

He counted the money and put it on the counter. Johann looked at the bills. It would take him a long time to make a hundred dollars in these times.

“Well—” he said hesitantly. “For a hundred dollars, maybe I ought to.”

The new owner of the locket lost no time in getting out of the store, lest the old man change his mind. When he had gone, Johann counted the money again and put it into the safe. He went very slowly about the business of bolting the street door and turning on the little night light. Then he went to a rear door of the shop leading to his living quarters. Opening it, he sniffed hungrily at the odor of *Wiener Schnitzel* that greeted him.

“Mama!” he called out. “Where are you?”

Mrs. Brettschneider waddled out of the kitchen.

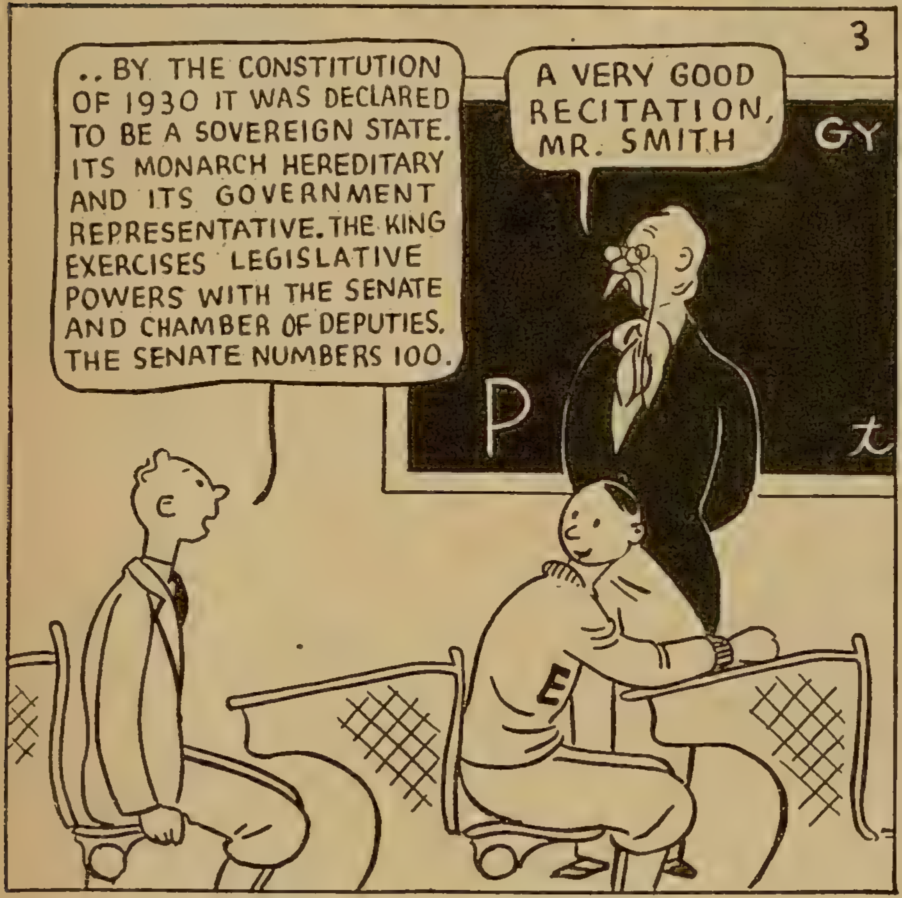
“Ach, papa,” she complained good-naturedly, “how can I make dinner when you are always calling me?”

“Well, Mama Brettschneider,” Johann smiled, “what do you think? I just sold another locket. I’ll take you to a theater tonight. How is that?”

“You listen to me, now, papa,” she said. “You got to stop fooling people with those stories you’re always telling; we got enough money now. You want I should be bald—always cutting off pieces of my hair? Now, Papa Brettschneider, I let my hair get gray. Shame on me! Black hair don’t look right on a woman my age.”

THE END

INTERNATIONAL
GEOGRAPHY GAME


3
.. BY THE CONSTITUTION OF 1930 IT WAS DECLARED TO BE A SOVEREIGN STATE. ITS MONARCH HEREDITARY AND ITS GOVERNMENT REPRESENTATIVE. THE KING EXERCISES LEGISLATIVE POWERS WITH THE SENATE AND CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES. THE SENATE NUMBERS 100.
A VERY GOOD RECITATION, MR. SMITH
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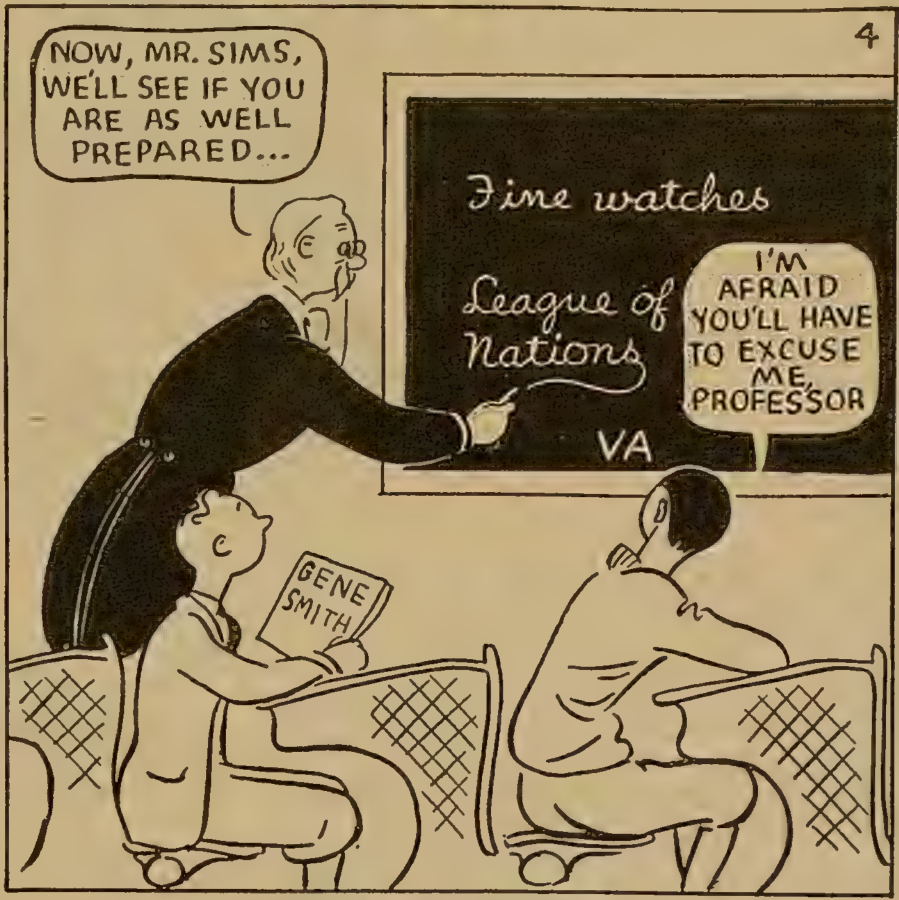
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NOW, MR. SIMS, WE'LL SEE IF YOU ARE AS WELL PREPARED...
Fine watches
League of Nations
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, PROFESSOR
VA
GENE SMITH

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:

$2,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT START AN ENTRY NOW!

If you have not started an entry in this instructive and remunerative game, get busy now. Your chance to win one of the big cash awards is excellent. Don't fail to make the most of your opportunity! Don't worry about last week's pictures. You can go back to them later. Start by reading the rules. Then seek out the names of the internationally noted geographical locations in the drawings above. Finding them will put you well on your way toward a winning entry. Save them until your set of twenty is complete.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Now you will need the first two drawings in order to bring your set up to date. If you have given away or mislaid last week's Liberty, mail a request for free reprints of Drawings 1 and 2 to the contest address in Rule 6. These will be supplied gladly, but please do not ask us to enter into any other correspondence relative to any entry.

THESE CASH PRIZES MUST BE PAID! WHICH WILL YOU WIN?

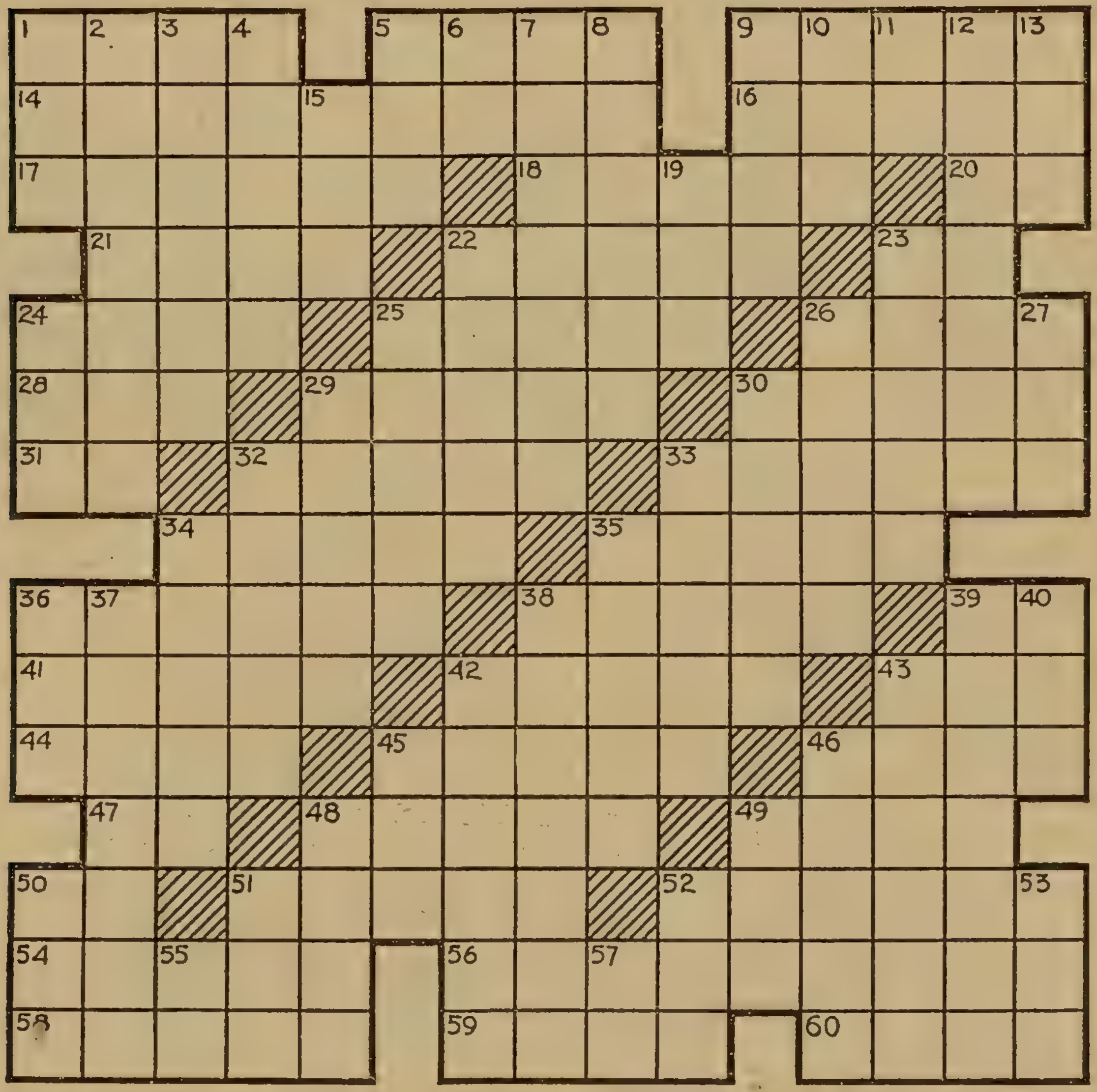
FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of a place that is prominent in the current world news.
2. To compete, clip, trace or copy the pictures, and under each write the geographical name it suggests to you.
3. When you have the complete set of twenty contest drawings, each titled with the name of the place you think it represents, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which of the places mentioned will win the most prominent place in history, and why you think so.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement as above will be adjudged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, April 8, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

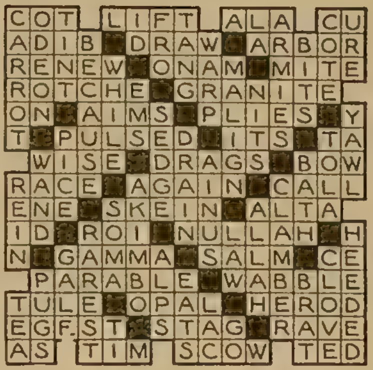
SET NO. 3 OF THIS SERIES NEXT WEEK!

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Peculiar flavor, as of wine
5 Feminine name
9 Rating with reference to an assessment
14 Anomalous
16 Any eared seal
17 Warriors of the Greek epic age
18 Genus of Chinese liliaceous plants
20 Exist
21 Part of the face
22 A graduated series of tones (music)
23 Toward
24 Kind of Russian hemp
25 Blinker for a horse
26 Variety of chalcedony
28 Member of a tribe of Mindanao
29 Sets of three
30 A famous lover
31 Near at hand
32 A game of chance
33 Binary compound of boron
34 Chefs
35 Folios
36 Fixed routine
38 Measures of distance
39 Note of the scale
41 Department in northern France
42 To blush
43 Downcast
44 Locality containing mineral springs (plural)
45 Distress; grief (poetic)
46 Farrows
47 Mystic syllable used by Hindu worshipers



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Answer to last week's puzzle

48 A neglected and untrained city boy
49 A reckoning by numbers
50 Like
51 A bird of the thrush family
52 One who begets or brings forth offspring
54 Place or room which another had, has, or might have
56 Small tree yielding Chian turpentine
58 Piles
59 River in France and Belgium
60 A postponement

VERTICAL

1 An interjection
2 Quality or state of being pleasant
3 Circle around a luminous body (meteorology)
4 Toothed; jagged; eaten away
5 Exclamations
6 Not any
7 Papal representatives
8 Asiatics
9 Dress of state
10 Blind impulse leading men to ruin
11 An element (symbol)
12 Lined with trees
13 A lixivium
15 Part of a turtle attached to shell (var.)
19 Aged
22 Pillow covering (pl.)
23 Strainer made of cloth
24 Jewish title of respect
25 A thicket
26 Painful spots
27 Female hare
29 A thing found
30 Black flag formerly used by pirates
32 Raccoons
33 King of the Fomors (Celtic mythology)
34 Biblical name
35 Conical loaf of sugar (Spanish)
36 A fuel
37 Counterthrust (fencing)
38 Millstone supports
39 Shade of red
40 Small fish (plural)
42 Civility
43 Mute
45 Any flatfish
46 Son of Priam, King of Troy
48 Deities
49 Small tag or flap
50 A tree
51 Strike smartly
52 By
53 Possessive pronoun
55 Deity in Assyro-Babylonian mythology
57 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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CHAPPED LIPS

To quickly relieve chapping, roughness, cracking, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum.

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METHUSELAH ON

At fifty Reggie McNamara was still tops in six-day racing.

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE old gentleman hunched on the edge of an open-faced dog kennel and sucking lugubriously at a bottle of cold unsweetened tea was getting pretty gray around the temples and his shoulders were bent under the morbid black of a thin jersey.

He seemed tired and there wasn't much enthusiasm in his cold eyes as he watched a dozen other men on fragile bicycles buzz past in an endless caravan to nowhere. His thick legs were outstretched, and now and then he glanced casually at the operations of a man who rubbed them with an amber unguent.

"Six-day bike riding," he said, "is the toughest and best game in the world. I been at it thirty-five years now and I ought to know. Somebody said once that they guessed I'd die on a bike; but to my way of thinking I'll die if they ever take me off one."

He was silent momentarily and then he smiled. "Yes, sir," he went on. "I guess if they ever nail me into a pine box, these old legs of mine'll keep pumping from force of habit and just naturally kick the top off!"

It may have been a gruesome form of humor, but a man and a grandfather who had been pedaling bikes around banked pine saucers for a third of a century and was still going strong had a right to be gruesome if he felt like it.

Before this year is written into history, Reginald McNamara—Reggie to six-day bike fans the world over—will be fifty-two years old, and yet it is only within the last few weeks that he has announced his retirement from the pine saucers. Born in 1884 in Dubbo, New South Wales, he started riding a bicycle when he was ten years old and by the time he was twenty he was the Australian champion.

At twenty-seven he came to America for the first time, bringing with him half a dozen championships and a collection of contusions, strangulations, fractures, sutures, and trepannings not exceeded even by reconstruction work done on Ching Johnson, most battered of professional hockey players.

Now, at an age when most men get no nearer to a bicycle than to hand a small gratuity to an A. D. T. boy, he finally and reluctantly quits the most exacting, bone-breaking sport of them all, the preposterous and absurdly fascinating game of six-day bike riding—in which he was a personality more commanding than Dean in baseball or Little in golf or Louis in pugilism or Londos in wrestling.

Six-day races still are a novelty in much of the United States. New York has two yearly; so has Chicago. Detroit manages one, and they have been introduced, in modified form, to Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Miami. Not so long ago Racing Czar Chapman, who is the National Cycling Association in a body, entered Philadelphia with his show. It went well, and Grandfather Reggie finished second in the race. The only way they kept him from winning was to hang about his grizzled neck as a partner the practically inert Dave Lands, a New Jersey antique.

Originally a French enterprise, six-day riding spread over Europe and found fertile soil in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. This was some forty years ago. The British scorned it; but it landed, right side up and full of vigor, in Australia.

A long while after that it reached America. Americans of that day didn't understand it. Men spent six days getting nowhere. Parties with strange names like Oscar Egg and Brocco and Belloni and Goullet merely climbed on spindly bicycles, rode until the bosoms dropped out of their pantaloons, and arrived at precisely the same point from which they started. Prewar Americans had no use for that sort of baloney—or Belloni, if you will.

Eventually Italian immigration began to assume huge proportions. In those days Italian-Americans had no interest in boxing. They knew nothing of baseball and less of football. All they knew was six-day bike racing and they began to clamor for it. New York promoters encouraged giving the game a try. Madison Square Garden backers agreed; the first six-day race was staged and the damage was irreparably done.

WHEELS

A Look at the Incredible Grand Old Man of the Six-Day Race Arenas and His 113,000-Mile Career

by DICK WILLIAMS

The damage was done because long research has proved that no man who goes a second time to a six-day bike race can ever, thereafter, take it or let it alone. Fantastic, meaningless, regimented though it may be, it still overcomes the human resistance and ensnares the human imagination; and I, like fifty million others, can give no more than a feeble, vacuous explanation of the phenomenon.

Every man who enters a six-day race is paid a fixed salary. No man is permitted to select his own partner. The United States Cycling Association selects his partner for him, with an eye to the box office. In addition to the weekly wage, sprint prizes may be offered by spectators. Czar Chapman is a catholic man in this regard and any man who has the money and a great desire to hear his name announced in public may offer a prize for a sprint. Here is one of six-day bike racing's most insidious elements. The generous spectator's offer calls for a sprint of one, two, or three miles. He may offer anything from ten dollars up, but the prizes offered usually range from twenty-five to one hundred dollars, and the sprints are more or less fixed at two miles.

A bell sounds the start of the sprint, previously announced with the name of the prize donor, and the teams are off. They whirl around the oval at a speed that baffles the eye, and they take unbelievable chances in touching off their partners and squeezing past their opponent riders. The winning team has the amount of the prize added to its weekly wage; and if a pair is in good sprinting mood and the customers mellow enough, several hundred dollars weekly can be realized.

The sprints must not be confused with the jams. Those occur when one team, or two or three teams, seek to steal a lap. The teams are ranked by the number of laps they happen to be behind the leaders. A lap is gained, or stolen, when one team succeeds in completing a circle of the saucer not completed by the other competitors. Seldom is a race won by more than a lap, almost never by two laps.

THE jams start suddenly and with a breath-taking rush. Some one casually rides high up on to the end bank, and then sweeps down, drives hard with piston-muscled legs on his pedals, hunches his aching back over the down-turned handle bars, and is halfway around the track before the others sense the danger.

Then ensues a terrific scramble among the duped ones. They bend their backs and stand up on their pedals and ride like mad in pursuit. Sometimes these jammings last for thirty minutes, the partners relieving each other about every three laps. All riders remain on the track at this time, touching one another off, as demanded by the rules or the exigency of the moment, with a muscular shove or frantic haul at the elbow. Sometimes the designing burglar is apprehended before he can complete the lap and is hauled back into the puffing potpourri of the field.

Throughout all this jamming there is the gaudy danger of a spill that may mean broken bones, brain concussions, fractured skulls, or lost teeth. Sometimes, if he happens to be trailing and throws a tire, only one rider falls. Usually, however, some one tumbles near the head of the pack, and half a dozen may pile up in a twisting mass.

The effect of the constant straining, the perpetual waiting and hoping that one of these spills will come—or that it won't—is electric. It is this that gets the spectator, new or old, and gives six-day bike riding its life.

Through all this jamming and mad riding and breaking of bones and straining of backs there has moved, in every major race in this country and most major races abroad for the last twenty-five years, the thick-bodied, grim-faced figure of Reggie McNamara. No competitor in bike riding has more scars than he. Yet in his latter days you seldom saw him in a spill. He never shirked a jam, and not often was he more than a lap or two to the rear at any time; but almost always he contrives to keep his thick thighs locked on the slim saddle of his mount and its wheels upright.

REWARD? Well, in addition to the salary of the riders and the prize money picked up for the sprints, there is the grand prize for the winning team. Usually this prize amounts to $2,500, but sometimes it runs as high as $5,000. If it happens to be a $5,000 week, the winners, who naturally have won numerous sprints also, can realize as much as $3,500 each out of their victory.

Big money? Perhaps; but remember the price the riders pay in broken bones, lost epidermis, lost sleep, nervous strain, complete exhaustion, and expenses, and you realize that it rates far below the returns of any other form of sport entertainment.

This, then, is the game of which Reggie McNamara was so long the foremost master. Veteran of veterans, he remained until his recent retirement the Number One man in every race he entered and the game's greatest drawing card. So great was his drawing power, in fact, that no promoter anywhere in the world would start a race without him.

The gloomy black McNamara wore was a dignified relief in the sartorial kaleidoscope of a six-day race. Other riders' color schemes make up a delirium tremens of horizontal stripes, perpendicular stripes, alternating stripes, polka dots, half and halfs, and what not.

Reggie collected first-place money in twelve races and finished in the money in fifty more. It was an injury, and no small one, that originally made a bike rider of him. That happened in Australia. A venomous snake took a nip at the index finger of his left hand. His brother galloped up with a meat ax and a block of wood. "Just lay it on the block there," said the brother, age eleven—Reggie himself was nine then. "It won't hurt any."

The howl that little Reggie set up when the first joint of the finger was neatly lopped off brought his dad on the run. To stop the uproar, he promised Reggie a bicycle, and made good. Reggie enjoyed walking while sitting down so much that he went into bike riding—and it has taken more than forty years to get him out of it.

"I've ridden about 113,000 miles in the hundred and thirteen races I've been in," he said recently. "And I've never arrived any place yet!"

THE END

Snowed

A Sudden, Startling Climax Quickens the Pace in a Brilliantly Modern Novel of Tangled Loves and Lives

by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

ALONE in his remote Connecticut studio except for the company of his semiweekly housekeeper, young Joshua Tanner is struggling to finally revise his latest comedy, while Arthur Layton, his producer, and the Wimpfheimers, theatrical "angels," wait expectantly in New York.

Ten days have gone by in fruitless labor. Suddenly, with the advent of a terrific snowstorm, his first ex-wife, Alice Merritt, calls on him. Josh is delighted to see her, even if he has been married and divorced a second time and is now flirting with a young miss of seventeen, Becky Quinn.

But Alice assures him she has only come to borrow money. Dismayed, he tells her he has very little and that he owes $1,200 back alimony to ex-wife number two, Daisy Lowell, as well. To help them both out, Josh suggests that Alice help him with his baffling new play. Tentatively Alice accepts, but urges him to go for a walk. While he is gone she calls up Arthur Layton in New York and from their conversation it is evident that they are in a secret plot to help Josh.

Returning from his snowy walk, the playwright is greeted by Orlando Rowe, a young deputy sheriff of the township, who presents a warrant for his arrest: Daisy Lowell wants her $1,200, long overdue, or jail for the literary debtor. It looks like the end of collaboration on the play before it is begun. And to throw more monkey wrenches into the situation, Becky Quinn, Daisy Lowell herself, and her lawyer, Robert McBride, appear on the scene—and Daisy is tipsy! And they are all marooned under the same roof by the blizzard and by young Becky wrecking her car across the little bridge that gives the only access to the road!

Nevertheless, Alice and Josh begin on their task, hoping to get the play finished by working all night, and before Rowe can take him to court in the morning. Then Josh, enraged at some talk between Alice and Becky that he overhears, vanishes out of the house into the blizzard.

McBride searches for him in vain. Desperately, Alice finishes the play. The fact of Josh's disappearance is kept from Daisy, who has slept throughout. But next morning Layton is on the phone, anxious to talk to his playwright. Alice stalls. Daisy flares up and demands to talk with Layton. But Alice, frightened, cries: "Tell me what you're going to do!"

PART FIVE—REDHEADED TEMPER

WHAT am I going to do?" the scornful Miss Lowell echoed. "I'm going to tell that dumb Irishman how he can get this play to Wimpfheimer today—and now!"

"How?" the stubborn Miss Merritt challenged her, still holding the telephone behind her back, up against the study table.

"I'm going to read it to him over the phone. That horse-faced secretary of his can put on the earphones and take it down on the typewriter as I read it."

"But that will cost a terrific—" Alice objected.

"Nerts!" said Daisy.

Alice handed her the telephone. Miss Lowell's voice became crisp, unhumorous, wholly confident:

"Layton, this is Daisy Lowell. Don't waste any time telling me what you think of me—I've known it four years. I've got a way to solve this kindergarten puzzle about getting the play to you." Then she explained. To his first objection she said: "About seven dollars an hour. Tanner used to talk to me that long, and the rates haven't gone up." To his second question she replied: "*I'm* going to. Can your secretary take it? Well, before we start, I want to tell you that you've got a natural in this, or I never read a script. Did you call up Wimpfheimer? . . . So? Well, if you're grateful, remember I'm still in the acting business. If you don't gum this up, you're in the producing business again, with a bank roll coming that'll support a few unemployed income-tax cheaters. Your job is to catch Wimpfheimer while he's still laughing and extract a couple of grand for Tanner and get it up here in a certified check before the sheriff can get to court with your boy playwright. It's twelve hundred dollars or jail. Tell him Daisy Lowell said so—he knows me. Now do we understand each other? . . . Good. Call me back; I'm ready."

She replaced the phone on its cradle.

Alice was sitting on the couch, propping up her chin with a fist to keep her mouth from falling open.

"Since I was fourteen years old," said Miss Lowell, "I've dreamed of talking that way to a manager! Bring me the script, and take charge of the cooking, will you? And keep those two White Wings out of here; I don't want an audience."

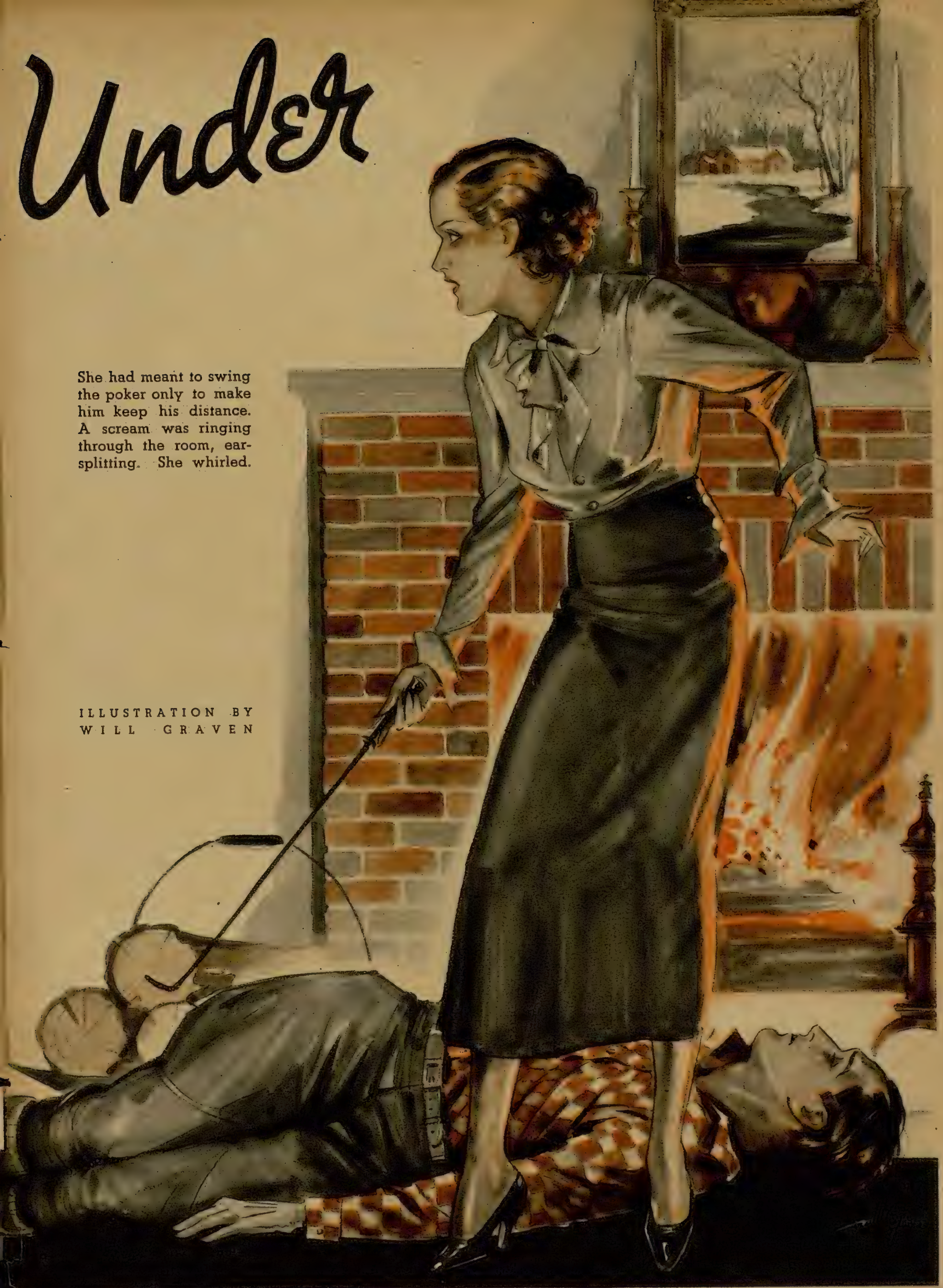
It was then a quarter past three. Miss Lowell had put on her fur coat against the chill of the study. Alice had cleared the worktable, placed cigarettes, water, and a pony of apple brandy within reach. Miss Lowell wanted a brandy every half hour—"but keep the jug in the kitchen."

"If the sheriff finds me tight when he comes back," she said, "he'll blister my *derrière* again. If it didn't hurt so much, I wouldn't mind him spanking me. I could go for that man in a big way. I guess I'm still a yokel at heart. Can you imagine me crooning to the cows to keep them contented? No? Do you know how I got my start towards Broadway? I won first prize at the State Fair for the healthiest farm girl in the junior grange. Next week, East Lynne, in stock in Omaha. I spurned an offer from a burleycue for a strip act."

Alice was laughing now, and Daisy was playing up to her audience. Why hadn't she ever played comedy? Alice asked. She had never suspected that Daisy could be a comedienne.

"Neither did I until I tried living with your ex-husband," said Miss Lowell wryly. "It was suffering that brought it out, I guess. I know you wonder how I suffer on three hundred a month, but you just try to get along on what I have left after I send the money orders to Nebraska. And I don't hire out by the night, week, or month, either. I'm funny that way. The trouble with a blonde like me is that nobody believes that either the hair or the girl is natural. If I could go around in a Priscilla make-up or join the Salvation Army, they'd talk about how spiritual I was. But I can't go around New York in a poke bonnet. So they look at me and think of things that

Under



She had meant to swing the poker only to make him keep his distance. A scream was ringing through the room, ear-splitting. She whirled.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

"Yesterday..
DULL, HEAVY, LIFELESS
Today-ALIVE!"

THE 3 MINUTE WAY

"My system cleared of accumulated poisons the easy way"

Why put up with jolting, harsh, "all-at-once" cathartics that may upset and shock your whole system! Take your laxative the 3-minute way—the modern, pleasant, *easy* way to clear your system of accumulated poisons. Just chew FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed. It's those three minutes of chewing that make the difference between FEEN-A-MINT and other laxatives. You have no cramping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. Its utterly tasteless medicinal content goes to work *gradually.* You wake up fresh as the dawn. In fact FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—is the ideal family laxative—and it costs only 15* cents and 25* cents for a big family-size box.

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FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

better because you chew it

every young man should know. I'll tell you, Mae West has my deepest sympathy."

The telephone rang. "There's Layton," said Daisy.

At half past five the shovelers came in. They washed up. Becky changed her ski boots for her mules and McBride put on Josh's moccasins. They dried the legs of their trousers before the fire. The hash was done and set in the chimney corner to keep warm. Alice set the table. At twenty-five minutes to seven the voice in the study stopped. Alice went in quickly. Miss Lowell was lying on the couch, brandy glass in hand.

"Three hours and ten minutes," she whispered huskily. "I've got to hand it to that horse-faced secretary—she can take it. And that typist Wimpfheimer sent over is no nightclub hostess, either. They worked in relays, and Layton—"

"What did he say?" Alice broke in.

"He said he'd give me a job. He says he'll pay me three hundred a week and give me a billing if I'll let Josh off the alimony payments while I'm working. Stop me if I'm wrong, but I'd rather work for pay than wait for alimony. An actress likes to act; I don't know why. I'm to see him right away about a comedy that just came into his office from a new writer—"

Alice had smiled, nodded, beamed; now she interrupted. What did Layton think of the third act?

"He liked it. Now all we have to do is sit on our hands until we hear how the Wimpfheimers like it. The two Boy Scouts haven't sent up any signal smokes, have they?"

Alice shook her head. In the excitement she had submerged her worry over Josh.

"It's Lost in the Arctic Night, or Love Among the Eskimos," Daisy said. "I can understand Tanner's staying away, but I expected more consideration from Orlando. When do we eat?"

SUPPER was not a social success. Becky thanked Daisy as though it were on behalf of Josh, and Miss Lowell snubbed her in a sarcastic whisper. McBride resented that. Alice felt let down, dismal. There was nothing to do now but wait.

The two Mrs. Tanners washed the dishes in a silence that covered no hostility. When they returned to the living room, McBride was asleep in the bigger wing chair, his book on the floor, and Becky asleep on the divan.

"No bridge tonight," said Daisy. "They couldn't look a spade in the face. We'd better wake Mac and tell him to carry her up to bed."

Alice thought Miss Quinn could make it under her own power.

"Give the man a break," Daisy whispered. "He couldn't keep his eyes off her at the table. I told you he was ripe for some wench to pick, and there's nothing like shoveling snow to bring young people together. And she's the type that looks cute in pants. Tomorrow they'll spend the day leaning on their shovels and talking about life. Unless Josh comes back."

She walked over and shook McBride's shoulder gently. He woke, blinking.

"Carry the prize package upstairs," she said. "It will do her good to wake up in the morning and find herself contaminated by sleeping in my bed. And you're turning in, Mac; you're dead. Alice and I are playing Russian Bank, and we don't want the children downstairs. I think I'm going to get tight."

"Why?" McBride asked, getting up stiffly.

"Because, as the Good Book says, I have triumphed in the camp of mine enemies. I made Layton talk pretty, after four years. And I made all of you admit that there is some sense in being extravagant. You've got to spend money to make money."

"And vice versa," said McBride.

He picked up Becky so carefully and skillfully that she did not wake enough to protest—or did not protest if she waked. One of her mules dropped off at the foot of the stairway. When McBride came out on the balcony with his burden, Daisy threw the slipper after them.

"An old-Spanish custom," she called up. "Good luck, Mac."

"I'd better go up and undress her," Alice said.

That was how she missed Orlando's home-coming. She had Becky tucked into bed before she heard Daisy's laugh ring out. She raced to the bedroom door and out to the balcony rail.

The sheriff was sitting in the wing chair with its back to her; Miss Daisy Lowell was on his lap. Daisy looked up.

"Wouldn't the judge love this?" she said.

"Where's Josh?" Alice blurted out.

"He's all right." Orlando got up, spilling Daisy off. He was red to the ears. "He's up at Canterburys'. He thought you knew that. He went up there to finish the play. He'll be through by midnight, he said. He's coming over here in the morning. He was just polishing it up, tonight."

"But I thought he did finish it, here," Daisy said blankly. "You mean he took a copy with him? Wait a minute—I knew there was something I wanted to ask you. What did you mean when you said not to tell Layton that he walked out?"

"Ask Mr. Rowe," said Alice, getting up. "I'm fed up with Mr. Tanner for one day. I'm going to bed."

"You'd better sleep with Becky, then," Daisy said. "Orlando and I are going to talk."

And you'll worm the whole truth out of him, Alice reflected—but what of it? She lay abed, alongside the relaxed Becky, rigid with nervous tension, trying to reason away her bitter resentment against Josh. After all, Orlando hadn't read her version of the third act, and Josh wouldn't have taken his opinion seriously. Even if McBride had told Orlando before he left how much he liked it—and perhaps he hadn't told him—Josh would have discounted the lawyer's praise. Why should he take it for granted that she had done a competent job of imitating his style? It was his play, not hers.

And, too, Josh had taken her outline with him, evidently; it was nowhere to be found. So he wasn't ignoring her. If only he hadn't gone haywire again, off by himself, and tried to write the great American domestic drama into the third act of a comedy!

This play simply *must* succeed. Josh *must* get away from this life, this hermit's life. A few months more of it would sour him permanently; he had already lost most of his self-confidence. Daisy Lowell wasn't altogether bad, after all, but she was still poison for Josh. He must make so much money that the alimony wouldn't bother him.

THEN she began to imagine failure, jail, the smirking publicity, Josh's collapse.

Why shouldn't Josh have ignored your version? You know you wouldn't have respected him if he had depended wholly upon you. Or, at least, you would have known how badly shattered his morale was. Now stop thinking and go to sleep. Snap out of it, Merritt! Look at Becky, there. She has more sense than you're showing. She shoveled snow until she was too tired to worry. Probably she was just as upset about Josh as you were. . . . She is a lovely thing, with that pert Irish face and that lithe, long-muscled body. She'll probably be perfect for Josh; she's so—the opposite of anything neurotic. She'll have lots of babies, and believe Josh is a great man and keep him believing it, and he'll work for her. Go back to New York, stupid, and build up the wall you broke down. No trespassing! You should never have come up here; it was your curiosity, and a desire to play the noble forgiving Samaritan. But you did plot a third act that satisfied Layton and the angels. You're on the side of the angels. Don't get your wings singed—

The room was flooded with reflected sunlight when she woke. Becky was gone. She reached out to the table for her watch. Ten minutes to eleven! It was bitterly cold in the bedroom, though the windows were closed. Shivering, with numb hands, she dressed, washed in ice water—lucky that the pipes hadn't frozen; the house must have been well insulated in remodeling. Her make-up was downstairs in her purse. She walked out on the balcony passage, looked down, stopped.

Mr. Joshua Tanner was sitting in the wing chair that faced her, reading from a sheaf of yellow sheets. Her third act! She wanted to yell at him, "Who told you you could read that?" Instead, in what she hoped was a casual tone, she said: "Oh, hello! You back?"

He stood up, still reading. When she reached the foot of the stairs he

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was reading the last page, the rest in his left hand. She reached him in two strides—snatched the sheaf of paper from his left hand, wadded it up savagely, threw it into the blazing logs. He dived for it—almost falling into the fire bodily—snatched out the blazing wad, beat out the flames, with his hands, on the hearthstone. She stood staring at him, the anger rising up into her eyes in a red wave. He looked at her wildly. He looked down at his hands, waved them in the air, his face distorted with pain.

"What in hell did you do that for?" he barked out between clenched teeth.

"You've burned yourself," she said, in a voice that sounded strange in her own ears. "I'm sorry. There's carone oil in the medicine cabinet." She was going to add, "I'll get it," but he ran up the stairs, three steps at a jump, before she could. The wad of paper uncurled like a live thing on the hearthstone, smoking. The smoke got in her eyes, perhaps; she found herself prone on the divan, gasping, choking, blind with tears.

Tanner found her there when he came downstairs. She could see, through the tears, that he had on white silk evening gloves.

He sat down on the divan beside her, tried to lift her head out of her arms. She resisted with all her strength.

"Alice, for God's sake, what do you mean?" he demanded. "I was just going to tell you how swell it was—"

"Don't touch me," she said. "Let me alone!" He withdrew his hand. "Did it burn you terribly?" she asked between gasps.

"Forget it," he said. "My hands are tough and I got the oil on them immediately. The only thing that really matters is that I don't think I'm going to be able to shovel snow today."

She sat up.

"Isn't somebody coming to get us out of here?" she demanded frantically. "I'll go mad if I have to stay here another minute!"

"But, Alice," he said, as he might address a child, "why? The play's finished. You finished it—I finished it. Now all we have to do is to combine the best features of both and—we're set! Some of what you wrote is simply fine, darling! I didn't know you had it in you. Now don't you want to let me get you some breakfast, and then read my—my version?" He was being very humble, and she hated him for it, because he was being an adult about this and she was being a child. She had lost her hold over him. But she hated him, so what did it matter?

The tears gushed again; she covered her face with her hands.

"I'm so proud of you!" he pleaded. "Writing that whole third act in less time than it took me. I thought I'd been superhuman."

She mopped the tears with a big handkerchief that he brought out of a pocket of his lumberjack shirt.

"When did you start?" she asked despite herself.

"I got to the Canterburys' at a quarter past twelve, and routed them out. I told them my house was full of company and I'd had to sneak off. Liza made me go to bed. They get up at six o'clock. By half past seven we'd had breakfast and I was writing at the kitchen table. I'd stuffed a handful of yellow paper into my hunting coat, with your outline. I'm writing again—the old Josh Tanner! I'll never get through being grateful to you for coming up here—"

"I'll take my thanks in royalties, if you don't mind," she cut him off rudely. "What time did Orlando get there?"

"Before eleven o'clock. He had the sense to head for the Canterburys' first. He was swell; he just said: 'Go to it, boy! I'm for you!'"

"And then he loafed around all day and let me—let Miss Quinn and Robert and me worry until we were frantic! How did we know you weren't frozen to death in a snowdrift somewhere?" She was blazing again, trying to think of something to say that would sting him. The smug, superior, condescending male!

"In the first place, he didn't loaf all day. He was working on the State Road, with all the able-bodied men in this end of town except me—he told them I was snowed up at home. They used Luke's ox team to bust the drifts and drag the road. Luke couldn't drive them, with his arthritis, as you know. Orlando could. He's a versatile genius, that fellow Orlando."

"You'd have thought so last night," said Alice darkly. "Never mind. Go on."

"And, in the second place, I thought you knew where I was, even if you hadn't told Orlando. I know—you were still asleep when he left here, but Becky Quinn knew I was at the Canterburys', and I certainly expected her to tell you."

"How did she know?" Alice said, startled.

"I told her. I waked her. I waked her as I went out. I said, 'I can't even think, with all this mob here. I'm going to Canterburys' to finish the play.' Now she claims she didn't hear any of that; she'd had too much brandy—"

"She told me," Alice cut in, "that you were sore—that you said something about all these women getting in your hair, and to tell me that we could both go to hell. I thought you'd heard us talking about you, out here. Didn't you?"

"I did, yes."

"Isn't that really why you walked out? Didn't you fly off the handle—"

"I did, yes. But my main idea was to finish the play. I couldn't stand this place. I didn't want to work; I wanted to get roaring drunk and beat hell out of Daisy Lowell."

The door opened. Becky peered in; then she came in. Josh got to his feet.

"Josh," she said possessively, "haven't you finished reading that yet?"

"Yes, I have. Why?"

"Then come on out and help. It isn't fair of you to be sitting in here gossiping when Orlando and Robert are working so hard." There was an edge of something more than disapproval in her voice.

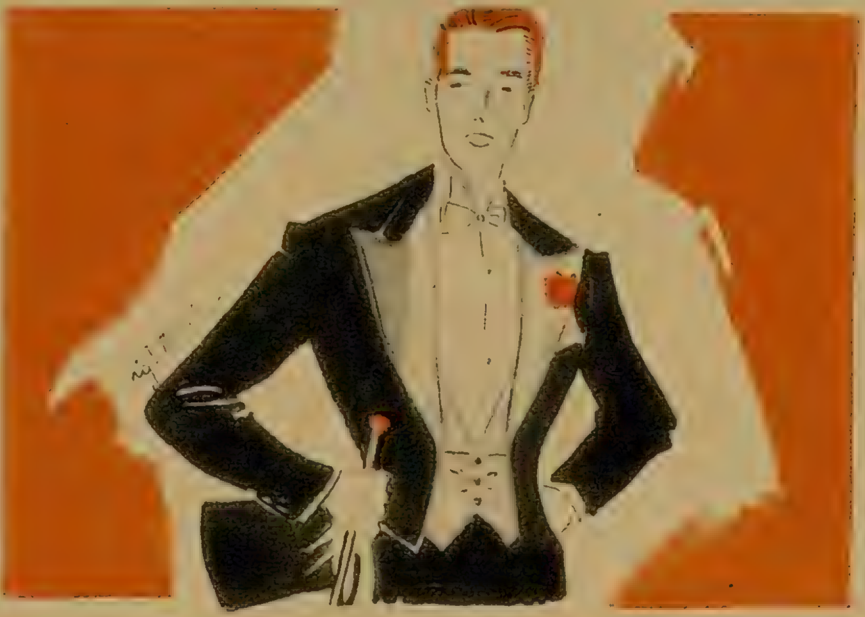
Josh held out his white-gloved hands. "I'm sorry," he said, flushing to the roots of his hair. "I'm afraid I can't now. I blistered the palms of my hands."

Miss Quinn advanced and looked down at the still smoking partly burned mess of yellow paper on the hearth.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

London men are agog over a new evening vest the back of which consists of straps only—suspender fashion—and which has similar lengthening and shortening tabs in front—another two-in-one idea. The innovation appears in white piqué and standard black silks, while young dandies are sporting wine-colored satins matching their boutonniere carnations. Black-and-white novelty piqué silk is made up in this style for dinner-jacket wear.

DORAMILLER.



She sniffed, stooped over the paper, picked up a sheet, read a few lines, looked around at Alice.

"Your third act," she said. "How did it get afire?"

"I threw it in," Alice said, with what dignity she could muster. "Josh pulled it out. If you'll excuse me—"

She got up, started toward the study.

"That woman is asleep in there," Becky said quickly. "For heaven's sake don't wake her. There are too many temperamental artists around here without waking up another one."

"There is one too many in this room," said Alice, "and I'm leaving it."

SHE turned, went toward the kitchen, but Becky blocked the way.

"You're acting like a child!" she blazed. "Why should you twist what I say into an insult to your silly pride? I thought you were a sensible woman. I said there were too many people in this house when Daisy Lowell was awake. Yesterday you would have agreed with me. Now—have you organized a league of ex-wives, or what?"

"I'm much more interested in a cup of coffee, at the moment," said Miss Merritt coolly. "Go out and jump into the biggest snowdrift you can find, and you'll feel better, darling. Mr. Tanner burned his hands because I lost my temper and threw my script into the fire. I'm sorry for him, and I'm sorry for all three of you outside, because it means that much more work without him. Perhaps you will be good enough to lend me your father's skis, and I'll go up to Canterburys' until the road is open."

"They're Josh's skis and you know it," said Miss Quinn curtly.

"Then if he'll lend them to me—" Alice began, but the gentleman who owned the much discussed skis cut her off. He had clapped his hands over his ears; now he fairly shouted:

"For God's sake, do you know how ridiculous you are, fighting like a pair of fishwives? Becky, go on out there and tell them I'll be out in a few minutes. You make it appear that I was trying to get out of shoveling. Well, I'll shovel!"

"You'll do nothing of the sort. You could get an infection and lose both your hands—"

"They're my hands," said Tanner curtly. "Scram!"

It was the last word that finished Becky. She measured him with a long, lingering scorn, whirled, and walked out.

I'm next, Alice thought. If he takes that tone to me, I'll—

The curtains parted. Miss Lowell stood in the study arch, clad simply in Becky's lace-and-satin nightgown and her shoes. Various garments were wadded up in her arms.

"Both of you scram," she said jauntily. "I'm using that fire to dress by. If you want to stay, Alice, it's all right with me; but I refuse to take an ex-husband into the bosom of the fam-

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ALL HANDS PASSED

OUT!

A FEW puffs dealt from that soggy pipe and rubber-tree tobacco ended the bidding. But a pipe cleaner and a tin of kind and sociable tobacco would put the game back on a friendly basis. No—we don't make pipes; but, folks, we do believe we offer the best-smelling blend of fragrant Kentucky Burleys ever laid before the noses of pipe lovers and their companions. Cooler and slower-burning, a 15¢ tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco lasts a pleasantly-long time. We think it's so darned superior we even wrap it in heavy gold foil for extra freshness. Better try it.

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ily—it might be used against me in court."

Tanner strode past her, grabbed his hunting coat and cap off the chair by the door, stalked out, slamming the door behind him.

Miss Lowell stripped the nightgown over her head, dived for underwear, garments. She ought to be able to get a job, with that figure, Alice reflected, going out to the kitchen. She came back with coffeecups, plates, cutlery.

"Who brought all the provisions?" she asked. "Josh?"

"Orlando did, last night. And Josh brought more this morning. Didn't they wake you with all the fearful uproar—Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes?"

"No. When did he come?"

"I don't know; the sun was shining. I heard him say it was twenty-six below this morning at Canterburys', and Orlando said, 'It's still twenty below here.' So I snuggled into the downy and went back to bye-bye until you woke me with this melodrama out here. Are his hands really badly burned?"

"He wouldn't admit it if they were," Alice said curtly. So Daisy had overheard that scene! This was the final humiliation.

"You don't really mean to ski up to the Old Homestead, do you?" Daisy pursued, wriggling into her wool dress. "Think of my reputation—left all alone here with three men and a child. The child rather got out of control, didn't she? I'd have turned her up and spanked her."

The telephone rang while they were eating breakfast, the first and second Mrs. Tanners, in perfect amity! Five minutes past twelve. Daisy answered it. Mr. Layton calling Mr. Tanner or Miss Merritt.

"I'll take it," Alice said. "Daisy! Call Josh in, please. Tell him it's Layton." Daisy went to the front door, called him.

"Hello, sweetheart," said Arthur. "Guess where I am?"

"On the other end of this wire," she said impatiently. "Arthur—please! I'm dying to know what Wimpfheimer thought of it."

"Which one—yours or Josh's?"

"He hasn't seen Josh's, has he?"

"No, but he wants to. Aren't you the little devil, fooling old Uncle Arthur that way! You didn't exactly fool me, at that. I thought Josh was drunk when he dictated that third act."

"Arthur Layton!" She was not amused now.

"It sounded like him, and yet it didn't sound like him. When I got to the love stuff at the third-act curtain I knew there was something phony. It sounded like a pillow fight in the old maids' home."

"Mr. Layton, did you call me to make me miserable, or what? I did my best. It was Daisy Lowell who persuaded me that it was good enough to—to submit to you. I didn't know where Josh was—"

"I know. I figured it all out last night after Josh talked to me. But he said you knew where he was—at the Canterburys'—and that he'd gone there to finish the play. I don't see why you didn't go with him and just write one third act."

Alice lost her temper. "Listen to me!" she said sharply. "It's all very well for you to sit there in a steam-heated office, with nine inches of snow on the streets and fifteen thousand men at work removing that little dab. If you had been out here last night—Monday night, I mean—and yesterday, with the heat off, and this morning, twenty-six below zero—"

"You're telling me?" he broke in. "I think I froze both my ears coming up—they burn like hell. Listen, sweetheart. I'm in Westport. I came up from New York in a truck that started at daylight this morning."

'Tisn't So by R. E. Doan

THUNDER does not sour milk. The weather conditions which produce thunderstorms are also favorable to the growth of the bacterial life which sours milk, but there is no connection between the thunder itself and the souring process.

ALL CHAMOIS SKIN does not come from the chamois. It was originally prepared from the skin of the chamois, a member of the antelope family found in Europe. Now, however, the skin of sheep, goats, and calves is also used.

BIG BEN is not the name of a London clock. It is the name of the bell upon which the hours are struck by the Westminster clock in the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament in London. It is one of five bells rung by the clock, and is really Big Ben II, for Big Ben I was cracked after only a few weeks of use and was recast to make the present one.

EATING poison-ivy berries or leaves does not give immunity from the effects of this plant. It may, however, cause poisoning about the mouth.

SNAKES do not hear with their ears. In fact, snakes do not have external ears. There is to be found, internally, bone and accessories for an ear, but evidently through evolution the snake's ear has lost its power and is no longer used. However, the snake does hear—with its tongue, which is highly sensitive to sound and vibrations of all kinds.

"You're in Westport?" she repeated blankly. "But why?"

She listened for several minutes.

Josh came hurrying in. She covered the transmitter and said:

"It's Arthur. He says he's in Westport, and that he came up from New York in a truck to stage a rescue for a publicity stunt. I think he's drunk." She handed Tanner the telephone.

"Hello, Arthur," said Josh. "Hello. Hello! Arthur?"

He jiggled the connection bar. "Operator, I was disconnected. Arthur Layton called me; he said he was in Westport. This is Mr. Tanner. . . Where was he, Alice?"

She shrugged.

"Is he bringing any money?"

"He didn't say," answered Alice.

THE upshot of it was that the exchange couldn't tell where Layton had called from; it must have been a local dial phone, since they had no record of the call. Josh hung up.

"Well," he said curtly, "whatever gods we're in the hands of are certainly making monkeys of us. What in hell does he mean, coming out here to pull a publicity stunt? A fine mess of fish that would be! The one thing we don't want here is publicity! We ought to send Becky to the Canterburys'—"

Alice surveyed him contemptuously.

"I've been called some odd things, perhaps, but no one has ever before referred to me as a fish. This is one fish that won't be here when the press arrives. I'm going to the Canterburys', if I have to walk."

"You'd better be starting, then," said Mr. Tanner just as coldly. "You won't make it by dark. And you can't have my skis."

"But darling Becky can! *She's* innocent; *she* mustn't be made ridiculous! We'll see about that," said Miss Merritt. "There are two gentlemen here." She dodged past him, running for the front door.

Tanner overtook her at the front door, held her by whipping his arms around her, locking his burned hands on her chest. Her arms were pinioned against her sides.

He leaned backward, swung her feet off the floor. Now she could kick his shins, and she did; her heels cracked against his boots—and didn't hurt him. She bent her head to bite his top hand, but couldn't reach it.

All this while he was staggering toward the divan with her, going around the end of it. The wing chair had been pushed back against the bookcase at the right side of the fireplace. She caught one arm of it with her right hand—jerked. That threw Josh off balance just enough so that he had to drop her to keep from falling with her into the fireplace, where several logs were blazing.

The small person with the redheaded temper fell on to her knees against the black iron fire set. Shovel, tongs, poker, and stand crashed and clanged to the floor. The poker fell near her hand. She grabbed it, jumped to her feet, as Tanner came at her, grinning.

She had meant to swing the poker only to make him keep his distance. But he came into it, unable to stop soon enough. He threw up his left arm too late. The lethal weapon caromed off it, went home on the left side of his skull with the "dull sickening thud" that Alice had read about so often—never heard before.

Tanner twisted in the air as he fell to his knees. The right side of his head struck the big brass urn ornament of the left andiron, which deflected it away from the fire.

A scream was ringing through the room—ear-splitting. Did I do that? Alice thought, in a stupor of terror. A queer whimper behind her. . . . I didn't do that! . . . She whirled around.

What terrible damage has Alice's poker done? And with producer Layton headed their way, and two third acts for the play in a scramble, what is going to happen? Read the next issue of Liberty for further bedevilment brought by the blizzard and the uninvited guests.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 43

1—Charles Spencer Chaplin, photographed in 1916.

2—Six sides.

3—Porpoise.

4—Axel Munthe.

5—Rickets. An egg is an important source of Vitamin D.

6—The Gleaners, painted by Jean François Millet.

7—Yes, to Leofric, Saxon Earl of Mercia and Lord of Coventry. According to legend, Lady Godiva rode forth to cause her husband to revoke burdensome taxes he had imposed.

8—No. Psychologists consider counting sheep does not help, whereas eating sweets is believed to aid one in keeping awake.

9—Checkers.

10—A tangelo.

11—Because the light is reflected from the tiny particles in the air; were the dust removed from the air of the dark room, the beam of light would not be seen.

12—Potatoes.

13—By applying a lighted match. Heavily weighted silk blackens without seeming to burn; pure silk or silk slightly weighted appears to melt, forming rounded black lumps.

14—General Smedley Butler, who was thirty-seven years old when made a brigadier general.

15—Edgar Stillman Kelley, composer of the New England Symphony, the comic opera Puritania, etc.

16—1923.

17—Three and a half.

18—A Canadian heroine in the War of 1812.

19—No; insurance statistics indicate that males living in the country live about six years longer than city men.

20—John Howard Payne.

—author of Home, Sweet Home.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Vox Pop

Cure for "Wholesale Murder"

QUANTICO, VA.—In reply to your plea for suggestions regarding automobile accidents, I'd like to submit my solution of the deplorable situation:

1. To begin with, require every beginner driver to furnish proof of at least 1,000 miles of driving with an experienced driver or instructor before issuing license—400 miles of which should be city-traffic experience. By experienced, I mean a driver with at least 100,000 miles to his or her credit.
2. Require that all beginner drivers' cars be marked distinctively with signs, colors, and tags, so that they can be readily identified and avoided.
3. If beginners are caught violating any traffic law, a penalty should be inflicted in proper proportion to the violation.
4. Enforce present laws on jaywalking.
5. Enact federal laws covering speed limits, both highway and city, in order to standardize them. The reason for this is apparent when entering different cities, as one will have a speed limit of 15 m. p. h., another 22, and still others 25 or more. Should a driver be required to constantly look for speed-limit signs or should he be allowed to give the road and traffic his attention?
6. Set all city traffic lights so that an automobile starting at one end of town can go all the way through at the specified speed. That would eliminate speeding to a certain extent, for then a driver would have nothing to gain by fast driving in town.
7. Set all traffic lights in three cycles: 20 seconds for pedestrians, 20 seconds for cross traffic, and 20 seconds for through traffic. (This to be standardized for all cities, towns, villages, and hamlets having traffic lights.)
8. Condemn at once all three-lane highways, as they are nothing but death traps. Allow nothing but two, four, and six lanes.
9. Regulate large truck and van movements—assign them certain hours and routes to travel, as *80 per cent of the accidents I've seen were the direct result of their road hogging.*
10. Physical examination—muscle reaction, eyes, and heart—should be given to eliminate defectives.

With paragraphs 6 and 7 working together, deaths of pedestrians would be greatly reduced.

Not all of these suggestions are mine. There are 600 men in the barracks where I am quartered, and of these 600 men 300 own cars or drive them—not less than an average of 3,000 miles a day being run up; so quite a number of remarks are passed regarding conditions as they stand. The consensus of their opinions make up this letter.—*A Marine Who Likes to Get About.*

[A bombardment of letters from all over the country came in answer to our recent S O S for a way to stop traffic killings. This is the first letter picked to give you. Others will follow. Watch for them.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LOADED CIGAR ON EMPTY STOMACH

UNIONTOWN, PA.—In November 16 Liberty I read Vox Pop for the first time, and now vote for its promotion to the very first page. Perhaps there are a lot of persons like myself who pass up anything that is not on the front page or " standoutish " with color photos.

I must add something to Vox Pop, so

here goes. Telephone rings are costly in one or more ways, if you want to look at it that way. For instance, the telephone rings while you are in the middle of a good sleep, in the middle of the night, in the middle of the winter. If it refuses to run down, you hop out of a perfectly warm bed, to find that the sweepstakes ticket you held was not the winning one. That will give a man more personal agony than a loaded cigar on an empty stomach.—*C. Thornton Miner.*

NO HOPE FOR WOMEN

BOSTON, MASS.—A woman myself, I understand women and I see no hope for them. Each succeeding generation of the sex is as dumb as the one before. I refer to 99 per cent. The 1 per cent are the women who have really lived and accomplished.

The majority believe they are destined for marriage and reproduction. From somewhere in the dim past they have inherited this urge—a sort of dictum which they feel has some vague connection with Eve's indiscretions. Because they have been taught that marriage is their niche, each makes a determined effort to fall in love.

In this condition a woman looks forward to marriage and childbearing in a martyrlike stupor of ecstasy. This goal reached, they actually believe they are serving their world.

The dumbbells keep dreaming of love, romance, and marriage. Where, I ask them, is the romance in the sight of a man at his shaving mirror? Is it romance to watch him draw socks upon ugly feet? Where is the romance in wet diapers? In bawling brats? In a husband's snores? Is any husband—even a movie star—beautiful in the morning? Women, upon awakening, are terrible enough—but men are daytime nightmares!

Yet my poor deluded sisters believe they must suffer such atrocities. Can you beat it? Fiddlesticks!—*A Smart Spinster.*

A TWENTY-QUESTIONS HOBBY

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I've started a new and fascinating hobby, thanks to Liberty's Twenty Questions. I cut out and paste in a scrapbook the signatures of prominent persons, one of which appears in each issue. The book has ninety-six pages, so don't stop!—*Harold J. Pringle.*

HOW TO RAISE $12,000,000,000

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Thinking people are of the belief that taxes are preventing our economic recovery. Please give serious consideration to the following plan as a possible solution to the present muddle:

The enactment of a law by Congress requiring that the sale of all goods, both real and personal, of ten dollars or more in value be paid for by check or money order, and that upon deposit of the check in a bank the bank deduct from the deposit 2 per cent thereof, one half to be credited to the account of the federal government and one half to the state government.

On all sales under ten dollars the seller to add to and collect 4 per cent of the amount of the sale—the object being to encourage the payment by check, thus saving the 4 per cent. Tokens could be issued by banks in multiples of one dollar to be used in small trade. These tokens could be used but once and then deposited in the bank.

Also, the title to property in excess of ten dollars value would not pass unless paid for by check.

From a survey of the banking business, it is estimated that this method would raise twelve billion dollars a year, and would be in lieu of all taxes of every nature and description except the duties on imports.—*Edward H. Allen.*

FATHER NOAH GUFFAWED

LADONIA, TEX.—Every week when I have a nickel I buy Liberty. I am foolishly fond of it.

In November 23 Vox Pop X. Y. Z. of Tallahassee, Florida, pulled the one about being his own grandfather. I think Shem and Ham heard Father Noah emit a boisterous guffaw the first time that one was told.

Can't we have something a little more recent?—*Al Bartley.*

NORMAN HAPGOOD FINDS A ONE-SIXTH INDIAN

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—Right or wrong, I cannot agree with your mathematical expert, in the November 30 Twenty Questions, that it is impossible to be one sixth Indian. It takes patience but I think it can be done.

My good friend J. Killbuck Van Rensallaer Capavida, who has his family records back for twenty generations and is as proud of the Indian as he is of the Spanish and later Dutch, happens to have exactly that percentage of the native stock. He, to be sure, on his genealogical tables expresses it as 21,712/130,272, but you will readily see that it is the same thing. The reason he uses just those figures is that it was fifteen generations back when two young Spaniards, friends, married two Indian girls who also were friends. If you consider that each of these Indian girls had three children, and that in each case one child married an Indian, one a Spaniard, and one a half-breed from the family of friends, your expert will have no difficulty—always provided, as I have said, that he has patience, with arithmetic above the tenth grade.—*Norman Hapgood.*

ALL-STAR MOVIE?

LA CROSSE, WIS.—In this day of "All-Star" games, when the public is invited to voice its sentiments in the selection of the teams, it seems to me that it would be very interesting if something similar were done in the movie field.

Why not let the public select a story that it would like to see on the screen, and then choose the cast in much the same manner as the "All-Star" teams are chosen?

I have just finished rereading Silas Marner and have had lots of fun anticipating a cast for that fine novel of George Eliot's.

Here's a new one for Liberty to sponsor.—*L. W. G.*

"MUSCLING IN" ON REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—After reading Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's editorial of December 14, "Muscling In" on the Republican Presidential Nomination, I remembered that anent criticism Plato once said, "You never find sticks under a barren tree." Mr. Macfadden is no exception among those eminently useful Americans whose fruit has attracted sticks from unexpected sources.

I believe that countless Liberty readers will agree that Mr. Macfadden's spirit represents that type of patriotism —courageous, efficient, inspiring—which has actuated to high-minded achievement Americans of the pattern of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln, George Rogers Clark, Edison, and such like souls from all walks of life.

Long may he flourish—and with him Liberty!

As for Liberty, it has become a national habit, a national institution. Through its editorials it has done a fine piece of educative and constructive service to the whole people. And through its stories and features it has entertained millions who have reason to cheer up and smile.—*Charles W. Moore, Ph.D.*

WE DID NOT INTEND TO MAKE DENTISTS ANGRY

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I am very curious to know what prompted the cover on Liberty for December 14. Was the artist trying to be comic, or sarcastic, or does he owe a dental bill that he cannot pay? Or, indeed, did he search the magazines of 1901 for a subject?

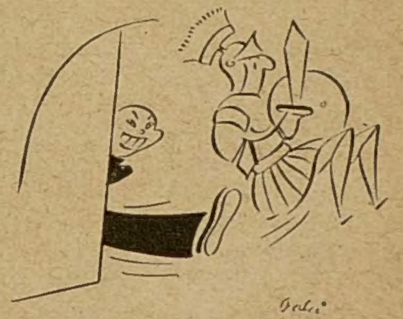
I'd like to bet that the circulation manager did not pass on the design.

More than fifty of our dentists subscribe to Liberty, but on my rounds today I failed to see a single copy in the reception room of a dentist. The profession has suffered from the depression in no less degree than others have, and such a picture as this shows very poor judgment—and that language is conservative.—*O. A. Smith, Doctors Service Bureau.*

[Mr. Larkin, who originated the cover, says: "Some readers claim to have seen a similar subject in a magazine about twenty-five or thirty years ago, but I can truthfully say I thought my idea an original one. And I may add that some dentists with a good sense of humor have, unlike those mentioned by Mr. Smith, requested additional copies."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

JAPAN DELETED WORD "WAR"

PIEDMONT, CALIF.—Prince Konoye's article in December 7 Liberty informed the world in general how it might secure lasting peace, but it failed to tell how his own country has already attained the blissful state of perpetual peace.



Japan simply deleted from its dictionary all mention of the word "war." Thus, there being no such thing as war, that country is able to proceed with the armed conquest of China and the entire continent of Asia while all the time maintaining perfect peace.—*Edward Marshall.*

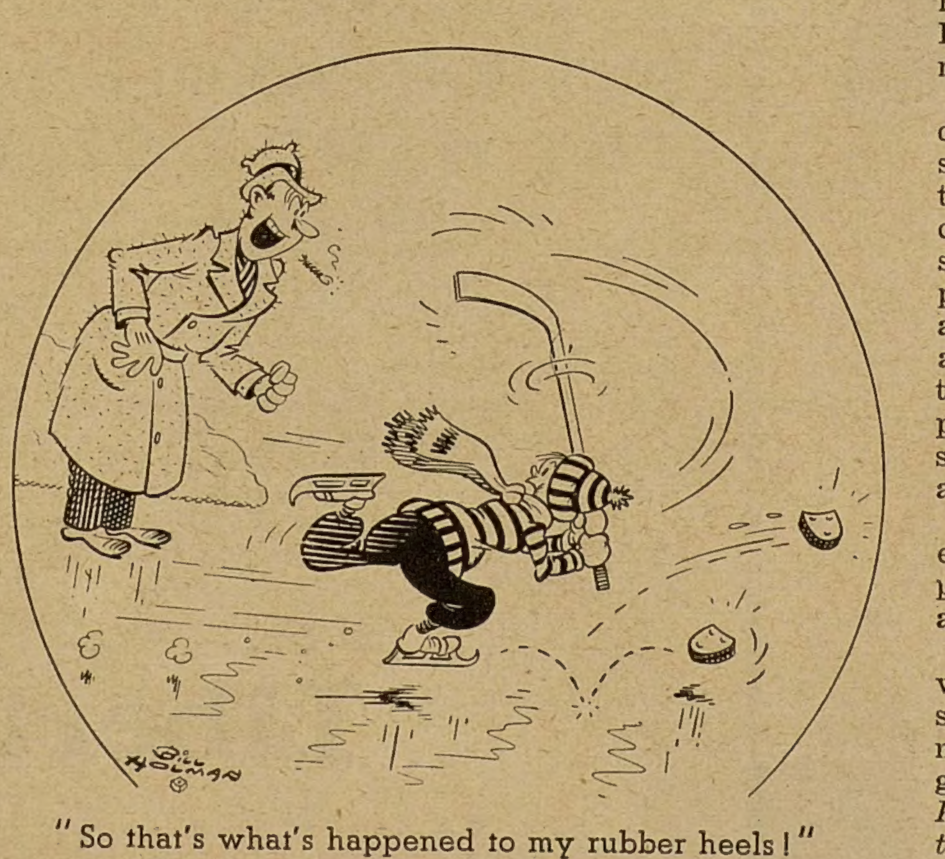
TWO LONGS . . . ONE SHORT . . .

CHICAGO, ILL.—Answer No. 10 in the Twenty Questions of December 14 Liberty is at variance with the grade-crossing whistle practice on the Illinois Central System and many leading railroads.

Our rule since 1931 has called for two longs, one short, and one long, the latter to be sounded until the crossing is reached. This is supposed to take care of all possible variations in speed and distance and to insure adequate warning down to the last moment—an important point in view of the speed at which automobiles are now operated.

I have been much interested in Liberty's efforts to promote the safe driving of automobiles.

This is a campaign in which you will enjoy the support of every railway man acquainted with the grade-crossing toll.—*C. E. Kane, Illinois Central System.*



"So that's what's happened to my rubber heels!"

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

MEDIA, PA.--Mrs. Howard Davis told the court it was easy to keep new furniture in the house. She said she and her husband always paid a dollar down, let the furniture go back for default of payments, and then started all over again.

LONDON, ENGLAND—Carl Janssen, who introduced stop-and-go lights in England, appeared at the Thames Police Court accused of having failed to observe a stop-and-go light.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Universal Artists Bureau, a theatrical agency, received a call for five midgets.

Manny Sacks, bureau director, replied he didn't have any midgets on call but might be able to get some.

"What kind of show are you running?" he asked.

"I don't want them for a show," was the reply. "This is a window-cleaning company and I want them for a cleaning job on an air-conditioning system. Some of the air ducts are too small for our regular men to get into."

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mrs. Kerwin got a divorce from James Kerwin by alleging in her bill of complaint that on the glorious Fourth he assailed her with firecrackers; on Thanksgiving Day he hurled a turkey at her; and on Christmas Day he beat her with a Christmas tree.

●

Lucky Omens

To find your shoestring broken unaccountably is a warning a friend or sweetheart will be untrue to you.

To drop a slice of bread butter side down means money is coming to you. Butter side up means luck in love.

Tingle of toes or fingers means you will travel pleasantly soon or hear good news in your affairs.

—Roy L. McCardell.

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Early to bed and never to rise,
We share the wealth of industrious guys.
—Chronic Unemployables.

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COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

NEXT WEEK A SENSATIONAL PROPOSAL BY
COLONEL E. M. HOUSE

PUT THE WHOLE WORLD INTO THE HANDS OF RECEIVERS

Is the whole world economically bankrupt? If it is, could a financial expert, serving as nonpolitical international receiver, bring solvency out of the chaos? What would be his duties, his powers, his chances of success? How about the war debts? Where would the United States stand in the adjusted setup? Colonel House, in next week's Liberty, makes a sensational proposal in simple, direct layman's language. Don't fail to read what this famous diplomat discusses.

ALSO — LADIES WHO CHARMED THE PRINCE OF WALES by Frederick L. Collins — MORE HAUPTMANN CASE REVELATIONS by Dr. John F. "Jafsie" Condon — STORMY HEARTS by Eli Colter — FLIGHT IN DARKNESS by Edward Shenton — EURIPIDES SMITH AND THE BEAUTIFUL LULU by Robert Neal Leath — TROUBLE BEGINS AT 8:40 by Geraldine York — "IF I ONLY COULD DO IT OVER" by Maxwell Stiles — MOVIE REVIEWS by Beverly Hills — TO THE LADIES! — VOX POP — $2,000 CASH PRIZE GEOGRAPHY GAME.

NEXT WEEK IN
Liberty
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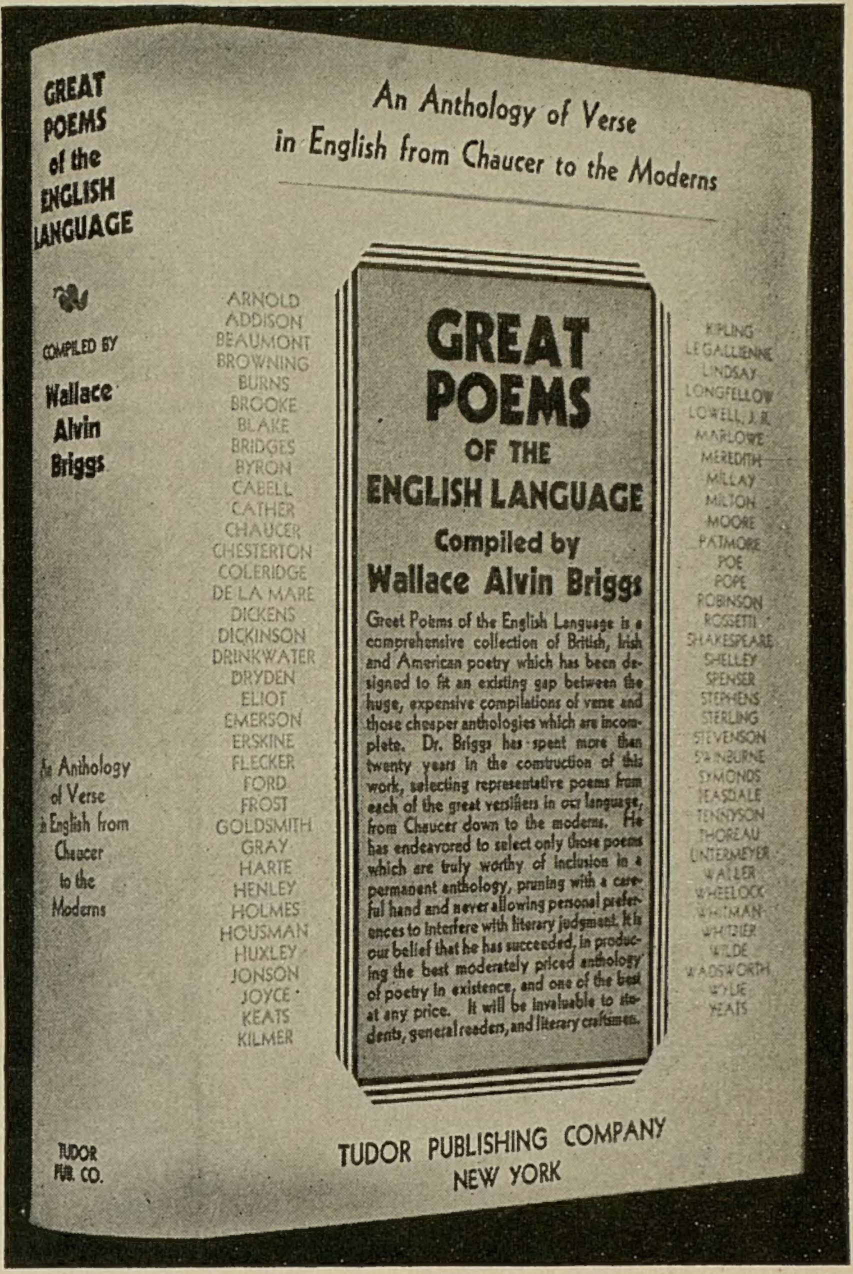

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